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GRAND TOUR, NEW STYLE

A Young American Discovers His Europe

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

WHEN the diploma was safely clutched in the hand, a profound feeling of emptiness, of task officially completed but actually undone, enveloped the celebrant. June, and the customary romances of commencement; and speeches and no job. . . . The only thing to do was to go far away, swing into some new tide, find a further world; perhaps win a diploma more worth having.

Orange crates and ferryboats in the swash of the piers: leave them behind. Dense shipping in the Upper Bay, pilot boat, Fire Island: leave them behind. And the long lift and roll of the Atlantic come riding under the bows. We sit on a high terrace and look moonstruck into the wake trailing off to America; President Hoover declares moratorium: leave it all behind.

Six days of flamboyant French dishes and of wan débutantes dancing against the roll of the parquet floor; and then, after the orchids and the tipping, that unforgettable first *repas* on French soil — in a neglected garden under the towers of the ruined abbey of Jumièges, off the road from Havre to Paris, rarely visited, naked fallen Norman grandeur. We have a bottle of coarse *vin rouge* apiece, and suddenly make the astounding discovery that drinking has no connection with sin or morality: it is a matter of course, a gift of the soil. We order another round, and look up to the moss in the white towers beloved of William the Conqueror and Agnes Sorel, and we grow eloquent and younger than ever before.

On, then, through the lined trees and flat heavy fields of Île-de-France and Normandy; and weeks of removal, of swimming and cigars, in a forgotten town in southern Brittany. Here no newspapers come except a provincial sheet from the measly town of Rennes; it is passionately anti-German, and now, during the pacific pleasures of the Hoover pronouncement, works up fear and terror against the Teuton ogre. The fishermen go off to silent work, and

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pass under a garish sign headed '*L'Allemagne veut-elle la guerre?*' Over near Vannes we encounter several regiments of field artillery at drill; they sweat mightily. It's a great fighting nation; but just why these lonely Bretons should be concerned seems a bit of a mystery. In a dingy café we asked one of them; he himself was not quite clear about it.

Even at Chartres there is a great military flying field. Monoplanes zoom above the towers, and some tourists are more impressed by the bugles of the garrison than by the choir that competes with them from within. At night, though, when practically no one thinks of looking at it, and when the airport has gone to sleep, Chartres is superb; and only a few steps from the north portal there is to be had a noble bottle of

O Chambertin! O Romanée!
Avec l'aurore d'un beau jour,
L'illusion chez vous est née
De l'espérance et de l'amour.

All, indeed, is still for the best, in the cathedral world of France.

Descend on Paris in July, and see the fall of the modern Athens. Charming, hospitable, penny-snatching, philosophical and filthy Paris — so utterly spoiled by its reputation through eight centuries as a tourist Mecca. Paris, the tasteful city where the world's greatest art collection is housed in the world's most hideous and impossible museum; Paris, the suave, elegant city that is more bourgeois than Milwaukee; Paris, the artistic capital of the world that houses in special prominence the world's most melancholy cultural hangover — the Americans of Montparnasse.

Paris, the political hub of Europe, and probably the only big city of Europe whose newspaper press makes absolutely no attempt to report the day's news. . . . Laval, Flandin, and the paid government papers are carefully going about to wreck the moratorium — a pretty picture of inspired counsels. And now the ministers are crossing foreign borders, and dining sumptuously in the various capitals; there are shabby crowds rounded up to cheer them, the photographers squeeze bulbs and twist cranks, and nothing happens.

II

Off on a midsummer train to Berlin — sixteen hours of the plush horrors of a Continental carriage, with six pairs of second-class knees butting into each other, six pairs of eyes growing more hostile at every station and movement. We rush through the small agriculture of eastern France, past the Marne (an old officer points out: There, and There, and There), up into Belgium with its gayly uniformed officials, Liége bustling with recruits, up into ever more pleasantly carved country to the border at Herbesthal, where things started that first week in August, 1914. We watch the slow change of language through French and Flemish into German, and finally the appearance of the historic red cap of the German station manager.

Slipping off the heights in mid-afternoon, we pass close by the first beer garden, tablecloths green and yellow, and many large men sitting. The landscape changes with extra speed, a different tempo from France. The expected geometry and logic of French plains and acres are the opposite of the dark rising forests and romantic surprise of the German lands: the soil mothers the soul of peoples. In later afternoon we rush through the mighty factory regions, Essen, Bochum, Dortmund, all quiet on a Sunday and people in their gardens. During dinner we pass through the Westphalian Gate

with Charlemagne enshrined on the bluff, and have our first trial at *Piesporter Goldtröpfchen* — watch your vintages.

Midnight, and we slide into the centre of Berlin, and out into the August streets ablaze with lights, crowds moving, cafés jammed, and orchestras all along. Over to the Kurfürstendamm, and out for a jaunt into the flicker. Here is an institution that provides five floors of night club: appropriate name, 'Femina.' You sit around the outer ring of a double bar; around the inner ring twenty girls are ready to pass your order on to the pair of bartenders who reign in the middle. Table telephones, girls with monocles, formal and informal dance floors, champagne and beer, *chambres séparées* and mass halls — open strictly all night.

On, then, past other lighted doors which cloak the blare of saxophones; innocently into a 'ladies' night-bar' and out in great confusion; into the Lion, where you might see Max Schmeling and the Crown Prince and the leading local haberdashers rubbing elbows along the rail; down the avenue to the Eldorado, with its notorious mural paintings on late Roman subjects, and the 'girls' who — who are not what they seem. And out, early Monday morning, into the empty side streets and men slinking into the dawn, poor beer halls closed tight with the chairs roosting atop the tables, deserted stores, buildings for sale, colorless early-Empire houses so sadly different from the narrow bulging smokestacked and unforgettable house fronts of the rue Saint-Jacques or Victor-Cousin or a thousand others. Here are white, neat, tiny, and forbidding butcher shops, which probably have n't sold a chicken in a year. For Sale, To Let, For Sale. And then, as we walk into bigger streets: Down with the Socialist Régime, Down with the Traitor Hitler, Down with the Traitor Communists. It is early August; they are to have a big referendum. Dissolve the Prussian Diet. Do not dissolve the Diet. There will probably be the usual murders. Will the government hold out?

On a Saturday afternoon the midsummer heat grows too strong; we slip out into the suburbs and near country. Four o'clock and tea on the terrace of the glittering new Tempelhof airport. Smart crowds watch the big planes coming in every few minutes from Moscow, Munich, Paris, London, the Riviera. There are announcers, timetables, cocktails, and modern interiors. And all around the section are new houses and settlements in brilliant concrete, with highly painted colors and chromium metal; there are long low many-family structures oriented with reference only to sun and air, proudly overriding the old enslavements of street block and car line. It is all spotless and all startling; you forget about the bankruptcy. It takes more precise examination to reveal that most of the white toylike houses are vacant, while in the fields opposite them hundreds of thousands of workers live in huts made of packing boxes and canvas. A people's swimming pool, one hundred and fifty feet long, in the heart of the business district: more sun and air, fabulous expense. Modern churches: sermons in Wiener Werkstätte robes. Glass kindergartens: daily replacement of panes. Public laundries: incipient Communism.

Toward evening there is a shower in town, which well rids the streets of the summer dust. The inspector looks into the Friedrichstrasse: no, not clean enough. The immense new sprinkler trucks are quickly brought out, and Nature's washing job is improved upon. It is another expensive business.

The streets become so immaculate that one is hesitant about crossing them. Germany cannot meet reparations payments; Germany refuses a dirty street. In Hamburg, there are swans in the municipal park. American loans put them there. Germany cannot pay. But what! — give up the swans?

August 9 is at hand, and the threats of rioting on the day of the big referendum. It is a test of the Social-Democratic government's strength in Prussia against the rising tides of Hitlerites and Communists. No one knows how it may come out. But everyone feels a strange air in the streets: it is hot, everything hangs in suspense and morbid expectation. Fifteen thousand special police are patrolling the city; they wear service revolvers, blackjacks, bayonets, and carbines. (Compare them with the London bobby, who carries nothing more murderous than a whistle. The two types are symbols of the two cities' present state.)

There seem to be no disturbances in the fashionable West End of town, so we saunter over toward the famed low-brow Alexanderplatz and the revolutionary Bülowplatz. The crowds grow larger; they do not move. Ranks of police helmets glitter from patrol buses. No speeches are allowed. The streets around the Bülowplatz are heavy with idlers. The whole population seems to be waiting for something to happen — anything at all; this suspense cannot go on.

We are slowly moving into the great square. Then suddenly from somewhere begins a great commotion. What — shots? Were those shots? There is a roar of voices; police whistles blowing; hundreds are moving at quick pace toward our position. We slip along the house fronts down the square. Shouting and running. Police are forming cordons. And there — before a movie theatre, two prone figures in uniform. Next door is the editorial building of the Communist paper, the *Rote Fahne*. People are saying that two policemen have been killed by Communists. No — two captains of police — both shot in the forehead. Marksmen. Another has been wounded. Good God — what point in such a trick? The fellows who did it have disappeared somewhere. In a pale fury the patrolmen break up the crowd. No one is allowed out of the houses of the square. Windows are to remain shut — police shots will answer any false move. We have been careful to get out of the square. At an Aschinger fountain over a beer we talk about it all with other excited spectators. Then everything is quiet in the city; the incident closed.

On Constitution Day, soon following, Hindenburg comes down the Reichstag steps while the military bands play, and he reviews the Honor Guard of the Reichswehr. Those steel helmets remain one of the most impressive military sights of the time; they have the effect of mighty sculpture, while the French helmets look like melons and the English busbies look like a practical joke. The men stand rigid; but none stands so rigid, or keeps his back so eminently straight, as the President himself. He is in mufti — a great mistake. His left arm wanders a bit uncertainly by his side; perhaps it is groping for the sword hilt that was first placed there something over sixty years ago. . . .

Jazz tickles in the cabarets, Strauss is all but forgotten; gin replaces wine, 'sex appeal' is heard more often than *Gemütlichkeit*. And over the whole show rules the fashionable Kurfürstendamm, with its wealthy, roly-poly industrialists, its remnant East-Prussian lords, and its suaver but equally

wealthy playboys from the Slav lands, all grazing calmly on the volcano of a socially chaotic, passionate, poor, unloving city. Soon we shall be hearing more of this.

III

Change about, change about, and we're in England. Scene in the smoking room of a West End hotel that September morn on which the country goes off the gold standard: many gentlemen, many pipes, many interpretations, marvelous confusion. Probably the breakfast was too heavy, with its small steak after fried plaice after porridge after fruit; at any rate, the news is received with a deep, doubtful, and phlegmatic pull at the first tobacco. Everybody is asking, 'What is the gold standard?' Something is said about gold sovereigns which people used to shake down in a bag so that the coins would give off fine gold dust and chips, which could then be brought back into solid form and sold as gold: 'sweating sovereigns' it was called. Or, the gold standard has something to do with the fact that France went off it in 1925, and only paid back a fifth of what it owed England, as a result of the depreciation of the franc. Those Frenchmen! England always pays in full. Now, what is the gold standard?

The usual Bridget comes in to add coals to the fire; it is foggy and cold. The gentlemen seem to be amiably without business; more papers are brought in, and more explanations of the gold standard. There are headlines in red, and pictures of the Prime Minister's coat tails flapping as he hurries back from Chequers into the door of 10 Downing Street. It is getting exciting. What is to become of the pound? Flight of the pound? Everybody reads aloud to everybody else, and the fine comb of clubmen's discourse is passed through the entire tangle of the situation. More coals from Bridget.

Luncheon at Simpson's is more animated than usual. Many men from the City are so wrought up that they forget to order the regular Stilton or Cheddar which must follow the saddle of mutton. And what *is* the gold standard?

But, gold or no gold, the changing of the guard goes on as usual. If you stop just for a moment before the palace to watch the show, an ex-service man will take you in charge immediately and try to be your guide. Dispose of him, and another comes up. About two hundred of such men wait there every morning to pounce upon the curious stranger; they are the only regular audience for the elaborate and unnecessary stamping of the companies across the forecourt of the palace and back. 'Old Guard Halt!' 'New Guard Attention!' And the ex-service man plies you with stories of the Royal Family's habits. 'Old Guard Present Arms!' — glitter of red tunics and music, the 'slow time' march, and the neighbor's tale of woe about unemployment, the absence of state support after a longer period of joblessness, the old story, the wife and children, the Somme.

Here come the Horse Guards down the Mall — more pomp. How much does this daily performance cost? The ex-service man senses what is going to be asked next, and he changes the subject. He leads the way to an historic pub, and, over a pint of bitter, tells stories of Edward VII, standard anecdotes. We are careful to be amused, and we give him five bob.

But no matter how interesting or changeful the current social and political conditions in England are, soon one seems to go asleep. After Paris, with its brilliantly enduring vivacity

and its amiably enduring decay, after Berlin, with its mad mixture of revolution, Jewry, and the pleasure-people from all the world, this city seems anything rather than the cultural hub which one has always thought of it as being. It seems out of date — especially in a time of quick and profound transition such as this. The old formulas are become a tottering obsession. Here is His Majesty at the regular and necessary levee in St. James's Palace, with all the officers and diplomats attendant, each lieutenant so burdened down with immense epaulets that he looks like an admiral, and everybody bowing decorously at a ceremony that is valuable merely because it is gaudy and ancient and convinces some onlookers that England is still the Britannia of more robust days. . . . Formula, formula, ignoring the impact of colossal, tragic modern fact.

No composers, few painters, less than no architects and planners, little writing beyond the weak tradition of Galsworthian fiction, and no feeling for true modern taste except in men's clothes — what, indeed, is left to the England of 1932? This is left: the marvelous decency and fairness, so different from America, of the criminal prosecutions we attended in the Old Bailey; the ability to have set up and maintained the National Government; the *Manchester Guardian;* the Theatre Royal Drury Lane (just think of the name!); the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. Perhaps that is not so little; perhaps for one nation that is fully enough.

IV

Across the Channel again, the Ford whisks us southward — the Ford which has been unpopular in French towns because of its American origin, and unpopular in German towns because of its French license plates; the Ford which likes to skid madly about on the fresh tar — the primitive *goudronnage* — of a Norman road, which made Paris to Cannes in a day, which has a great aptitude for losing the main road and landing us before charming and uncharted old oratories, *bistrots*, and ludicrous provincial newspaper offices where a good half hour of political fanaticism can always be overheard.

It takes us in later autumn through the battle lands; you can't avoid them if you are headed for Strasbourg. There is Reims, horribly new, garish, decked out in tasteless cheap white plaster, redeemed only by the little-known *champagne en carafe* that no other city has. There follows Châlons-sur-Marne and the country eastward, where Attila once raised very hell, where Louis XVI, fleeing, was captured, where the Duke of Brunswick, in losing, made the French Revolution a success, where Moltke began rounding up the Little Napoleon, where Von Kluck did not stop, and then did. And to-day the grand old slaughterhouse of Europe is not utterly deserted; as we pass, two French divisions are faithfully rehearsing their manœuvres. Is it for sentimentality or safety?

Verdun at night is dark and silent. We sit in the café below a cheap hotel while the mechanical piano tinkles and the men still play lotto. Not a light in the countryside; a few ruined houses at our corner, the rest new and poor, the great fortress to the right. Somehow one feels as if on an island, far removed from the rest of the world — an island of fearful story, of vicious and lonely legend, where one does not dare raise one's voice. A locomotive whistle shrieks out of the west; no other noise. The air is oppressive. We should like to leave at once, but must stay until morning.

Next day there is the indescribable bitterness of what were once the hills and valleys before the outposts of the town, and of the dank slippery passages way down in the fort of Douaumont, the guide leading the way with a torch and holding the light over what seems a crater filled with crumbled rock. When the Germans held the fort the ammunition magazine blew up — six hundred men are still buried right there under the débris. No reason to move them, you know; danger of unexploded shells. Several Frenchwomen in the party are comforted when told that 200,000 more Germans than French died in the district. Where are we? Is this 1932? We climb back to the surface, struggling for air.

Strasbourg, Strassburg — strange, unhappy border city! Speak to your hotel keeper in French, and he reproachfully answers you in German; address a post official in German, and he stiffly replies in French. The older city is purely Teutonic, with that deathless cathedral and the vast night in its transepts; with gabled houses of the Dürer period and later attempts in the provincial-Renaissance style. The new city tends toward the French, with its cafés and its garrison and its small copy of Parisian life. But to whom does the city belong? Really, it is neither German nor French; like the whole desolate dirty province of Alsace, which lies to the west, it is a weak hybrid, a doubtful region, a harsh memory, a lost world.

But a couple of hundred miles farther on things are not lost. Europe's most care-free city is busy celebrating its *Oktoberfest*, tapping thousands of barrels a day of the new beer: it is the immortal *Märzenbier* of the immortal Munich breweries. Times are hard, but the peasants from a hundred miles around come in to town, in full costume, to spend their harvest money on the noisy three weeks' fairgrounds. The general sobriety is only moderate. Young Americans in the crowd try vainly to compete at the shooting galleries, after two litres, with green-hatted marksmen from upcountry towns which bear such perfect winsome names as Spatzenhausen, Uglfing, Ischl, Moosach, and Patsch.

Hitler lives in town, but Munich does not really care. He is just another local attraction — like another lesser art gallery. Thomas Mann, Spengler, and a host of other intellectuals live in town, but Munich is not wildly impressed. It takes Culture rather as a matter of course. It knows that sooner or later every artist and thinker comes here to drink in the strange inspiration of its *Stimmung* no less than of its beer, and go home having done a *chef-d'œuvre;* maybe a D. H. Lawrence, or an Ibsen, or a Wagner, or just another Paris American. It knows that it is the only live centre for the remnants of the pre-war aristocracy of central Europe. It knows that (ironically enough), while being the backward capital of an almost completely agricultural province, it has created the Deutsches Museum, the greatest existing collection of scientific fact, the one complete summary of modern technological achievement — perhaps, indeed, the world's supreme museum. This unique city is not burdened with the gravity of all these things; it is content with being pleasantly aware. If Culture and Politics grow too troublesome, it can always wipe the slate clean by merely singing in unison: '*Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall' um!*'

Up in the north, Communists and Hitlerites are beating each other up and the Reichsbank is having trouble after trouble. Here there is still much theatre, and skiing, and country danc-

ing; and a most tender sympathy for the ills of the world. U. S. Steel has flopped far below 50, and the letters from home resound with wails. The Bavarians understand. They have suddenly stopped referring spitefully to America as 'Dollaria.' Kind of them.

V

In the second month of the year, up to Berlin, to see how the German mood grows more perturbed day by day. The sweet reasonableness of Stresemann has disappeared; Brüning struggles to appease the rising elements by an increased stiffness toward France. Across the border things have grown much less pleasant, with Tardieu (a hard-boiled journalist unloved even before the war) at the helm. Germany changed its mind with the coming of 1932: the fourth Emergency Ordinance was one iron chain too many. The murmuring gathers. The cafés are restless. The Hitler men threaten openly and carelessly. Ludendorff in his bitter retreat casts forth ever more thunderous and erratic libels.

There is still love in the country — namely, a passionate friendship for the English. (The people have not yet heard about the ruinous tariffs that England expects to put into force.) An English captain of artillery, of four years' war service, is staying at our *pension;* one day while we walk down the calm venerable Tiergarten, the rows of statues shining out in the first hint of spring, he suddenly bursts out: 'Good God, you know, I'm just beginning to realize that we English fought on the wrong side! Why — why?' And the Germans repeat, 'Why?' They cannot understand; the history books cause them anguish. For the Americans these people have admiration, but friendship they reserve for their island neighbors. To the English they look for political sympathy; to us they look for political leadership. President Hoover unwilling, we don't give it.

A restlessness enters the traveler's bones. One wants to get home to witness the mighty tides of social change that are beginning to be felt. A feeling grows that the United States must necessarily be the hub of the developments of the future; that the European nations are so hopelessly, inextricably entangled, so burdened with a cultural past, so doubtful of the future . . . Well, we go by Lufthansa over to London: it may bring us nearer to our West.

London now in March moves exactly twice as fast as when we saw it last, half a year ago. The challenge of balancing the budget awakened the national will to serve; the realization of a falling Empire aroused millions from lethargy; and the final passionate campaign to 'Buy British,' leading up to the change toward protection and sky-high tariffs, whipped up a wave of patriotism almost as militant as war hysteria. Now the English congratulate themselves on their success in winning back their position; they exult in the new strength of nationalism. Sometimes they seem almost desperately determined to be enthusiastic, as they troop down Bond Street with a pipe clutched firmly between the crumbling molars.

In despair, one tries to advance the argument of internationalism; one even rings in the now fallen old English deity, Adam Smith; one calls for a decent freedom of trade, for reciprocity; one emphasizes the fact that no debts or reparations can ever be paid if there is no chance to pay in goods — exports. The gentlemen look stolidly on. And when the oration is finished, one of them remarks: 'Young man, do you remember your Smoot-

Hawley tariff, which led the rest?' The last of our glass of Worthington is gulped down in silence.

Things are not half as amusing as we faintly hoped they might be. The theatre also has gone 'Buy British,' with Noel Coward's cheaply chauvinistic *Cavalcade* reigning on the boards. The anti-American sentiment in the upper circles has gone higher; all that remains Continental in such elegant West End evening resorts as the Monseigneur and the Malmaison is their French names; even the superb gowns in late hours are studiously of British origin. It is a bit stuffy.

VI

The tragic year of 1932 slips farther into its stride; we ought to be home. But here we land in Paris, with spring bursting into its fullness . . . and something seems to have happened. At last the city reveals itself. A mood grew up from nothing, as the Luxembourg came out of the gray into blossom, as the rush of early rains subsided and the tulips of the Tuileries and the Rond-Point went dashing into carmine, and a thousand fountains suddenly began to play. Slowly, hesitantly, we creep out of shelters and topcoats, and make the boulevards our home: *apéritifs* at the eternal Deux Magots; luncheon across the street at the Brasserie Lipp (duly taking in its rarefied French writers' atmosphere); afternoons viewing the pale horrors of the spring Salon or glancing at the worse horrors of the architecture of the newer quarters, or just having a good time wandering around the Place Dauphine, and looking forward to the gastronomical climax of the whole year in Europe, dated for to-night — a rare bottle of *Puligny-Montrachet* with an accompaniment of *canard à la Rouennaise.*

The race for the Prize of the President of the Republic draws a great crowd to Auteuil on Easter Sunday: spring fashions, cameras, mutual admiration groups, and President Doumer up in the centre stand, with the white beard blowing, talking to half a dozen ladies, with Marshals in attendance, and the Dragoons of the Guard mounted outside — the sort of show that America so truly needs. The Frenchmen who hoard their money with such severity that they won't even buy an ice box all come and heavily play the ponies; and as for the cabmen, they all try to rob you of your presumable winnings by asking two dollars for the short ride back to the centre of town.

There is to be a big election, but no one seems to take much interest. Marvelous bills are posted depicting the menacing monsters Germany and Russia, but the people do not seem to be frightened. The politicians sweat to work up an issue. There does not seem to be an issue. Happy days of isolation! True, here and there one catches a new current of anti-militarism and appeal for *rapprochement;* as a foreigner one does not take that agitation very seriously. Tardieu keeps on playing his somewhat unsavory game, holding up the Disarmament Conference and strengthening the alliances with slavish Slav states; he is bound to win. Strange that the public does not seem to bother one way or the other.

The afternoon of the sixth of May grows very warm. People forsake the central streets for the shade of the parks. We walk dreamily down the rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré; a long distance ahead many big cars are parked, probably an official function. Then suddenly, from away off there among the cars, comes a noise, some muffled shouting, running; in a second a long limousine with men crowded on the running board careers out into the

street, down some hundred feet, and then off to the left. What is it? Somebody calls out, '*À l'Hôpital Beaujon!*' and starts walking fast. From here and there figures begin to gather and move faster down the street. There is more noise down there; some break into a run. Snatches of shouts: 'A big reception — An accident.' Who could it be? There is a great movement here at the place from which the car set forth. What? *Who?* . . . M. le Président? . . . You mean shot? . . . *On l'a assassiné! . . . Non, non — pas possible!* . . . Killed? . . . Somebody — his head was all bloody when they put him in the car. People stand pale, still unable to believe what passes from mouth to mouth. Doumer! . . . Why, he'd be the last man on earth. . . . Who did it? . . . Who? . . . Have they got him? . . . The head of the State. . . . No! . . . Are they calling out the guard? . . . Revolution? . . .

Crazed Gorguloff, bloody and torn, is dumped into a car and whisked away. Traffic tie-up. The gendarmes are unnerved. Women are weeping. The word has it that the President is dead. Actually he is alive, but he has only twelve hours. The thriving business of a spring afternoon suddenly goes lame, and then comes to a halt; everybody is standing at the kiosks waiting for newspapers. The Élysée Palace is surrounded by swarms. The Quai d'Orsay is still as death.

Toward evening everyone in the Quarter has the news. The White Russians are in terror, fearing prosecution or deportation and every possible trouble; they insist Gorguloff is a Communist. Some young Communists prove elaborately that Gorguloff is a White Russian. No one is convinced, everyone very embarrassed. Only the foreign cafés stay open. The press hangs on the lips of the Ministers. Finally Tardieu gives out a statement about Gorguloff's 'neo-Bolshevist' activities — a propaganda phrase without any basis of fact. And now something amazing happens to the Paris papers: many of them refuse to print the official bulletin. Suddenly editors decide, on the eve of a national crisis, that they will not be bulldozed by their Premier. The government's attempt to use this high death as a means of whipping up nationalist passions fails.

Day by day one grows more impressed by the coolness of the people. The elections are in progress, but instead of the great swing to the conservative and military Right that one had expected, more and more votes go slipping to the Left; and the last day of the voting becomes a complete Socialist victory! The assassination of their President unnerved the French, but their growing realization that they must play a coöperating rôle with Central Europe led them to a much higher path than that of blind prejudice and revenge. The intellectual realism of the French manifests itself again.

Five miles of close troops line the early morning avenues as the President is borne to the Panthéon. King Albert follows the cortège, very erect, and after him the Prince of Wales, very worn. And the new President, Lebrun, always in tears. A strictly French military show of cavalry and cannon, but accompanied by strictly German music — Beethoven's funeral march.

And so, in a twinkling, the political picture of Europe changes. France the irreconcilable becomes France the pardoner. Under Herriot it goes out of its way to make friends and create understanding with the other side of the Rhine. It is the reverse of a year ago. And how does Germany answer? Strangely enough, it answers by the hopeless gesture of putting a narrow

lot of Junkers in power to displace the open-minded Brüning. The reverse of a year ago. German policy falls into its inevitable pathos and error. On the verge of a moment of clarification, the confusion redoubles.

But now the excitements at home in America grow even greater, and Europe, with all its fascinations, diplomatic and cultural, does not seem the most fruitful ambit for a young citizen from across the seas. We should be home now, nearer to the firing line; it is a complex and fateful year as never before. . . . So let us stop dining and basking and philosophizing at the café corners, and return to the serious business of living, to thoughts of the future rather than just of the present.

Thank God, there was no intentional Education during this year, but only the color of nations — color whose qualities are both light and mournful; for the life of the peoples shifts with the very seasons, and has the unpredictable movement of a Paris shower. As a traveler in Europe, one does not effectively learn; one discovers.

FALSE BARGAINS BETRAY US

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

WHAT has become of the hawk-eyed, sensitive-fingered shopper who used to 'feel' the quality of silks, cottons, linens, and woolens, who never overlooked the fineness and evenness of stitching, who divined with a sort of sixth sense the quality of what she bought? She lost her virtue for intelligent buying in those mad, flush, happy-go-lucky days when we all went over the top in a wave of prosperity. Quality was taken for granted, and at the prices that then prevailed was generally included, but what women wanted was style, novelty, smartness, modernity, instead of the homely virtues of pure silk, all wool, twenty stitches to the inch, and other earmarks of carefully made goods. No one was looking for things that endured. Grandmother's silk dress which stood alone and lasted a lifetime was an outgrown tradition. We sowed the wind of careless shopping; we are reaping the whirlwind of shoddy goods.

There is scarcely a home in this broad land of ours — which advertising men tell us is replete with homes — that has not been the scene during the last year or two of the following tragedy. A member of the family comes home proudly exhibiting a dress, tie, pair of gloves, or suit just purchased, exclaiming with naïve satisfaction: 'Just look at the bargain I found!'

The family looks, and, after the usual round of 'guess-what-I-paids,' is told the price and makes proper noises of surprise and incredulity at its cheapness. In due course the lucky purchaser proceeds to wear it, and then comes disillusionment as faults and defects are revealed, so serious that the

article turns out to be no bargain at all.

Sometimes it can be taken back, but not always, for many such sales are conducted on the 'no-returns' basis; but in any case either the store or the customer loses. Too often the garment was bought at one of those nameless emporiums which spring up overnight like poisonous fungi, without sponsor or responsibility, selling for spot cash, the buyer beware.

No, they are not accidents, these tragedies. They are the effects, one might almost say the objectives, of a new industry: the mass production of brummagem merchandise, so cheap, so scamped, so lacking in quality that its manufacture would be economic futility but for one thing — the gullibility of the public.

So sizable and pervasive is this lamentable traffic that there has already grown up around it a new vocabulary of aspersion. Its products are contemptuously described by nicknames already familiar to buyers daily offered tempting but unbelievable bargains.

If it's a dress skimped in cutting, sewed with stitches much too large, that fades or shrinks or gives at the seams, that won't stand washing or cleaning, as the case may be, it is technically known as 'dreck.'

The good old word 'shoddy' has been resurrected and stretched to cover other textiles. Instead of merely describing wool doctored with cotton, it also means silk made heavy by loading the thread with tin, and other fabrics mysteriously manipulated to make them seem better than they are.

'Borax' is the word applied by the informed to furniture of anonymous origin put together with fair outward show to hide vital faults within — unseasoned wood, ill-fitting joints, panels that will warp, and unsanitary stuffing in its upholstery.

A shirt scanty as to length, tight where it should be full, a few millimetres astray of the size stamped on it, whose buttonholes seem to be loose threads, and whose buttons are so chipped and rough they can hardly be forced through the buttonholes, is 'schlag.'

Dreck, shoddy, borax, and schlag! Nameless merchandise that floods the markets to tempt the unwary with sorry bargains, cheat the purchaser, ruin the retailer's reputation, and menace the honest manufacturer too scrupulous to tamper with the quality of his goods.

II

I am indebted to that resplendent trade paper, *Apparel Arts*, for a detailed and startling account of how the 'schlager' fabricates men's shirts which, like hawkers' spectacles, are made to sell rather than to wear. This account may well furnish us with an example of what is going on in hundreds of anonymous factories producing nearly everything a human being buys.

The schlager is able, apparently, to produce for $12.50 a dozen and less shirts which cost the standard manufacturer $15. They look equally good in the box. The buyer can't tell the difference until he wears them or has them washed. In many cases even the dealer is fooled. It is a long story, but the gist of it is that some of the quality is lopped off at every step of manufacture.

Standard shirts are cut by hand, 48 ply (a pile half an inch thick), around a wooden pattern edged with brass, with a short knife held firmly against the brass edge. The top and bottom layers match exactly. Schlag shirts are cut 250, 400, and even 500 ply

(four to six inches of material). The outline is marked from a paper pattern, the edge of which, none too firm in the first place, becomes dog-eared and worn with use. Schlag shirts are cut with an electric knife, difficult for several reasons to hold vertical and guide truly. Variation between the top and bottom layer may range from one quarter to one half inch. But hand cutting costs 50 cents a dozen; machine cutting, 15 cents.

Making these brass-bound patterns is a craft that has been handed down in certain Troy families for generations. They cost about $1000, while a set of paper patterns costs $5.00. At that price the schlager could, if he would, replace them every few weeks and still make a good profit, but instead the same patterns are used for years.

Another thing about the electric cutter that favors the schlager is the opportunity to skimp the material, an eighth here, a quarter there, which cannot be done with the brass-bound patterns. A standard shirt maker uses 30½ to 31½ yards to the dozen. The schlager gets a dozen shirts out of 24 to 27 yards of material.

There are forty-six different stitching operations in a standard shirt, each performed by a different operative who in time becomes expert. The sewing machines are locked to produce twenty to twenty-two stitches an inch. The schlager lumps stitching into twelve or fifteen groups, each worker performing several operations, and his machines are geared to sixteen and even twelve stitches to an inch. Thus the sewing costs him 60 to 80 cents a dozen as against the standard shirt maker's $1.50 to $1.80.

'Inner lining material (for neckbands, collars, cuffs, and centre pleats) ranges from 5 cents a yard on the sub-standard shirt to 16 cents a yard on the standard,' continues *Apparel Arts*. 'The amount of lining per dozen shirts runs about a yard for collars, a yard for centre pleats, a yard and a half for cuffs — a matter of three and a half to four yards per dozen. The average cost of standard linings is about 30 cents a dozen — an item which the schlager is able to dispose of for a dime a dozen.

'The average material for a $1.95 shirt runs 20 cents a yard. The standard maker uses 31 yards a dozen, while the sub-standard average is 26 yards a dozen. The five-yard difference scores a neat saving of $1.00 a dozen for the sharpshooter.

'There are twelve common classifications of buttons — superfine, fine, ¾ fine, and ½ fine. Each of these four grades is divided into firsts, seconds, and thirds. Your standard maker (remembering that we are speaking of popular-price merchandise) usually uses superfine seconds or fine firsts. Your sub-standard maker usually uses ¾ fine thirds or ½ fine seconds. The resultant differential in cost of buttons is a matter of from 40 cents to 60 cents on the dozen shirts.

'Interlined parts of a standard shirt are always stitched wrong side out, then turned right side out and pressed with a hand iron to ensure absolutely straight creases.

'Sub-standard practice handles this item by machine steam pressing, with a resultant saving of from 10 cents to 15 cents per dozen.

'Next follow the two shirts into the laundry. The sub-standard shirt is seldom more than half pressed (collar and front only) and is invariably pressed by machine. The standard shirt, as an equally invariable practice, is completely pressed and is pressed by hand. The latter method costs between 42 cents and 50 cents a dozen, while the former can be accomplished between 12 cents and 18 cents a dozen,

scoring another 30 cents for Mr. Schlag.'

By just such cutting of all expensive corners, the schlag shirt maker reduces costs on a dozen shirts something like this: —

Cutting	$.35
Stitching	.90
Pressing	.30
Buttons	.40
Lining	.20
Material	1.00
	$3.15

No wonder he can sell his shirts at two dollars a dozen less than the lowest-priced good shirt and still show a profit. And this brief sketch takes no note of the numerous inspections which check up the standard shirt at every step, but which the schlager regards as superfluous.

III

By almost the same methods with which the schlager produces the below-par shirts, manufacturers of woman's wear curtail quality while preserving the semblance to produce the bargain dress. The material is skimped in cutting until there is no leeway for alterations. There is the same uncertainty as to sizes, because too many are cut at one time. The stitching is coarse and the material will stand little wear, and suffers abominably in laundering or dry cleaning. There are other tricks in gloves, shoes, hosiery, furs, furniture, household utensils, tires, and electric devices, all of which contribute to the flood of bargain goods on which a deluded public, forced to make each dollar go as far as possible, is wasting its money.

In almost any large city, outside the show window of some milliner or modiste one often sees a woman sketching a dress or hat on display there. She is stealing style. Style costs its originator money as surely as fabrics or labor, and style is an essential quality of the finished product. The copyist gets his for nothing, and adds it to his flimsy garments as further bait for unwary shoppers. The tricks of the needle trades are as ancient as the art of dress, but never have they been drawn upon so extensively as in this era of bargain-hunting madness.

In hosiery, costs are cut by using tram or low-twist silk (five turns of the thread to an inch), while a high twist (twenty turns to the inch) is used in making good hose. A desirable dull finish automatically occurs when using high-twist silk. The higher the twist, the duller the finish. To get a dull finish on a low-twist hose the manufacturer treats his product with sodium hyposulphite.

The number of needles used runs from about 364, for what is called low gauge, to 476, which is a high gauge. These needles are set in a bar some 13½ inches wide. The unscrupulous manufacturer may leave out from 12 to 15 needles — quite a saving of silk thread in quantity production. The hose when made are stretched to standard size, so one cannot tell by comparison with good hose that fewer needles were used.

For chiffon hose, unreliable manufacturers use a silk thread with 5 to 10 per cent less silk than that used by reputable manufacturers. This difference in quality is difficult for the consumer to detect, but materially reduces the cost of manufacturing and the durability of the stocking.

Nor is it merely in the domain of wearing apparel that the purchaser must be camily aware in these parlous times. Even household utensils are on the bargain counter. Observe the thinness of some aluminum ware. It is genuine aluminum, but it will not stand up under usage. It is like the

trunk maker's label, 'solid leather.' All leather is solid, and all aluminum is solid. It should be thick enough not to dent easily, but not so thick as to be clumsy. The trouble is that it all looks equally good to the careless eye.

Electric devices are a profitable field for the quality depreciator. The buyer is even less informed about such things than about wearing apparel, and a bright enamel may hide a multitude of faults. There are on the market refrigerators, ranges, toasters, percolators, which lack what Squibb's calls 'the priceless ingredient' — the maker's conscience. Metal parts are too thin, bending and twisting and losing their shape, dislocating connections and short-circuiting the device. Handles are improperly insulated, and fuse protection is lacking. There is trouble with lamps. The inefficient bargain substitutes are either imported bulbs with carbon instead of tungsten filaments, or 're-fills' — burned out secondhand lamps in which inferior filaments have been inserted. In either case they waste current, and with lamps, as with other electric devices, it is the cost of upkeep that counts.

To protect himself, the customer should look for the name of the maker. He should not buy anything, however low the price, unless he knows that it is made by a manufacturer with a reputation for integrity. Generally the shoddy goods have a name, but it is a name of which one has never heard before.

IV

A large stuffed chair in a show window during a special sale of furniture aroused the curiosity of a manufacturer of fine furniture. It was marked '$34.79, formerly $60.' He bought it, shipped it to his factory, and asked what it would cost to duplicate it. The answer was that it could be manufactured to sell at a profit for $21. Even the bargain price was an excessive one.

Let's take a look at an upholstered chair as turned out in this man's workshop, and compare it briefly with such an imitation as the bargain chair just noted.

First, there are the workmen themselves. There is the difference between craftsmen with pride in their work and ordinary labor, mere workmen, not cabinetmakers. Then there is the lumber. Even if the bogus chair were genuine mahogany — which it is n't — the lumber might have cost less than half that in the desirable chair. Forty-six inches of San Domingo mahogany costs $5.52; the same quantity of African mahogany, $1.15. There is a similar difference in quality in the veneers and inlays. But the manufacturer of 'borax' does not need to use such expensive woods. He can paste his veneer on chestnut or white wood instead of mahogany cores or second-growth ash. Instead of careful and accurate joinery, by mortises and tenons, nails and glue are used to hold the frame together.

But it is in the upholstery that he gets in his shadiest work. Unfortunately, under the law of some states, anything is 'down' that grows on a bird's back. The 'down' that fills the cushions of the borax chair is chicken feathers, chopped up to make them softer, which cost 15 cents a pound when new, less if secondhand. The live matter in the quills nourishes all sorts of insects, including moths. Real down is goose feathers, with no large quills in it to work through the covering or afford breeding grounds for vermin.

In the cheap chair the springs are too few in number, supported by a weak

grade of burlap tacked to the frame. Moss is used in place of horsehair, and a cheap cotton batting, 3 cents a pound, is stretched over it. In the quality chair, double conical tempered springs are sewn to Scotch webbing woven back and forth for strength. Above the springs a layer of burlap is sewed to the springs, then a layer of black horsehair, then another layer of burlap, then one of the softer curled brown hair, next the cotton padding, and finally a covering of muslin before the upholstery is put on. The down in the cushions is held in small pockets to keep it from working into the corners.

These are some of the differences of workmanship in the two kinds of chairs. There are other devices in other kinds of furniture. For instance, in buying a secretary or bookcase with glass-paned doors, feel the astragals — that is, the strips in which the panes are supposed to be set. In the cheap piece the glass fills the entire door; the astragals are merely sawed-out pieces laid on the glass. Both appearance and durability are sacrificed to make a bargain holiday.

V

What has caused this deluge of low-grade goods, and particularly why has the American shopper gone off the quality standard in favor of products which have nothing to commend them but price?

When the dam of inflated values broke, and hundreds of reputable manufacturers found themselves with large stocks of goods and no buyers at the old pre-crash prices, this merchandise was put on the market at what it would bring. These were real bargains, and enterprising retailers made the most of the so-called 'distress' selling. So satisfactory was the response that many looked around for more such goods — and did not find them. The supply was not inexhaustible, and of course it could not be duplicated. Instead, a horde of manufacturers with everything to gain and nothing to lose sprang into the breach and began producing goods to sell at bargain prices, *at a profit to the manufacturers.*

Not all retailers were caught by these imitations, but many were, and soon a wail went up all over the land. The new cheap goods were not bargains. Far from it. At the very best they were worth no more than the price paid, and generally not even that, for in every article of manufacture, every garment, furnishing, utensil, there is a point below which it is not safe to go. You can cheapen a product just so far, and most of these anonymous manufacturers went below the danger line.

All this has created concern among manufacturers who make goods of quality. They see both dealers and public fooled, and losing money thereby, and they realize that theirs is a double loss, for this new competition cannot be met on a price basis, and the odium will overwhelm even the most conscientious manufacturers and destroy their normal market. The consumer will lose faith in all goods, all makers.

A number of manufacturers have decided to act, and, in the characteristic American way, have perfected an organization to be known as the National Quality Maintenance League. Julius Forstmann, head of a famous woolen company, is a prime mover, and associated with him are many manufacturers of quality goods, chiefly in the domain of wearing apparel, and including the editors of fashion and other women's magazines. Mr. Forstmann says: —

Women are bewildered by the avalanche of indifferent and inferior merchandise sold to them on the appeal of price, but promoted and advertised as being representative of the newest and best in style and in quality. They have lost their perspective as to what constitutes a becoming and good standard of style, and they are rapidly losing faith in the constantly reiterated appeal of cheapness because they are finding that thrift of this character is, in the end, the most wasteful extravagance.

The theory that the American woman lives in such a rapidly changing world of style that she is interested only in the visible appeal of the moment without regard to intrinsic quality and style value is fallacious. Rather, it is the result of a phase of competition which is destructive to all of the elements concerned — the manufacturer, the retailer, and — last but not least — the ultimate consumer. It places a premium on the imitator and the copyist; on inferiority of product in design, execution, and raw materials. To my mind, it is just as damnable to steal the results of the ingenuity and ability of an originator as it is to steal his physical property. And yet this condition is to-day, not the exception, but almost the general rule.

The movement has naturally received much help from newspapers and magazines. The kind of merchandise that is undermining the public confidence in the integrity of American goods is not the sort that furnishes advertising revenue. Advertised brands are suffering from this competition along with other well-known products which, while not advertised, have a reputation for integrity. These manufacturers dare not tamper with the quality of their products. Nor can they stand by inert while so much vicious stuff is being dumped on the market. So the reputable manufacturers, which include most advertisers, have joined with magazines and newspapers to set the facts before the buying public. One leading New York newspaper has been carrying advertisements of its own, warning its readers. All this propaganda is directed toward telling people that there is plenty of reliable merchandise for sale at prices lower than the peaks of 1929, but not so low as the worthless stuff that goes by the name of dreck, schlag, shoddy, borax, and junk. The moral of it all is that never in American shopping was a trusted trade name or mark so necessary in identifying dependable goods.

One company has grappled with the problem by means of what it calls its Quality Control Plan. The Viscose Company manufactures rayon yarn. Many weavers and knitters use this yarn as raw material for their products, and these products are in turn raw materials for manufacturers of another set of products which reach the public in the form of various garments. The Viscose Company designed a label reading 'Tested Quality,' the use of which by its customers is licensed. Buying Crown Brand yarn from the Viscose Company did not carry with it the right to use the label. Only those who agreed at the start to maintain certain standards, and who permitted their products to be tested once a month by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, were allowed to use it on their manufactured goods. Not only could the right to use the label be granted; it could be withdrawn, as was found necessary in the case of some manufacturers who failed to live up to the requirements.

The results have been eminently satisfactory. Both licensees and retailers handling Crown Brand yarns report satisfaction of customers, and fewer returned goods. One large retailer says: —

'The Viscose plan takes a tremendous responsibility off the shoulders of the buyer when it not only tests

the rayon yarn in the two best rayon laboratories of the country, but checks the finished product as well.'

VI

What is meant by quality in manufactured products? Some idea may be obtained by noting what is lost when the maker begins to skimp, substitute, and cut corners, as in the story of the schlag shirt. Or, better still, by reviewing the slow steps with which quality is built up or added to a product of barter and sale.

Let us take the orange as an example, partly because I have the facts at hand, but also because Francis Q. Story, the man responsible for the transformation of the fruit into a uniform, dependable article of commerce, has just died and attention has turned for the moment to his life work.

Mr. Story began to raise oranges in Southern California in 1883, just six years after the first oranges were shipped across the country from that state. They were small, scaly, sunburned, neither sweet nor juicy, with skins puffy from handling and sometimes tough. He organized the growers and persuaded them to pick several times a season, selecting only the best, instead of harvesting all at once. Fumigating was an expense the growers tried to escape. He arranged to have it done every two years, instead of every five, as was the custom. He substituted sharp clippers for hand picking, provided better bags for the fruit, and introduced spring wagons in place of hard-riding lumber wagons, to save the fruit from damage during the haul to the packing plant.

Hand washing bruised the fruit. Story installed rotary brushes. The oranges were graded for size and color by machinery, and each orange wrapped in tissue paper. Such, briefly, is the genesis of Sunkist oranges, which have by their quality and persistent advertising boosted per capita orange consumption 400 per cent. When a youthful admirer asked Story what the Q in his name stood for, he replied, 'Quality.'

Behind every manufactured product possessing that indefinable something which we rather vaguely designate as quality there is a similar story of patient upbuilding. With each one it is easy to cut costs by slighting or omitting some of the steps or processes. Unreliable, low-grade products are nothing new. We have had them from the beginning of industry. The menace lies in the over-stimulation of this nefarious industry, and the ease with which the public falls victim to low prices.

'Quality' is an elusive word. A low-priced article can be good of its kind, can have quality within the limits of its price. The contention is that poorly made merchandise is masquerading as something better, that it is being misrepresented. It is not the bargain that it pretends to be. It is not better goods sold at a sacrifice, but cheap goods sold at a liberal profit. If the consumer knew what she was buying, she would not buy it; but she is not an expert in much that she buys. She must depend on the store or on a manufacturer's name or trade-mark. When she abandons these landmarks, trades at a store that takes advantage of her confidence, or buys goods of whose origin she is ignorant, she takes chances and will regret it.

VII

There is no doubt that the cost of retailing is too high, that the spread between wholesale and retail prices is

too great. Here is where merchandising ingenuity should be exercised. The cuts should be made in the overhead of selling, not in the quality of the goods sold.

We have on one hand the honest manufacturer, making a good article, anxious to sell at as low a price as possible. Competition over the years has compelled him to study every method of reducing his cost of manufacture without lowering the quality of his goods. He knows that such goods as he makes cannot be reproduced for less. He knows also that goods of poorer quality are not worth making, that their manufacture is economic waste. His costs are now lower. Labor is cheaper; raw materials cost less. He can sell at lower prices than prevailed two years ago. But he cannot meet the prices asked for merchandise that pretends to be the same as his but is really inferior.

On the other hand, there is the manufacturer without conscience, responsibility, or reputation who is making goods merely to take advantage of a temporary condition — the public state of mind which still believes there are vast quantities of high-grade goods to be sold at ridiculous prices. So far the public has been too ready to respond, but now it is beginning to realize that it has been betrayed. Its resentment is turned against the stores that sold the goods. If the purchaser knew what she was buying, she would not buy it. She thinks that the cheap, shoddy, scamped goods are the products of the conscientious manufacturers, or at least of the same grade. She finds it difficult to discriminate. Even the professional buyers of the retail stores are sometimes fooled.

But there are still manufacturers who maintain the quality which has given them their reputation in the past. And there are still retail stores too careful of their reputation to risk the good will of their customers by offering any merchandise which they do not know is exactly what it is represented to be.

THE SLUMP IN FOOTBALL COMMON

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

I

'GAELS, Rams, Plan Aerial Warfare.' 'Bears, Hornets, Break Relations.' 'Clash of Juggernauts Approaching.' 'Purple Cyclone Sweeping Nation.' 'Lions Still Muskrats' Roaring.' Ah, another great European war! Civilization on the brink of disaster, you say, as you read these headlines in the daily press. No, not that. The Bolshevist Revolution, then — Germany and Russia against the world? Nothing of the sort. Football is with us again. Once more we are at the peak of the silly season in American sport.

Writing three years ago, I ventured to suggest that 'a new high-for-all-time was made in November 1929 by Football Common.' Like Mr. Babson and the rest of the predictors, I was taking a chance; but, curiously enough, 1929 actually was the top of the Great Bull Market in American football. Since then the sport, along with commodity prices, investment trusts, the steel industry, and real-estate values, has, in the parlance of the moderns, 'been forced to take a licking.' Nor is there any evidence at hand as yet to prove that the deflation of this athletic bull market has been fully accomplished; or, as the statisticians would put it so eloquently, that in sports as in business 'we have touched bottom and are moving slowly to higher levels.'

During the past few years football has been coming in for some really serious attention, and to-day all sorts and conditions of men are concerned about its future. 'Except possibly when a championship is at stake, we may no longer count on the enthusiastic support of the public that we have enjoyed during the past eight years,' remarks Dr. Edward C. Elliott, the president of Purdue University. In other words, the public is finally 'getting on to itself.' A pity that. Or, rather, a pity for the colleges, because if things continue, and the current depression in the greatest of American games keeps on, who knows but that something may come of it? What exactly do I mean by this? I mean that without football the universities of the United States might be reduced to becoming institutions of learning. A sad situation to contemplate.

Nor are the heads of our universities the only ones to view this with alarm. Even the sports writers are upset, and you know how much it takes to arouse a sports writer. Thus Mr. Grantland Rice, the dean of the profession, after years of research has arrived at the conclusion that football is being commercialized. Or, as the headline writer for the magazine in which his researches were published remarks, 'Mr. Rice hears faint rumblings of a revolt against football as it is staged and publicized to-day.' Faint rumblings! Who says the world does not move?

Last summer a letter appeared in

the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* by a Mr. Charles K. Purdy, faculty representative of an American college visiting the various universities of Europe. He was distressed and disturbed to discover that these institutions possessed 'neither a swimming pool nor a gymnasium, and there is no athletic field and not even a student's athletic association.' Think of it — the University of Bologna without a swimming pool, the Sorbonne without a student's athletic association! As Mr. Purdy so eloquently puts it, 'A sad state of affairs when one considers the splendid up-to-date features of our educational life at home.' Yes, Mr. Purdy.

Extraordinary, is it not, that in this day and age so many Americans still fail to realize that in decadent Europe men do not go to a university to join a fraternity, to make the football team, or yet to skim through courses on how to become a junior executive? Strange as it may seem to us in this land of the high standard of living, men do not go to a university abroad with the intention or the ambition of becoming realtors, morticians, or owners of a 'lubritorium.' Rather do they enter universities to read, to study, to think, to enrich their mental life and benefit in unmaterial ways. There have been of late many changes in some of the older American universities, and a few at any rate are tending to become havens of cultivation much like the greater universities of Europe. In fact the time may not be far distant when an institution of learning in this country without a student's athletic association will not seem as absurd and irrational as it does at the present time.

II

Before glancing at the future, I should like to take you back forty-two years in the history of American sport — to Springfield, Massachusetts, on the day of the Yale-Harvard football game, November 22, 1890. Although new stands had been erected to seat over 8000 people, the largest crowd ever to witness a football game in this country up to that time, more than 5000 extra tickets had been sold, although no more seats were available. A squad of policemen was therefore called out to keep order among these ticket holders; they had to sit on carriage robes spread along the ground behind the goal posts at the open ends of the field, or else on the coaches drawn up in rows just behind. These seats cost a dollar apiece, the price being raised to keep the crowd out, but failing to do so. With commendable enterprise, the *New York Times* had sent a reporter all the way up to Springfield for the game.

The Harvard team sprang rather a surprise. Instead of traveling to the game by day coach on the regular Boston & Albany train the morning of the game, they arrived the previous evening and spent the night at Mrs. Gardiner's boarding house close to Hampden Park. Yale was further handicapped by the fact that one of the players stopped off at Hartford on the way up to see his girl, and missed the next train. Consequently a crew man from the side lines had to be pressed into service to act as a substitute. No wonder Harvard won.

Nothing like this happened when Harvard came to New Haven the last time. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Instead of eleven players, the Crimson horde which came to New Haven the day before the game consisted of about thirty-six players and twenty-seven attendants, in special cars carrying equipment, jerseys, sweaters, shoes, pads, blankets, footballs, carboys of drinking water, a drug department with tape, bandages, ointment, ankle

rolls, liniment, and so forth, not to mention games, cards, backgammon sets, magazines, chewing gum, phonographs, and signs urging the players to 'Drink Only Bottled Water.' Why an attendant for almost every player? There are eight coaches, ten managers, five rubbers, the Director of Athletics, the Assistant Director of Athletics, the Publicity Director, and the Business Manager. The various scouts who have been charting Yale plays all season are not included in this list, because they may not have come down until the next day. The actual cost of transporting this company to Boston and back, its food and shelter and entertainment, cut down this year as much as was thought possible, must have been well around $10,000. Not excessive, either, considering the pleasure given.

In 1890 a handful of young men carrying tattered suitcases boarded a day coach, went to Springfield, played, came back the night of the game, and that was that. No high-powered coaching staff, no movies of the other team's pet plays, no enlarged pictures of the Yale players to be studied, no articles in the newspaper by the head coach, no herd of reporters following the team — in short, nothing. Which team, I wonder, had the most fun?

III

'Ah,' you will say, 'there is little new in all this. We know about the paraphernalia of modern football. What you are describing is rather old stuff.' Precisely. I am not pretending that this is new. I am simply trying to show, as suggested at the beginning of the article, that Football Common, although it has suffered along with other good securities in the recent bear market, is still selling at a price fifteen to twenty times its earnings. In other words, it has not yet been thoroughly deflated, and cannot therefore be recommended to the cautious investor.

The chart of Football Common, which took such a marked upswing after the war, and particularly during the big bull market, has been going steadily downhill in company with even sounder values since 1929. That year the stock reached its peak when Notre Dame traveled 8300 miles and played before 600,000 spectators, taking in the tidy sum of over $2,000,000. That was an all-time high which has never been reached since, nor is it ever likely to be attained again.

First effects of the current slump were noticed during the season of 1930. Harvard, which played to over 400,000 in 1929, drew but 350,000 in 1930. In its Bulletin No. 26 the Carnegie Foundation reported that football attendance and receipts fell off at practically every leading university in the United States that year, including California, Chicago, Harvard, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio State, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Purdue, Stanford, and Wisconsin. The Army-Navy football game, played for charity to obtain the sum of $1,250,000 for the Salvation Army, actually brought in $600,000, or half the amount expected. As early as December 1930, one or two universities had the good sense to perceive the way the wind was blowing. Already Nebraska and Iowa were beginning to cut down their athletic expenditures in various ways. The deflation in Football Common had commenced.

Last season it was far more noticeable. In the South, football receipts fell away from 3 to 40 per cent, according to the college. Ohio State's takings went off by a fifth from the previous season. One large institution in the Middle West had but 17,000 persons at its three big home games.

Iowa drew 60,000 spectators instead of 80,000 for the year before. Wisconsin cut its schedule from seven to six games. John L. Griffith, high priest of football for the Western Conference, declared that in the Middle West receipts fell off from 30 to 40 per cent at every college. 'Ticket purchasers showed more discrimination in the question of selecting games they wished to see than a year ago,' he explained tactfully.

For the first time in our athletic history the public could obtain seats for such important contests as the Dartmouth-Harvard, Yale-Army, and Yale-Princeton games, to name but a few of the principal ones in the East. One contest in the Yale Bowl last fall drew fewer than 5000 spectators — a record since that structure was built in 1914; the arena was actually but half filled for the Yale-Princeton classic. There were empty seats at the Army-Navy game, and the receipts, which were expected to be over $400,000 (notice the modest shrinkage from 1930 expectations), were about $250,000. Comparative figures of attendance in 1930 and 1931 are instructive. Pennsylvania played to 364,000 and 330,000 respectively; Washington and Lee to 70,000 and 60,000; Minnesota to 167,000 and 147,000; Illinois to 165,000 and 111,000. Stanford, although playing one more game than the previous season, only drew 160,000 as against 180,000 the year before. Ohio State, which usually takes the field before 100,000 at its Homecoming Game, had 40,000 in the stadium in 1931. Gate receipts declined about $20,000 at California and $50,000 at Harvard.

Nearly every prominent college eleven earned less money in 1930 than in 1929, and still less in 1931. The surprising thing is that these figures cover a period during which interest in athletics generally was greater than at any other period in our history, a time when professional sports had banner seasons. Professional hockey in 1930 and 1931 prospered, professional football in 1931 had its best year in both attendance and receipts, while the million-dollar gate for the World's Series of October 1931 was the largest since 1926.

IV

What is the reason for this slump in Football Common? The reason is the waning interest in the game, despite the assertions of its paid publicists, on the part of the classes whence its customers come — graduates, undergraduates, and the general public. With less money to spend, the public stays home and listens over the radio. Also with less money, and with steadily decreasing interest in the outcome of big games, the undergraduate is tempted to play golf on sunny November afternoons. The alumni, for whom a trip from New York to New Haven will break up a twenty-dollar bill, can no longer afford many such trips. Protests of graduates echo on every side. A young graduate student in Boston remarked to me recently, 'Four dollars is too much to pay for a game of football — especially such football as Harvard plays.' Another man, a Harvard graduate, a millionaire who has given buildings to his Alma Mater, remarked in my hearing that he was not going to New Haven for the Yale game this year because he felt the price excessive in view of the times. Writing to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, a graduate stated recently, 'I find many Yale men like myself who feel it an imposition to be requested to pay $4.00 for major game tickets, and are simply forgoing the privilege.' Mr. Lamont Dominick, Yale '95, a prominent alumnus of New York, wrote to the *Yale Daily News* to

demand the ending of the 'exploiting of the students for large gate receipts.' I remember several years ago talking to Director William J. Bingham, Director of Athletics at Harvard, about the price of seats at games. 'But you would pay $5.00 for a show and think nothing of it,' he said. Nor did he appear to understand why I laughed at this excellent though unintentional analogy.

It is also my conviction, though I shall doubtless be chivied for saying so, that there is a large and fast-growing number of graduates who are eternally sick of the football madness, who are weary of the stress upon the financial side of what is presumed to be a sport, who become tired of the noise and uproar about what is supposed to be a game, who read this sort of thing, a gem which actually appeared in a New York newspaper, with something akin to disgust: 'As Booth halted in the striped end zone, his old schoolmate at New Haven High, Freddy Loeser, rushed up, threw gorilla-like arms about the midget's shoulders, and, believe it or not, kissed him upon the cheek. It was the French Army accolade delivered for the first time upon an American gridiron, the spontaneous tribute of a hard-boiled fighter to a football genius.' The first time, and let us hope the last time, too.

Such mawkishness is causing many followers of football to desert it. The maudlinism over the death of Cadet Sheridan in the Yale-Army game last fall is another instance to the point. Instead of showing the tragic waste of a fine young life, the press in general devoted columns to comparing him with every great American soldier from Washington to Pershing, explaining that his life was sacrificed for his country and wallowing in the crassest kind of cheap sentimentality. Only one newspaper pointed out the difference in the times as evidenced by his death and that of Cadet Byrne in the Harvard game some twenty years earlier. Then the remainder of the West Point schedule was instantly abandoned. Last year it was carried out in full, every game was played. Yes, Cadet Sheridan would have wished it so. Doubtless. Besides, the Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, and Navy games were yet to come. Half a million dollars at the box office was involved. 'Sport' has become too complicated to be given up just for a mere gesture.

Does one wonder that there has been heavy short selling in Football Common of late years?

V

Yes, Football Common has recently been the subject of bear attacks by the Carnegie Foundation and others. Cynical sporting columnists have also been persistent short sellers, until, as shown above, earnings of the stock have fallen off considerably during the past few years. Its dividends have been passed, and it reflects this pressure by its present low earnings. I now intend to show some more reasons for the decline.

The chief reason, as of course everyone is well aware, comes from within the colleges themselves — not, as it should, from authority, but usually from those without authority, the articulate minority of the undergraduate body. They were the first to realize the absurdity of the football situation. Just when the earliest outbreak within the colleges began is rather hard to determine, but one of the first and one of the most important appeared in the *Harvard Crimson* in December of 1925, when that newspaper made definite suggestions for changes in the game. These suggestions, which appeared radical and visionary at the time, seem less so now. Some, such as the abolition of spring practice, the institution

of House teams, a final House game with Yale, have been adopted. Others, such as the reduction of the schedule to a few games in mid-November, seem to be on the way.

What was an isolated instance of revolt in 1925 is to-day common everywhere — east and west, north and south. Curious, is it not, that the undergraduate has forced the hand of authority? Even the conservative régime which dominates the American university has been obliged to bestir itself under the urgings and proddings of the undergraduate press and the pressure of a small section of the undergraduate body. Rarely, all too rarely for American intellectual integrity, have those in charge been trail blazers.

Recent years have witnessed a whole series of attacks upon football by undergraduates, ranging from demands for the abolition of gate receipts as 'not in accord with the spirit of amateur sport,' at Haverford, to the more sensational outbursts at Northwestern, where the student newspaper declared openly that despite the creditable season the majority of the undergraduates were tired of football, and to the vote at Johns Hopkins, where 320 students out of 850 actually voted to abandon the game. Even more spectacular were the uprisings at Columbia and New York University last winter. Mr. Reed Harris, the editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, by his outspoken criticism was even able to move President Nicholas Murray Butler to some slight action, a magnificent feat under the circumstances. It was largely undergraduate sentiment which forced the resignation of the head coach at New York University, John H. (Chick) Meehan, who symbolized big-time football with all its trappings, and the appointment of a graduate of the college in his place. This, too, at a time when Meehan was producing first-class teams.

Exactly how much do these college newspapers reflect undergraduate opinion? Sometimes not at all. Often only to a small degree. Frequently they represent the opinion of a tiny but articulate minority and nothing more. The point is, however, that these views, so often considered advanced and radical, have a tremendous importance and influence on the thinking of those who follow. If Manchester thinks to-day what Paris will think to-morrow and what London will think next year, the *Harvard Crimson* of 1925 held views which the average undergraduate holds to-day and which the college authorities will accept in a few years more as their own.

Several seasons ago Head Coach Fletcher of Case had the everlasting temerity to declare that 'intercollegiate football is dying.' He was merely laughed at for his statement; to-day it seems less amusing. Since then three colleges — Loyola with 5000 undergraduates, Regis, another Jesuit institution, and Kentucky Wesleyan — have definitely abandoned the game. True, these are small and comparatively unimportant colleges. But there is hardly a university in the United States that has not overhauled its athletic practices rather sharply during the past twenty months.

VI

Most surprising of all in recent years was the housecleaning at the University of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania symbolized the Great God Football. Those who have seen its magnificently caparisoned 80-piece band strutting into the double-decker stadium at Franklin Field filled with 70,000 cheering spectators, and followed by its freshman band, less gayly caparisoned

but also strutting, will admit this. Pennsylvania alumni were earnest recruiters for promising football material. Pennsylvania players were generously treated when athletic scholarships were handed out. Pennsylvania teams traveled in de luxe style across the country. Pennsylvania squads were given week-ends and pre-season practice at luxurious beach resorts along the Jersey coast. In short, at Pennsylvania, football was king.

Under President Thomas Gates a new régime was instituted. No concessions or special privileges to athletes. No training tables, week-ends, or pre-season practice at the seaside. No recruiting of preparatory-school athletes. The head coach became a regular member of the faculty with a faculty member's salary of $7500 a year. The former head coach had received $12,500. A new Department of Physical Education was created, with a Dean in charge of all athletics. The title of the story might be, 'How Deflation Came to Franklin Field.'

About this time Dr. Butler, who seldom speaks without having his utterances appear on page one of the New York newspapers, came out with notice of a revolutionary change in the conduct of Columbia's athletics. Sports were to be placed under the supervision of Mr. Rogers Bacon, '96, with the title of Controller of Athletics, assisted by the able Dr. Edward S. Elliott, as Director of Athletics. Dr. Butler's further plea for an endowment for college sport predicates the complete independence of athletics from gate receipts and consequent entanglements. Certainly, under endowed sport, there would be no money for an $18,500-a-year football coach and a $12,000-a-year rowing coach such as Columbia has at present.

In line with this step, Syracuse University also adopted a reorganization of its athletic department 'with particular attention to be given under the new programme to a more intensive development of intramural sport.' At Franklin and Marshall, all athletics have been centralized under a faculty department of Physical Education. Much the same thing was done at Boston University, under the courageous Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers. At Wisconsin, the athletic department has been investigated by a committee of six appointed by the State Legislature.

It may be news to some readers to learn that there are actually colleges in this country without a football team. Besides the three already mentioned, there are Emory University at Atlanta, Georgia; Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge; Reed College in Portland, Oregon; Antioch in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and doubtless many others. Certainly the number seems destined to increase. When the game was abolished at Loyola, the Reverend R. M. Kelley, S. J., the president, remarked, 'It has been a matter of agreeable surprise to me to find out how many thoughtful people are in complete agreement with me on this important subject.' He was further surprised, after a year without football, to discover that the athletic finances of the university were actually in a better state than before. 'With the discontinuance of football,' he is quoted as saying, 'we expected that a substantial saving could be effected. The athletic statement at the close of the year surpassed our fondest expectations, for it shows that Loyola has been able to operate its new athletic programme without a loss. It is significant that this has been accomplished without curtailing the basketball, track, or minor sport programmes.' What a blow to those apologists for the game who have long argued that football

gate receipts were essential for the support of other sports, as if, indeed, this was reason enough for all the ballyhoo!

These brief indications simply show what is taking place the country over. Terrible though it is that a stock as fundamentally sound as Football Common should have to suffer such a drop in value, there is one bright spot upon the horizon. Periods of depression always stimulate efficiency: high salaries are cut, useless retainers are discharged, extravagant practices are eliminated, costs are pared to rock bottom. What has taken place in American business is also taking place in America's greatest sport — which, after all, is only sublimated business.

VII

One reason why Football Common has taken a slump is that the leaders of the game have not been leaders. The men in charge of football, the head coaches, have almost without exception preferred to follow the trend rather than lead. Since 1907, when the forward pass was introduced into football, the coaches have invariably been found on the timid, conservative side. If football is the game of blood and iron that it is supposed to be, one would expect to have discovered its leading exponents in the van of any progressive movement for the betterment of the sport. On the contrary, they appear to have done their best to keep football in a condition from which, first of all, they could benefit personally. Some coaches have had an unfortunate influence on the game. Some have had a tremendously beneficent influence. Some men are bad coaches. Some are good coaches. But all are human.

The morning newspaper before me carries the following headlines on its sport pages: 'Montgomery's Injured Knee Keeps Him Out'; 'Mendelsohn's Collar Bone Broken in Navy Practice'; 'Lyons Suffers Broken Nose'; 'Morton Watches Practice with Bruised Leg'; 'McCarthy Gaining after Concussion.' Headlines such as these, picked at random, can be duplicated almost any day during the football season. Whether or not football is the most dangerous of sports is open to question. Certainly it is dangerous enough. What steps have been taken by the coaches to obviate these dangers?

Painfully few. That some coaches permit, even if they do not actually teach, the famous rabbit punch — the blow delivered on the back of the neck to lay a man low with ease — is pretty well established. Many good folk were shocked a few years ago when it was discovered that linesmen went into battle with hands taped like prize fighters, in order to deliver this rabbit punch, which, incidentally, is a form of punishment not permitted in the prize ring. In an open letter to the press, Mr. W. S. Langford, Secretary of the Rules Committee and himself a former coach, denied that such a practice existed. Shortly afterward Mr. Langford's own committee, composed largely of former coaches and assisted by an advisory board of coaches including Mr. R. C. Zuppke, Mr. J. F. Meehan, and Mr. J. B. Sutherland, adopted a rule barring the punch. This was an illustration of intellectual dishonesty which it would be difficult to equal in the history of American universities.

The penalty for this punch, which can cause and doubtless has caused men's deaths in football, is fifteen yards. Hardly, one would say, excessive. No, the coaches decry unnecessary roughness, but there it ends. By their own words they stand condemned. 'The offensive linesman wishing to force his opponent back should drive his head

directly into the opponent's stomach,' says Mr. Zuppke in *Football*. Again, 'A defensive linesman, if he is a fast starter, a low-crouching fighter, with his feet continually under him, can, after some practice, handle his opponent as a good baggage smasher handles a trunk.' Or as the late Mr. Knute Rockne, the Aimee Semple McPherson of the football cult, remarked in *Coaching*, 'Slap him with the hip and with the head and shoulders in the stomach, if possible.'

Have any of the coaches been in the forefront of the various changes that have been made recently in what was once a game? Not visibly. 'Football reform is the bunk,' said Mr. Zuppke, and doubtless the other members of the hierarchy would cordially agree with these sentiments. Along with Mr. McGugin and Mr. Dobie of Cornell he sees nothing in giving football back to the boys. Why not, retort the coaches, give racing back to the horses? The analogy is indicative of the mentality of the average ruler of the game. Have any coaches protested against spring practice? Against night football? Painfully few. There are to-day five pages of rules in the Rule Book describing the improper use of hands, but rules are superfluous in a thing of this sort. If the head coach merely says a sentence or two condemning roughness before the first practice, there will be no slugging on his team.

Of course there are many fine and honorable men in the coaching profession. So, too, there are in politics. But in politics, as in football, these men do not lead. 'The game may be stopped from the inside instead of from the outside if conditions remain as they are,' said Mr. W. W. Roper of Princeton several years ago. He was right. Mr. Roper was a leader. Among the school ranks Mr. Edward F. Storey of Mamaroneck, New York, also stands out; he has worked to eliminate injuries and simplify the rules. These men are the exception. To-day the leading coaches show a painful lack of intellectual leadership. Their mentality can best be described by two examples, one from the pen of Walter Trumbull, a leading sports writer who tells a story on Head Coach Lou Little, Columbia's $18,500 magician. While the good Dr. Little was playing a game at Georgetown, his team was backed up to its own goal — opponent's ball on the one-yard line, fourth down. Suddenly the coach observed that the substitute next to him had slipped off the bench and was kneeling with his head in his hands. Wondering what was the matter, he asked the lad whether he was sick.

'Sick, hell! I'm praying,' came the answer.

'And I guess the boy's call for help must have been heard somewhere,' said Mr. Little, 'because they did n't cross our goal line.'

Last winter a reporter from the *New Yorker* went to a movie theatre and there took down an actual transcription of the remarks of Mr. Heartly (Hunk) Anderson, who was describing the equipment of a football man in a news reel. Mr. Anderson joined the fellowship of educated men at Notre Dame in 1922, and is now head coach at that institution.

'The fellow on the left,' said Mr. Anderson, 'could n't run a hundred yards in fifteen seconds with all them pads and contraptions, and as a matter of fact he is not as well protected from injury as the one dressed in silk pants. That roll-neck collar there affords a lot of protection with them funny-looking shoulder pads, and all they did was look tough and not protect; and the pants with the funny old pads; then you go down to them

shin guards with the big knee pads to protect the legs and the heavy shoes. No wonder they could n't run in them days.'

Mr. Little and Mr. Anderson are leaders in their profession.

Football Common selling off? Naturally. For the coaches have spent their time doing about everything but coaching. From Cambridge to California the head coach writes for the newspapers; very often he acts in a news reel, talks over the radio, draws comic strips, conducts summer schools for fellow coaches, acts as sales manager for a brokerage house, sells his name and endorses any product that comes along, and in general does whatever he can to feather his own nest to the detriment of the game itself.

VIII

'If undergraduate interest continues to shift from the conventional type of intercollegiate contest to intramural sport, new and serious problems are certain to arise. There may easily result a new phase of inter-college competition, important chiefly for its spontaneous support by undergraduate players with much less of panoply than now surrounds our conventional intercollegiate athletics, but with far more genuine enjoyment among the undergraduates participating. Incidentally, inter-college matches of this type fortunately have, and probably will continue to have, little news value. It remains to be seen whether the colleges will encourage or discourage this development.'

So says the Carnegie Bulletin No. 26 published in April 1931.

To-day practically every college in the country has an intramural athletic programme more or less extensively developed. This may lead, as at Notre Dame, to a compact and flourishing system of feeding athletes to varsity teams, and a consequently successful record in most intercollegiate competition. Or it may tend to bring out many men who would otherwise neglect athletics, at the same time decreasing the interest in and importance of extramural contests. At Yale and Harvard each winter almost a hundred teams compete in various sports, and, despite opposition from deploring old grads, intramural athletics are growing under the House Plans, and tending eventually toward fewer intercollegiate games. The *Yale Record* over a year ago said editorially: 'We predict, with no great astuteness, that the time is not far distant when Yale and Harvard will abandon varsity teams, restricting their extramural activities to a single game between the all-House teams.'

The old grads may growl and groan, but this is coming, whether they like the idea or not. When it does come, what will these colleges do without the money from football gate receipts to support their athletic programmes? One of the so-called justifications for football has been the fact that it financed all other sport within the university, and when gate receipts were running over a million a year all was well. As long as the bull market held, things were likely to remain *in statu quo*. But now the gate receipts are falling off, and are likely to fall off still more.

Many observers believe the answer lies in athletic endowments. Some years ago it was prematurely announced in the press that Harvard had actually undertaken a campaign to endow sport under the House Plan, with only a single football game against Yale, with undergraduates engaging chiefly in friendly sport against each other, with little publicity and no lengthy write-ups in the

daily press. The report was untrue. A pity.

How interesting it would have been had it been true: the gate eliminated, the head coach a teacher and not a money grabber, the star athlete obscured, the publicity man, the chief scout, the various supernumeraries gone from the picture — everything, in short, reduced to its simplest common denominator. Impossible, say those wise in athletic lore. Yet one wonders?

Before me is a Remington Rand Business Service Card on which is printed the list of articles necessary for Harvard football players, including the following: undershirt, underdrawers, cotton socks, wool socks, stockings, garters, belts, inner soles, jerseys, pants, shoes, sweat shirts, Glastonburys, hoods, headgears, shoulder pads, knee pads, kidney pads, gloves, sweaters, and so forth and so on.

Is all this paraphernalia really necessary to play a game? Is it really obligatory for Harvard to have a dietitian to watch over the team's food, for the Yale crew to row — and lose races — in a $10,000 shell, for New York University to have a ninety-piece band in full regalia, for Notre Dame to journey across country to uphold the honor of the East against Southern California, for Ohio State to have twenty cheer leaders in red and gray uniforms at the Homecoming Game? Why can't the modern college track star come out for practice without an elegant track suit and a gaudy pair of pyjamas? Why, in short, can't the colleges do what the rest of us are doing these days, and develop a little sales resistance? Especially when the manager of the sporting-goods corporation comes to town in the fall. The athletics-for-all programme would suffer? Well, every other business in the United States has had to suffer of recent years, so why not the athletics business? If reductions were made in the useless overhead of sport, only comparatively small endowment funds would be necessary to carry intramural programmes along without gate receipts from football.

Swarthmore actually has such a plan under way. A $200,000 fund to endow athletics has been started, and in a recent report Dr. Frank Aydelotte, the president, says: 'There is a growing dissatisfaction among undergraduates and alumni with our traditional policy of playing one or two big football games against large universities. Games of this type with teams outside our own class cannot be justified on any except financial grounds. They are not fun either, for spectators or players.'

If the colleges can be persuaded to abandon the race to keep up with Athletic Director Jones, to curtail the building of ultra-luxurious marble shower baths, blue-tiled swimming pools, hospitals with radiotherapy apparatus to bake out the aches and pains of the football heroes; if they can be persuaded to hand out $500 shells to the varsity crew, cut down the scouts and curtail the number of camp followers who trail along for the Big Game, abolish Pullman-car football, give up the athletic scholarships (Professor Maurice A. Blake, Chairman of the Council on Athletics at Rutgers, says, 'A scholarship of $200–$300 is now regarded as mere pin money by an athlete of recognized football ability'), endowment funds may be sufficient for intramural sport programmes without considering gate receipts from the overdeveloped business of football.

Possibly the colleges of the country will have to adopt some such idea whether they like it or not, because football, in its present complex and

unhealthy condition, is dying from the inside. Every evidence shows that the game is being killed by its own excesses. To argue that this is a good thing or a bad thing is useless. Football's day is done.

Nor can one help feeling this to be regrettable. In Europe, where football is unknown among the universities, students vent their wildness and give rein to their high spirits in less harmless ways: they shoot down the Rector, they toss bombs instead of pigskins, they overturn governments instead of street cars, and generally interrupt the course of public life. Football, whatever its faults, does not require the Garde Civile parading the streets, or machine guns on the corner roofs. There is also another reason, largely sentimental, why one dislikes to see football vanish. It is one of the last — if not *the* last — great phenomena of a restless, surging, pioneer nation; it is the sublime spectacle of a lusty and growing race. Yes, America is coming of age. Football is no longer in tempo with modern American life. We have outgrown it, though of course most of us don't recognize this fact as yet.

'Only the financial factor,' said the *Princeton Tiger* last year, 'has kept football where it is to-day. When this disappears, or the loss becomes greater than the gain, football will go. We give it ten years.'

Ten years! Well, ten years is indeed a short time. But what do you suppose they will be using the stadiums for in the year 1957?

Football Common has an enormous funded debt and no big surplus tucked away for such an emergency as confronts it at present. If, therefore, you are heavily interested in the stock, there is only one thing to do: take your losses and get out — before it is too late.

TEST PILOT

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

He cut the car switch just as the front wheels nosed through the plant gates. The car, noiseless now, and with slackening momentum, coasted past the buildings, around two corners, and came to rest precisely on the white edge of the concrete apron. So far, so good. Nothing the matter with his judgment this morning.

Mechanics in shapeless, oil-stained brown were busy on the apron. No surprise in that; they were out there every morning. But now, strolling toward them, he could feel excitement in the air. He paused to scratch a light; over the glowing tip his eyes rested speculatively on the cause of it — the new super-speed pursuit job for the Army. Small, wicked, graceful as a dragon fly, it glinted and shimmered in the morning sunlight, the dwarfed body and tiny wings hung on to a massive engine. This was her début. Like a bird from an egg, she was newly hatched from a shell of slide rules and machine shops.

Sweet, was his reaction; sweet, but queer. No airplane had ever looked quite like it. Each part perfect, but somehow the whole did not fit into his brain. It had worried him for days. She was too much of a question mark. The fantastic bid for speed made her exact performance incalculable: the paper work always failed to yield that final link, to divulge the ultimate secret without the gamble of a human life. The fact that she was brand-new, unflown, of itself meant nothing to him.

With cheerful unconcern he had tested other designs and repair jobs one after the other, hundreds of them. That was a test pilot's job. You took them up, untried, flung them around with the pitiless skill of experience, trying in every conceivable way to break them in the air. If you brought everything back in one piece it was a good plane. Or again, if someone in the drafting room had been too imaginative, you fought like a fiend to get clear of the wreckage in time to pull the parachute ring. Sometimes you jumped clear, and then the industry was richer by valuable knowledge; sometimes you could n't, and then it was just too bad. Still, there was never a dull moment.

This speed crate, now, was something different again. The thing that worried him was quite simple: at diving speed the wings might blanket the tail, produce a vacuum around it, leave him wrenching at impotent controls. *Finish!*

The mechanic was busy giving an unnecessary polish to the Townend ring. He looked up, grinning. 'Meet the bride! Treat her kind and she'll fly to Hell for you!'

'Yeah?' replied the pilot dryly. 'For or with?'

'No kiddin' —'

The pilot steadied his forehead against the leading edge and sighted along the underside of the wing at the tail surfaces. The mechanic opened his mouth, closed it again, and went on with his polishing.

II

The pilot straightened up and moved casually into the hangar and through to the drafting room. Here, as he had expected, was the conference.

The president of the company, pencil in hand, stood by the chief designer's plot table. Beside him two Army officers, with tanned faces and metal wings on their tunics, bent over the drawings and listened attentively. No idle curiosity, the pilot knew, had brought them there. They had been sent by Washington. This new job sounded well on paper—revolutionary.

He shook hands with them, accepted a cigarette. Beside him stood the chief designer, on whose face and restless hands nervousness was apparent. If his design had failed — suppose that brain child out there on the concrete, blossomed from countless paper calculations, missed in a vital factor — the picture of this man, he knew, would haunt him to his dying day. The pilot looked back at him and grinned. The grin broke an expression that might have passed for boredom.

The president was still glowing with enthusiasm untainted by doubt.

'Most radical design ever made . . . stride in aviation history . . . military value . . . two-fifty level flight, gentlemen, and that's guessing low . . . you'll see for yourselves, though . . . how about it?' He turned to the pilot.

'Sure,' said the pilot easily. 'Give me those tail surface curves again.'

The chief designer flicked them over. The pilot studied the curving line on the graph paper. He followed it around with a blunt forefinger. The second finger had been amputated, and there were deep puckered scars over the back of his hand. He examined the calculations minutely. To the right of the vertical line marked '300 M.P.H.' the curve leveled, and along it was penciled '*Estimated.*' The blunt finger halted there, encircled the word while its owner meditated.

Momentarily the silence tightened. His was the final say-so. Not so glib with sines and cosines, perhaps, but in the air a wizard. His experience was enormous, and they respected it. From Farman box kites to Schneider Cup contenders, from special jobs to stolid tri-motors, he'd flown them all and knew their tricks by heart.

The junior Army man broke the silence. 'Going to put her through the power dive?'

The pilot flipped the paper away. The prospect of the great dive, ten thousand feet at open throttle, had been drilling qualms into his scalp all morning. The supreme test of tests, the hallmark of a fighting plane. Now this cub wanted to know —

Aloud he said curtly: 'Why not? Let's go!'

He picked up his head mask and led the way to the ramp. Outside, his chute and flying suit were lying ready on the ground.

'All set to bail?' inquired the Army officer.

'Sure!' The pilot and chief designer exchanged glances. They shared a thought. If anyone could get out of this baby when she was doing seven miles a minute, he'd rate a vaudeville billing. Silently, the pilot climbed into his flying suit.

III

The speed job had been turned round facing the open field. They had just fueled her, and there were gasoline

stains on the concrete. The mechanic standing by the engine nodded.

'All set.'

Another long, careful look from boss to tail, from wing tip to wing tip, his eye trying to get the hang of her as she lay there lounging like a brilliant lizard in the sun. That was the devil of these radical experiments. You could figure them over a hundred times and never know a fraction of what a minute in the air revealed. He ran his eye over the gleaming finish. His, he reflected, would be the first marks on her; the next man in the seat would read his safety guarantee in scuffs and scratches.

Well . . . up with the curtain! They were waiting.

Still he made no move. What was this anyway? Premonition? For a few racing seconds he considered an arbitrary decision — *get out!* Had to stop sometime or it got you. It got your goat, and then your nerves, and then your judgment, and then the insurance boys paid up and you were just a memory. Seventeen years of flying, ten of them in this testing game. Long enough . . . too long! He was the only one left of the old gang anyway.

The mechanic scraped his shoe uneasily backward and forward on the concrete. The pilot sighed, made a brief circular motion with his forefinger. The mechanic turned instantly.

'Wind her up!'

The inertia starter moaned into life. From all over the plant people began to gather on the apron. Out of the corner of his eye the pilot noticed the chief designer's hand gripping the edge of the wing, the knuckles white and hard. Compassionately he thought, 'Poor devil!'

'Take it easy, Einstein . . . I'll be seein' you!'

The designer looked away. He was too old a hand at the game.

From the cockpit the engine sounded fine. The pilot knew it well enough. It had been taken out of a cabin job and mounted here. Thrifty touch, that; no need to risk a new one! He watched the oil temperature rising.

He pulled the stick back to keep her tail down, and opened up. Thunders unleashed, a snarling cataract of sound crashed against the hangar walls. He pushed her right up, then down again, easing the throttle carefully so as not to strip the supercharger gears. He threw the stick around to test the controls. All set. He pulled the chute straps around his shoulders and clipped them to the rest of the harness. There was scarcely room to move inside the tiny fuselage.

He looked up from the instrument panel, caught the mechanic's eye, gave a little lift of his head. No need to speak. The mechanic caught the signal and away came the chocks from the wheels. The pilot turned his head, nodded casually to the group, and fed her a little gun. She slid off the concrete, the wheels bumbling along over the rough grass. The tiny machine was overheavy forward because of the huge engine; he had to be careful not to nose her over. At the full length of the field he turned into the wind.

He pulled his face mask down and adjusted it carefully. Under his heavy flying suit he was already perspiring, but he could not afford to leave a scrap of skin exposed. Where he was going it would be well below zero. He set his head comfortably on the headrest behind him and gave her the throttle.

She came off sweetly. A few smacks on the undercarriage, then the engine roar deepened and the ground flashed away from the cowling. They had miscalculated her trim a little. He put his hand down quickly and adjusted the

stabilizer. She flew under his hand, pliant, responsive — too good, almost, to be true. His senses quickened.

IV

There were scattered clouds at four thousand feet. He drove past them, climbing two thousand feet a minute. The roaring engine rushed him up an invisible slope into cloudless infinity. Solitary and cold, he passed the ten-thousand-foot level, and moved on to his placeless rendezvous above. He adjusted gas and air continually; the supercharger caught the thin air, compressing it over and over to give the whirling mass of metal enough to work with. He began to feel in himself the familiar effects of high altitude.

At four miles high he leveled off. It was difficult now, even with rapid breathing, to get enough oxygen. Almost inert, he sat in the open cockpit, conserving every motion. Twenty thousand feet below, the earth was vague, its rugged outline softened by the haze. All that was apparent of the towns, the towering citadels, the fabulous activities of each community, was just a shroud of smoke. Far above the last outpost of life, he flew from nowhere into nowhere, a swift phantom that was real.

Slowly, to save his breath, he stretched out his hand to the scratch pad bolted on to the instrument panel. Laboriously he wrote down the air-speed, R.P.M., throttle setting, and the height. He had come up in record time; the sealed barograph, with its automatic clock, would take care of that.

Tearing like a bullet through this wilderness of space, he had no sense of speed. Even the clouds had abandoned him. In all his infinite kingdom there was not one crumb of substance, for all his sense of mastery, no sign of tribute from the soundless atmosphere. He was on high, lifted to the very zenith of power, yet no fraction of his realm could uphold him for an instant. He might fly on forever, yet he would never pass a living thing, nor see a single shadow. In this pale void, the shimmering circle made by his propeller alone held movement.

His senses split into three main grooves of apperception — the roar, the bitter cold, the utter boundlessness. It crowded him a little now. He pulled the throttle back and floated down. The song of the air through the wires dropped several octaves. The altimeter needle flicked off its thousand-foot divisions. Twelve thousand.

Here, by comparison, it was almost warm, and his breathing loosened. Plenty of air here, air for the controls to bite on, air to feed a man. Now for the preliminaries; down below they'd be waiting.

Over on one wing, until it was vertically below him. Back with the stick. He swung round and round in a tight vertical turn. First to the right . . . that went well. He turned her level, then over to the left. That went well, too. Level again. He closed the throttle, held the nose up, and felt for the stalling point. She hung for a moment, then he came up into the safety belt. Down again, wind whistling over the cowling, to full speed.

He shot her through some loops, six for good measure, over and over like a wheel. Centrifugal force drove him into the machine until the parachute pack he sat on tightened against him like a rack. She came round cleanly, no fall-off in the apex of the loop. Silly business, looping, anyway . . . circus stuff . . . no real help if you are mixed up in a jam. He tried a couple of rolls and an Immelmann. Pretty. He ran through them again for the benefit of those grouped on the tarmac.

V

He remembered his first Immelmann, high over the Argonne. It had looked like taps for him, five against one, and he headed east. No time to bank and turn. Half loop until he was on his back, roll out sideways, and off like an arrow in the opposite direction. He had played winner-take-all. A few long rips in the wing fabric, a faint tapping stammer, and the Immelmann had saved his life, the gift of precious seconds that had meant escape.

Gosh, if he had had this baby then! He'd have been supreme, invincible, the name of names above all other giants of the war. The war . . . countless æons ago; his wife in pinafores and kindergarten then, and he himself up in the thick of it, outgrown from boyhood in a week, living a dozen lives of terror in an hour, a negligible atom that survived from day to day apparently by favor of some enigmatic God.

Was this, then, why he had been spared? Was this the answer to the Question — the thing that plagued them in those years: how to extract from that degrading object lesson some future ground plan for a worthier generation? Testing a new pursuit plane for the Army — in this, then, was his whole usefulness resolved. Better machines, so that another generation might undertake more deadly risks in bigger wars. . . . On with the wars! Step up, O Young Man, and be killed! A prayer, a promise, ten million promises grown vague across the years; ideals grown flabby, horror confused with glory, and let it go at that. . . .

He flung the plane around. Test her, that was the game. Test her to the excited, outraged limit of endurance. Test her until the wires screamed for pity, until the tired body shook and shuddered and the wings clung to a mad eggshell band of safety and the controls stretched for the cracking point with silent terror. Abuse her some more. Twist and torment and agonize her until she writhed beneath you, but set her down *tested*, foolproof . . . so that some bright young spark in a new uniform could keep his neck safe for the next war.

He drew her out level again. The control stick in his gloved hand felt gentle now, perfectly steady. He'd get the spin over with first, reserve the power dive for the star spot of the performance, the curtain act. He gathered himself together, felt her again very carefully. Then he pulled up the nose, and kicked on the rudder. She fell over, screaming, into the spin.

The hard straps of the parachute pack rammed into him with renewed insistence. His forearms fell against his knees, and his shoulders hunched under the strain. Below, the earth and clouds were locked in an insane pinwheel before the shining disk of the propeller. Round and round and round they spun, a whirligig in green and brown and white. Automatically he counted: '. . . four, five, six, seven . . .' Down the invisible reaches of that spiral stairway she dropped, a wounded eagle spinning to the earth. On the secure concrete far below the crowd was watching him, holding its breath. The whirligig was nearer now — uncomfortably nearer. Now for it! At the ninth turn, he pressed the stick central and drove his heel into the rudder pedal.

She came out instantly.

He opened the throttle, pulled her up, and once again sunlight splashed over his lap, reassuring, steady. A friendly feeling. His muscles relaxed by degrees and his breathing rearranged itself composedly. He shifted the damp fur of his flying helmet higher on his forehead to stop its tickling. Then he pushed the nose up again. Up,

up . . . up to the inhospitable heights of fifteen thousand. The engine note deepened slightly.

Now for the power dive.

Yellow-green the earth looked under the gentle glaze of sunshine. Somewhere on that smiling surface his wife would be making beds and shaking dusters, his kid, like a fat butterball, rolling unconcernedly around the Lilliputian lawn. Inestimably, supremely unimportant in the great pageant of the universe — but incalculably dear!

VI

He tightened the safety belt as close as it would go. Delicate stuff, this called for delicate handling, an exquisite touch. He could n't afford to be thrown around an inch before the pull-out. A single flick of the wrist, misjudged or accidental, would rip the wings off, project him furiously through space, embed him like a rivet on the face of that stupendous target. He felt the chute harness, looked at the ring to see that it was hanging free. A grim smile hung for a moment under the mask, vanished again without visiting his eyes.

'*All set to bail?*' He remembered the words of the Army man. In a power dive! Sure! All out here; change for the local. Four hundred miles an hour, thirty-four thousand feet a minute, five hundred and seventy frantic feet a second, but that's all right. Just step up smartly and present your neck to that murderous razor edge of air that shrieks along outside the cockpit. Snap! Snap — like a match in your hand, like a twig from a branch, like a . . . Oh, sure, all set to bail. Bah!

He put one hand on the throttle, crooked his little finger round the fuselage member to hold his hand steady. He gripped the control stick a few inches down from the top, resting his forearm on one knee to keep that steady too. He was flying level — exactly fifteen thousand. He felt unnaturally calm, his mind clear as a bell, his movements careful and unhurried, now that this final minute was paying out its seconds like a sandglass.

Thirty-six years — that was just half a man's allotted span, but the best half. Nothing to kick about, really. He had filled in the years, not blamelessly, perhaps, but satisfactorily. He would n't have them changed, so if it pleased that enigmatic God to strike this time, for his part there would be no fuss.

Well, here we go! He threw her over on one wing, kicked on the rudder. They were in the dive.

One second . . . two seconds . . . three seconds. The speed mounted like a whirlwind. Gone was the steady drone. The engine note screamed up the scale like a fire-engine siren. The air-speed indicator flung around to the metal rest and stuck. Three hundred M.P.H. It stuck because that was its limit. The instrument was built to register three hundred and not a mile beyond. The frontier line of speed, impassable, unreachable, in the day of its assured designer! But still the speed mounted, furiously, hand in hand with the engine note. Desperately the altimeter needle chased the loss of height. Practically, it might as well have chased a comet as struggle to keep pace with this shimmering missile catapulted from space. Down, down. . . .

Four seconds . . . five seconds. The pressure against his eardrums expressed itself in needle points of pain. He swallowed again and still again to ease the torment. His eyes reached quickly out along the wings, apprehensive for the first suspicion of a

tremor. The barest flutter, and they would be out from under him, find their way down to earth like scraps of paper. There was no flutter. The job was workmanlike. A fraction of his mind moved over to another base of concentration.

Six seconds . . . seven seconds. His mental processes sharpened to an incredible degree, his brain multiplied, became a super-brain capable of concerting a prodigious range of thought. A host of unrelated things — ideas, emotions, vivid little pictures from the past — crowded through his mind, pleading to be remembered.

There was a man, he recalled, who had told him that he could do his clearest thinking in a moving train. Perhaps there was something to that after all. The faster the world moved, perhaps, the faster it could think, the more in harmony with the gigantic rhythm of the spheres. Maybe that Einstein guy knew what it was all about!

Eight seconds — twelve to go, the last twelve seconds of his life, perhaps . . . or again the uneventful finish of another routine job.

He stared past the nose at the earth that tore to meet him. The amorphous plain split into component parts — farms, woods, the tricky pattern of the fields. He felt no fear. He was still earth-free, part of remote, passionless space. Impersonality engulfed him. Even the anguish in his ears ceased to reach him. His mind stretched out and foresaw those last few seconds clearly, as though the Future had already slipped into the Past.

He'd close the throttle. Then subtly, almost imperceptibly, he'd pull the stick back. In that moment every doubt would be allayed. If it were firm, if he could feel the elevators biting on the typhoon of his slip stream, he'd press a little more and still a little more. No eager snatching, for then the plane would pull apart like shrapnel. From this howling, headlong dive, he would draw her out by a hair, taper off with flawless delicacy, let her exhaust her speed in a mile of powerless climb. But, *if it were n't* — if he could feel it sloppy, unresponsive between his hands — well . . . maybe he'd have time for one quick prayer. Maybe he would n't. Anyway, it did n't matter much. They'd scrape him off the tarmac with a board, and in time some fool would tell his kid his daddy was a hero. A war hero, of course. War . . . more wars . . .

Suddenly he was sweating. A cold appalling fear seized him like the hand of Death, griped his stomach, struck along his veins. The stick would mush — he knew it. A few seconds more and he'd be spattered out like paint . . . *God, get me out of this!* . . .

Below, the earth puffed up, a silent, sinister explosion. Woods burst into trees, towns into myriad little homes. . . . *Now!*

His fingers tightened on the stick.

He drew the Report Pad across the yellow oak desk. *Type of Machine:* — Pursuit Experimental, F 12 c. *Type of Test:* —

Mechanically, his pencil filled in, 'Routine.'

THREE POEMS

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE CUCKOO'S GONE

A WEEK the Cuckoo has been gone;
  But ghostly still,
I hear his note resounding on
  The hill.

Follow the sound! it is not there;
  But faint, but plain,
Its haunting echo fills the air
  Again!

That voice, which like an uttered word
  Called spring to birth,
Is gone — not elsewhere to be heard
  On earth.

But in my heart, that to my brain
  Sends beat of sound,
That shifting, lifting voice again
  Goes round.

Though distant now — as when winds blow
  The drifting cloud —
A vapor voice, remote and low,
  Once loud!

O flower of air! blown bloom of sound!
  Twin-petaled tune!
From April, all through May, born round
  To June;

Where silence was, in, in he came,
  Himself a host,
That voice, that tongue of cloven flame,
  That ghost! —

Singing again the magic word,
  Which seemed to reach
All life, all lands, as each man heard
  Its speech!

It filled the house, it filled the air,
The heart, the brain;
Those drops of sound fell everywhere
Like rain!

God! with what ease to waiting hearts
Would come Thy Word,
Wert Thou, through earth's divided parts,
So heard! —

Couldst Thou, in notes as clear as this,
Since time began,
Have given the secret of life's bliss
To man;

And with an unconfounded tongue,
When Babel fell,
Rescued the race, while earth was young,
From Hell!

But now nine months my feet must tread
This waiting earth,
Ere that sweet voice again (now dead)
Finds birth.

The wind has blown it from the hill;
The cloud drifts on.
O vapor voice, remote . . . now still. . . .
Now gone!

EROS ON EINSTEIN

Could we match pace with Time,
All winds were still;
Morrows would come not; and the opening rose
Would be a rose forever: and our eyes —
Like this — like this — stay looking face on face,
Never to close!

Could we link hearts with Time,
Our mating too
Were endless, and all life composed one kiss!
And this soft breath, that falls to rise again,
Would keep its balm forever unwithdrawn;
And we should lie all night — like this — like this! —
Wishing no light to come, no sound of dawn.

Could we as Time be swift,
  Eternal Now
Would hold us, warm and living in one beat
  Of his strong wing; and we, like this — like this!
In one spent motion, satisfied remain. . . .
  While on the racing wave, at upmost lift
Of storm-rent life, our bark would hang becalmed;
  And we, asleep, from deepest rest unroused,
Safe-housed, as in the grave,
  Would lie — like this;
Nor seek amiss, for waking eyes or brain
  To open and look out on life again.

Or if not swift as Time . . .
  Could we be slow —
Stand still and let Time go!
  And, as it vanished quite,
Regaining man's lost right,
  Leap, leap, O Heart's Delight,
From sense, and sound, and sight,
  Back to the bosom of eternal night!

DANTE IN EXILE

Is it thus you call back to your city
  The exile of years?
Is it thus you reward with false pity
  His wrongs and his tears?

I stood for the truth when, unhandsome,
  You fouled it with lies:
Shall I now, in your likeness, seek ransom —
  Grasp perjured, the prize?

Nay! if without honor, I may not
  Come back to my own,
Your voice of recall I obey not,
  But wander alone.

Though footsore I fare, and still fail
  Through life to find rest;
Here Florence, unsold to betrayal,
  Stands safe in my breast!

LETTER FROM A SCIENTIST TO A PRIEST

BY JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

[This letter embodies a few of the thoughts that came to a scientist after a conversation with a priest. As boys, they had grown up together, these two, in the closest of comradeship; then their paths had parted, and they had lost track of one another until a chance meeting recalled the old associations.
— The Author]

Dear ——,

It was a real joy to see you after so long a time, a real pleasure to enliven the ghosts of our boyhood experiences. But I cannot pretend that your visit was not also a shock. Imagine my surprise when, after years of thinking of you as a successful young architect, I saw you approaching my house in the dark habit of the seminary. You said the beauty of old churches had inspired in you the desire to seek its spiritual source; that you had decided to become a Catholic priest; that perhaps some day you might find courage to join one of the more severe monastic orders. You talked, and about your eyes was a strange light I had never seen there before. Whatever had entered you had obviously taken full possession.

There must have been a shock in that meeting for you, too, for when our talk swerved away from mutual memories it was clear that the destiny which had allowed the friendship of our youth to survive had forbidden that we understand each other as men. I think we can agree at least in this: that the attitudes toward life engendered in me by science and in you by religion are utterly irreconcilable. Of course there are those who argue that science and religion are not necessarily opposed, but they are generally the leaders of cults who love leadership too much to endanger it for the sake of intellectual honesty. We lesser ones may indulge in the luxury of disregarding appearances. Any fool who had heard us would have known from what opposite poles we look out upon life, and what different sights we see. It is enough to give pause to both of us when we think of a world whose essential verities, if they exist at all, are so obscure that one man should grope for them in scholastic philosophy and the other in science.

I have not forgotten how I was moved when, as a boy, you took me to listen to that fine old archbishop, thundering from the brink of the grave his defiance of death. Indeed, I can still admire him for the staunchness of his simplicity. I can even envy a man whose faith is strong and irrational enough to make him believe at eighty what he was told to believe at eight. Such a man is superior to life, superior to all the miserable tricks it plays on those of weaker fibre. Alas, I am one of the weaklings. My faith in the archbishop's certainties long since volatilized in the crucible of science. Only a thin dry film of hope remains.

Naturally enough, I should like to

believe that the spirit of the archbishop is even now triumphant, that it does not lie cold and still with his bones beneath the cathedral floor. You believe this and other satisfying things about human life and death. I want to know how you can; I want you to show me how I can. You told me that in Thomas Aquinas you had found the perfect philosophy. You tried to explain it to me and thereby restore my faith, but I could not understand. You strung such abstractions as 'God,' 'soul,' 'substance' in logical sequences which for you embody the ultimate truth. When I detected presumption in your premises, you bombarded me with more abstractions and logic. But you failed to give me the observable facts which a scientist must have before he can begin to think. The evening passed before we could even shape a working vocabulary.

The books you sent fell as seeds upon the same poor ground. I could see in them only the clever rationalization of prejudice. Perhaps you were right when you said that I have no capacity for philosophy. I have certainly been a long time traveling on the slow nag of induction without arriving anywhere in particular; too long, I fear, to be comfortable on the swift wings of your mighty generalizations.

One rather surprising truth has come clear to me since the evening of our talk. You and your brothers of the Church live in a world which for you has lost its mystery. Your philosophy explains everything. We of the laboratories live in a world which for us is essentially dark, and which we try to illumine here and there with a thin ray of light. When you churchmen face the less pleasant exigencies of life, you do so with a spiritual strength that we scientists lack. You always think you know what should be done in any emergency; you always grasp life with a firm hand. Since you never doubt that you are right, even your blunders become successes and leave you in exalted peace.

Unfortunately, your Divinity is a little too rough for the scientific digestion. He is continually violating his own most cherished laws to work a miracle for some good but unfortunate soul. A scientist might accept such inconsistency in a man, but he prefers a higher reliability in his god. Yet I, personally, am not willing, as I am sure you know, to dispatch either your God or you with easy derision. Your philosophy, whatever its faults, has given you the best defense against life I have ever seen. I want some such defense for myself. I want to escape the pessimistic reflections that so readily come to a scientist when he stops investigating and begins thinking about the world.

How can I escape, for example, the belief that Pascal expressed only part of the truth when he said that most of the evils of life arise from man's inability to sit still in a room? It seems to me that most of the good rises there, too; that, in fact, the inability to sit still is life itself. It seems the source, not only of what men choose to call good and evil, but of all the varied activities of those lesser ones of creation whom we do not ordinarily favor with moralistic phraseology. Every leaf that turns to the light, every salmon rising from the sea to spawn, exemplifies it; even the waves of the sea and the atoms of each wave writhe in the same turmoil. Every day, in the materials with which I work, and in myself, I see restlessness. For me, it is the essence of the universe. But I should like to believe that restlessness is not all.

A world in the throes of St. Vitus's dance may be amusing to a whimsical god, and at the same time not particularly irksome to most of the dancers if

they know not and care not what they do. But for me, with the curse of self-consciousness on my head, the gyrations of existence grow sometimes distressingly wearisome. But as a human being I am enough of an angel to realize that I am too much of an animal ever to escape the fundamental compulsions of an animal's life — the everlasting drive to eat, to avoid being eaten, and to reproduce. I know that I cannot be forever successful even in this; that I must pay for failure, if not with immediate physical death as do the animals, then with the crueler lingering death of disillusion and regret. Eventually there will be physical death, too; my body will enter a new cycle of activity with me left out. I am fond of myself, and I wish that my ego as well as my bones might have a future. But nowhere in science can I find consolation.

Life described in such terms is not acceptable to you, and indeed there are many not of your faith who would reject such a view, however inevitable it may seem to a scientist. No matter how painful life may be, few lose their love of it, and consequently their desire to explain away its futilities. But there are others who are moved by the explanations only to pity; who admit no sadder spectacle on earth than the vociferous glorification of the Creator by a churchful of devout and defeated people. Both the air-tight finality of theologians and the plaintive bleating of their flocks suggest that even religious people are not quite sure that life has been justly, intelligently, and purposively conceived.

I should not be writing now if I were one of those who can feel only pity for religious people. I must admit that my feeling is closer to envy, especially for such a religionist as you yourself. Apparently you have found some magic formula whereby you can believe — or nearly believe — the pleasant things you whisper into your own ear. I am just as fearful of the dark as you are. I too should like to be able to cry down life's ironies with beatitudes, to solve death's enigmas with sophistries. You have told me to hope and pray that God will give me a glimpse of the marvelous beauty in the plan of creation. You beg me not to be blind to it. But it is useless to advise one to pray who has lost his belief in the efficacy of prayer, useless to tell a blind man with no faith in miracles to see.

As a scientist, I should like to suggest a problem which seems worthy of your effort. There are others who feel as I do. If there is any fundamental beauty beyond the tragic beauty of universal futility, or any hope but the blind hope of the wishful ego, we should like to know it. And if there is no true beauty or hope in the world, we should like to understand the technique of convincing ourselves that there is. We have lost our capacity for deluding ourselves, but, being human, we are willing to try to regain it. Our minds and our hearts are open, but you will have to develop a new method to reach them. The old syllogisms, the old platitudes, will not work.

Until the Church can devise a new method, I suppose there is nothing for a scientist to do but work as happily as may be for the little facts and the small, tangible comforts of this world, trying the while to keep busy enough to forget the uncertainties of the next.

MECHANIC'S LIEN

BY LOUIS REED

Old Sam Johnson strums his banjo softly as the night shadows play hide and seek across the barred windows of the jail house. In the distance a range of the Allegheny foothills weaves southward; a new moon shines blue and gold beneath a storm cloud. Old Sam sings:

'Give my love to Nellie, Jack,
And kiss her once for me.
The sweetest girl in all this world,
I know you'll say it's she.
Treat her kindly, Jack, old pal,
And tell her I am well.
His parting words were "Don't forget
To give my love to Nell."

'It's a funny thing,' says he, 'how these old songs remind a feller of things that happen around him. This song now, if you take the sobs out of it, is a good starter for Sim Brawley. Any of you fellers know Sim?'

'Sure,' says Del Carter. 'You mean the guy with the teeth and the bald head that runs the store at the mouth of Painter Branch.'

'That's the doctor.'

'Well, if that guy ever gives his love to any Nellie, Jack, somethin' is wrong somewhere. Down our way they say he's the ugliest man in the county — and the orn'riest.'

'A man,' says Sam Johnson, 'don't have to be no Romeo to fall in love.'

I

Sim Brawley for as long as I can remember (says Sam Johnson) looks about the same as he does to-day. He's over seventy now, I expect, but forty-odd years ago he's bald as a red onion, and his front teeth stick out till it seems like his throat begins outside his face. People that see Sim for the first time have a sinkin' feelin' in the pits of their stummicks like they eat green watermelon, but after a while they get used to him.

He's a storekeeper at various places up and down this river all his life, and if God gives him an ugly map to begin with He makes up for it by givin' Sim the schemin'est head in the valley. I don't mean he's a man like Joe Taylor, that makes his way by force of brain power, for Sim is as different from Joe Taylor as a pestilence is different from a hurricane. Joe takes what he wants and the Devil can have the rest. Sim gets along by pryin' a little here and squeezin' a little there, hopin' that folks won't notice it. He's the born schemer of little things, the kind of a man it will do more good to make five dollars on a cow trade than to merge some railroads.

I remember one time John Rumbaw, that's dead now, gives me the low-down on how Sim makes part of that fifty thousand dollars he's supposed to lay away. John, if you remember, ain't blessed with more brains than the law allows. One day I am ridin' by John's place on some of Joe Taylor's business, when John comes out and stops me.

'Sam,' says he, 'I want you to figger

out somethin'. About a month ago I kill a hog, and take it down to Sim Brawley, and sell it to him for eight dollars. Sim says, "I won't pay you now. We'll just put this eight dollars on your account." I don't owe him nothin', but I say it's all right with me. So he marks somethin' down in his book, and now he sends me a bill for eight dollars for the hog. How does that happen?'

I figure it happens because Sim *will* do things like that, and say so. 'Now, John,' says I, 'you don't owe Sim Brawley for this hog. You ought to see that. He owes you. The thing for you to do is to take this bill down to him and tell him if he don't give you credit for that hog you are goin' to sue him. That'll bring him around. See if it don't.'

John says he will do it.

About a week after this I see John again, and he says, 'Well, in a way he pays me for that hog, and in a way he don't.'

'Meanin' what?'

'When I go down to him with this bill,' says he, 'Sim says he don't know how he makes a mistake of that kind. Of course, I sell the hog to him. The only thing he can see to do, says he, since I owe him eight dollars accordin' to the bill and he owes me eight dollars for the hog, is to give each other receipts in full payment. That will straighten the whole thing up on his books. We do so, and while it seems to figger out right, still I don't get no money for the hog.'

There is just one kind of schemin', though, that Sim don't have much success with. He don't do much good snarin' himself a wife, or at least that's the case down to the year of our Lord 1907. It ain't so much because Sim's as ugly as a mud fence — for ugliness, if you notice, ain't no real bar to matrimony — as it is because the women don't fall for his brand of courtship. Gettin' a woman, to Sim, is like makin' a horse trade; he has to do a lot of headwork. He tries the marriage bureaus without gettin' further than the Charleston depot to meet a woman that turns back as soon as she lays eyes on him, and he tries to blackmail the Widow Sherril that's havin' an affair with the Deputy Sheriff, and all he gets is a black eye. These things don't discourage Sim, but he don't get a real good break till the time of the Handley-Calhoun case.

II

All of you fellers, I expect, are too young to remember the Handley-Calhoun case, so I'll tell you about it. There is once a lumberman in this country named Julian Handley, that operates sawmills mostly over on the head of Eighteen-Mile Creek. Along about 1900 Julian is gettin' well along in years and his wife is dead, so he quits the lumber business and builds himself a nice house down the river below Midway. He is a big, healthy, rough-and-tumble man that likes the women, and he always keeps a good-lookin' woman at his house to do the housework. Julian Handley's housekeepers cause a lot of gossip among the womenfolks around the country, but because Julian is open-hearted and donates heavy to the Baptist preacher, folks say it's his own business.

Late in the fall of 1906 he's got a girl keepin' house for him by the name of Lillie Calhoun. People says it's a cinch she don't amount to much, or she won't be there, but just the same this Lillie Calhoun is a mighty fine-lookin' young woman. She's a blonde, with big blue eyes and a pretty complexion, and some of the men say they see the value of makin' lots of money in the lumber business.

Maybe Lillie will be just another one

of Old Man Handley's housekeepers if it ain't for a mighty strange occurrence. While she's there, a man huntin' rabbits out in the Handley orchard one mornin' finds Old Julian sittin' at the foot of an apple tree with an axe at his side and his skull split wide open — dead as a doornail. Then, the first thing you know, they 've got Lillie Calhoun charged with the murder.

This is one of the times when I am pullin' my customary sixty days for breakin' up a church meetin', so that I'm here when they fetch Lillie to the jail house. There's a big crowd outside at the time, and they act ugly. Some of the women spit at Lillie and say she ought to be strung up on that maple that they use sometimes for the lynchin's.

The jailer locks her up in the other cell block all alone. You know what that means. Nobody to talk to, nothin' to do the livelong day but walk back and forth — and think and think. At the end of forty-eight hours they bring her out to question her; but she won't confess, and back she goes — in solitary.

Sittin' over here with nothin' to do but strum the banjo and sit out the rest of my sixty days that don't amount to much nohow, I can't help feelin' sorry for Lillie. So I tell Zack Twombley, that's jailer then, that I think maybe Lillie is goin' to commit suicide, because I hear some funny sounds over there in the night; and Zack says that won't do at all, for he can't have no women committin' suicide in his jail house. The thing he'd better do, says he, is to put me and Ike Moses on the trusty list, so we can keep an eye on her. He does so, and we spend some time over at the other cell block, parkin' our chairs against the wall.

This Ike Moses is a feller I'd tell you more about if I had the time, for he's got a strange story. When this happens, he's only twenty-one, a big, burly, handsome feller with blue eyes and broad shoulders, and he gets in jail because he shoots a school-teacher in the foot at a square dance. Shootin' that school-teacher, though, is a mistake, for Ike is drunk at the time and is tryin' to shoot his own foot. He's the very same man that goes West later on and makes a million dollars in the oil business.

Well, Ike and me stick close to Lillie for a few days, but we don't break no ice with her, because she thinks the officers put us over there to get somethin' on her. It ain't in the nature of things, though, that she can high-hat us forever, so one mornin' Ike says, 'Lillie, you will look a darn sight better if you put on a little powder occasionally and fix yourself up a little. You ain't no old woman yet, by no means.'

It seems like she ain't thought of that before, for she goes back in her cell, and after a while she comes out again lookin' a lot better. 'You boys look honest to me,' says she. 'I'm goin' to let you in on somethin'.'

Then she tells us there is somethin' mighty fishy about this murder. She don't know who does it, but the reason they fasten it on her, says she, is because they find a new-dug hole in the orchard with nineteen hundred dollars in gold and her own ring in it. It's a funny thing about that ring — it's been lost for a week before the murder happens. The only person around the house when the ring disappears is Preacher Sniveley, the Baptist parson, and he's the very man that commits suicide the day after the murder.

Ike and me remember about the preacher's suicide, but nobody don't connect him with the murder because they say he does it on account of such a horrible thing takin' place among his

own flock. What Lillie says, and the way she says it, makes me think maybe there is somethin' more to that side of the story. Of course, the preacher bein' dead complicates matters, for naturally there ain't no eyewitnesses.

'What you need to do, Lillie,' says Ike, 'is to get yourself a lawyer, and a good one.'

Then she tells us somethin'. She ain't got no money to hire a lawyer, and she can't tell her family because they don't know what kind of a life she's been leadin', and think she's doin' honest work.

III

Ike and me think it's a shame the girl can't hire no lawyer, specially when maybe she ain't guilty, and Ike says it looks like we will have to do somethin'. He don't know what, says he, but somethin' will turn up and we will give Lillie a lift. The next day he goes down town, for, bein' a trusty, he can get out occasionally, and when he comes back he says, 'Sam, I think I see the way to do somethin' for Lillie, but I can't tell you because it's secret. I'm mentionin' this so that if you see somethin' you can't understand, you will know it's all right.'

This is O. K. by me, and I fade out of sight while Ike and Lillie talk a long time together. Whatever it is he tells her, there is a lot of business connected with it, for I see he is always goin' down town durin' the next few days, and comin' back with his pockets filled with legal-lookin' papers. Him and Lillie go over these papers mighty careful. Finally the paper carryin' stops, and one mornin' here comes Old Lawyer Sprinston of Charleston, than which there ain't a slicker criminal lawyer in the country. I see then that Ike ain't dabblin' in no twopenny business.

Of course, Ike knows I am powerful interested in Lillie's case the same as he is, so when Sprinston leaves he says to me, 'You see what's goin' on, Sam. Well, I just want to tell you that Sprinston says it looks to him like he can bring her off slick as a whistle, provided they give him a free hand and don't crab about the expense. Seems like he means Lillie has got to have a lot of new clothes and so forth. I've got it all arranged about the expense, so everything looks fine.'

That's good news all right, and I am wonderin' how Ike pulls a deal of this kind when Sim Brawley shows up at the jail house and asks to talk to Lillie. Then I see right off what Ike is up to. I see, too, that Ike has got a head on him remindful of Joe Taylor himself. He remembers how Sim is always layin' plots to get himself a wife, and here is a courtship made to Sim's order. Not only that — here is a chance for Sim to grab himself off a girl that Old Julian Handley, that has a taste in these matters, has hand-picked for himself.

Of course, no woman but one in Lillie's straits will dicker with Sim, but it's a kind of godsend to her because everybody is against her, and that has a lot to do with jury trials if you ain't got a lawyer to make them see the other side.

What worries me more than anything else is the way Ike is mixed up in this business. Anybody that deals with Sim in any way, accordin' to my way of thinkin', has got about ninety-nine chances in a hundred of comin' out on the raw end of the deal. So, while Sim and Lillie is talkin' it over, I call Ike off to one side, and say, 'Ike, I don't aim to butt into your business, but after all I ain't dumb nor blind, and things is pretty plain. What I aim to ask you is, do you have any dealin's before this with Sim Brawley?'

'Once,' says Ike. 'Last summer my old man lets me have enough money to buy a shanty boat that's half sunk up at Raymond City, and I spend a week or two fixin' her up. Me and another boy is gettin' ready to make a trip up to Marmet, and we buy six boards from Sim to repair the boat. When we're all stocked up and ready to leave, I'm just goin' over to Sim's to pay him for the boards when the constable comes out and attaches the boat. Sim Brawley sends him, he says, because Sim has got a mechanic's lien on this boat for two dollars' worth of lumber. It costs me and my old man together about fifteen dollars to get it straightened up, and at that Sim almost gets the boat.'

'Well, if that's the case,' says I, 'I don't need to tell you to watch your step when you're dealin' with Sim. If I remember right, you're in line to inherit a good farm one of these days, and I would n't do nothin' that would give Sim a come-back.'

'I'll remember what you say,' says Ike, 'though I don't think you understand just what it means to Sim to get himself a wife. Look at this.'

With that he pulls out his pocketbook and shows me ten crisp five-dollar bills.

'And that's only half of it,' says he. 'The day they're married I get fifty more, accordin' to the written contract. It's my job, you see, to kind of represent Sim here at the jail house, and to see that Lillie don't get no cold feet.'

'So, then,' says I, 'he's really goin' to marry her. I thought maybe it was another housekeepin' agreement.'

'Not at all,' says Ike. 'Sim wants a wife. The agreement is they will be married as soon as the trial is over if she comes clear, or as soon as Lillie gets free again if she's convicted. Sim says he can afford to wait, even if they give her a life sentence.'

'Well, just the same,' say I, 'don't forget about that mechanic's lien, and don't hook yourself for somethin' else.'

'I'll try not to,' says Ike.

Sim is mighty well pleased with things in general after his talk with Lillie. He comes back to us with his bald head shinin' like a possum's jaws in pokeberry time, and he says, 'Ike, my boy, I'm mighty well satisfied with you. Step over here a minute.'

Ike steps over, and Sim does somethin' I'm satisfied he never does before or since. He slips Ike a silver dollar!

'Keep up the good work,' says he. 'There's more where that comes from.'

IV

Well, it ain't so long after this till the Grand Jury meets, and of course they bring in an indictment of murder against Lillie. In them times the Grand Jury meets just three days before the openin' day of court. There ain't no other murder cases on that docket, so they set Lillie's case for the first day of court. It so happens that Ike's time is up the day the Grand Jury meets, and that very same evenin' Old Sprinston shows up at the jail house for quite a visit.

Sprinston has got an outfit with him that costs somebody plenty of money. There's a hairdresser and a manicurist among his attendants, but the thing that never before is seen in this jail house is a whole wagonload of dresses, hats, stockin's and shoes, and other women's garments, fresh from Hamburger's Department Store. I can see Sim Brawley screwin' up his face and lookin' sidewise when he casts his eye on the bill for this rig-out.

Sprinston has the women work on Lillie first, but when it comes to tryin' on the clothes he won't let nobody else in the cell block, and sends the women

back to Charleston. It takes him a good two hours to get Lillie outfitted the way he wants her, and after that he spends most of the next three days over there talkin' to her. Sometimes he loses his temper, and we can hear him over here swearin' a blue streak.

'Now, for God's sake,' says he, 'remember to tip that hat a little to the left. Watch your hands, woman. Don't grip them that way. Hold them like this, with the little finger pointing upward. That's better. Now, let's see you walk. God Almighty, woman, you ain't carrying a bag of turnips. Pull your chin up.'

As near as we can figger out over here, Sprinston is riggin' Lillie out to play the part of a grand lady, and he coaches her the same as if it's a minstrel show. We can't see how she takes it, but it must be all right, for the Sunday afternoon before the first day of court Sprinston is over there five hours, and when he leaves he says, 'Well, Lillie, I want you to forget all the nasty things I say to you, and remember you're a lady. We're goin' to keep this black outfit. You look good in it. The trial comes off to-morrow. Look your best. Keep your chin up, and when you're tellin' the story, remember to tell it the way I show you. I think I'm goin' to like you. Good night.'

When Sprinston says he thinks he is goin' to like somebody, they must do mighty well, for in spite of the way he can make a jury cry its eyes out he's the meanest-talkin' lawyer in the country to his clients. More than one man he represents tells me afterwards that he ain't half as much scared of the judge or the jury as he is of Sprinston. It seems like if a witness don't say what Sprinston wants him to, the way Sprinston wants him to, there is liable to be assault and battery right there in the courtroom.

V

The next day is court day, and there's a big crowd here same as usual, only this time the crowd is bigger than ever on account of a woman bein' tried for murder. The way the country boys gather out there in the alley and stare at us here inside makes me figger there must be a thousand people on the grounds, includin' a newspaper reporter from Charleston. Of course there is a lot of other business to be attended to durin' the mornin', so they don't get down to Lillie's case till afternoon. In the meantime Sprinston is with Lillie, givin' her the finishin' touches. He has the newspaper man take her picture in her new outfit, so she gets a big headline the next mornin'.

While Sprinston is inside, I notice Sim Brawley and Ike Moses pacin' up and down the courthouse lawn together. Sim wants to get inside for a word with Lillie, and every now and then he comes to the window to look in. This makes Sprinston mad after a while, and maybe he don't blow up. He gives Sim a cussin' that you can hear from here to the mouth of Long Branch, talkin' so mean that even some of the jailbirds get the jimjams. He was a sight — that Sprinston.

After Sim goes away, Ike Moses comes over to talk to me through the window. He asks me what I think of his new store suit, and I tell him it looks to me like Sim Brawley's best. He laughs, and says I guess right the first time. Then he looks mysterious, and mentions somethin' about steppin' high, wide, and handsome, because he's ridin' Brown Beauty, his old man's best saddle horse.

Finally they send for Lillie to go to her trial. On her way to the courtroom, as she passes this block, I see her for the first time since Sprinston starts his lessons, and for a minute I can't hardly

believe my own eyes. I am used to seein' Lillie as she is when me and Ike sits over by her cell block. Then she's just a pretty country girl with a heavy head of blond hair and a pair of light blue eyes that look appealin'. Her dress is calico with white flowers on it. Now she's dressed in black silk from head to foot. Sprinston must do somethin' to her eyes, because they are dark blue, and her face even has got a different shape. It's the clothes, I suppose. Maybe she ain't no prettier than she is before, but she sure is different. She looks like one of them pictures in the fashion magazines, only more so. As for lookin' like a loose woman, you can pick her for innocence itself.

I don't get to hear none of the trial personally, — though I can see a whole lot of what's goin' on, — but Zack Twombley tells me later that Lillie ain't no mistress of Old Man Handley at all. It seems like she's his niece, and comes of a good family in Philadelphia. Old Man Handley comes from Philadelphia, or somewhere out there, in the first place, so there ain't nobody to dispute it. As to that buried money with her ring in it, it does look kind of fishy that Lillie would bury her own ring with the money, when that would be sure to direct attention to her. It looks like a clumsy frame-up.

The result is what happens lots of times when feelin' runs high after a crime is committed. After bein' out seven minutes, the jury comes in with a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'

VI

When we hear what the verdict is, I naturally keep my eye peeled for what is comin' around the corner of the courthouse, for I know Lillie is contracted to marry herself to Sim Brawley as soon as the trial is over — if she comes clear. Now that it's all over, I can't help feelin' nearly as sorry for her as I do before. Down in my heart I won't blame her much if she won't go through with it, but of course she does take Sim's help at a time when nobody else will help her. If it is anybody else but Sim, maybe they will act noble at the last minute and tell her she don't need to go through with it if she don't want to. But not Sim. He'll be right there in the front row with his contract.

I don't have to wait long, for in a few minutes here comes Lillie, and Sim, and Ike Moses, and the jailer, and a lean-faced Baptist preacher by the name of Henson. Sim has his contract in his hand. They all go in the front room of the jail house, and pretty soon the jailer comes in and says they want me to be a witness.

This weddin' is one I always remember, not only because it's Sim Brawley's weddin', but also because there's only one other weddin' I know of in this jail house. The other one is another story. The jailer's wife, not knowin' about the arrangements ahead of time, brings in three sprigs of mountain laurel, and puts on a white apron. Everybody else, which means the bride and the groom, the jailer, the preacher, Ike Moses, and myself, is in the clothes he wears durin' the day. It strikes me, I remember, that Sim Brawley ought to fix himself up a little better for his weddin'.

Lillie is the prettiest I ever see her. Her color is natural now, and it goes well with her black clothes and yellow hair. She's all smiles, too, about comin' off with the jury, though God only knows what she can smile about when she looks at Sim. Sim is beamin' at everybody; Ike is in fine fettle; but the preacher looks like he ain't had a good meal for a month.

While the jailer's wife is huntin' up

the family Bible so the preacher can do the job brown, Ike calls me off to one side. 'You remember what I tell you about Sim promisin' to give me fifty dollars when the knot is tied,' says he. 'Well, I want you to stick around. I'm goin' to ask him for it.'

'Better ask him ahead of time,' say I. 'He ain't likely to be generous afterwards.'

'No, I'll wait till the proper time, accordin' to the contract. But I want you to be there to back me up in case he tries to get out of it.'

The jailer's wife finds the Bible by this time, though what the preacher wants with it I never find out, for he don't use it for nothin' except a stummick poultice. He just takes the Bible in his hands, folds his hands over his stummick, and makes a speech.

'Brethren and sisters,' says he, 'we are gathered here to join this man and this woman in the bonds of holy matrimony. The Holy Writ says it is not good for man to be alone, and it is because they do not like to be alone that this man and this woman are about to be married. This is accordin' to the Scriptures.'

Of course, the preacher don't mean nothin' funny by this, but what he says about Sim not wantin' to be alone sure hits the mark. I can't hardly keep from laughin' out loud when I think how hard and how long Sim has been tryin' to keep from bein' alone. What makes it worse is I catch Zack Twombley's eye and see he is thinkin' the same thing. But I manage finally to keep from laughin' out, and the preacher goes on with his fine speech about the holy state of matrimony.

Finally he gets down to the part where he says, 'Do you, Simeon Brawley, take this woman,' and so forth; and almost before I know it the weddin' is over.

VII

The jailer's wife waits till the knot is tied before she breaks into tears and throws her arms around Lillie's neck. That starts Lillie bawlin' a little also. The two women stand there leanin' on each other for support, with the tears rollin' down their cheeks, while the rest of us hang around lookin' foolish. Finally Sim says, 'Come on, Lillie. There ain't no use of you cryin' that way,' and that brings Ike Moses to life, so he steps over to Sim, holdin' his contract before him.

'Before you go, Sim,' says he, 'I want to call your attention to this little agreement in writin' we make in regards to this weddin'. If I remember correct, you owe me fifty dollars.'

It seems like maybe Sim is a little embarrassed on account of the way the bride is cryin', and is mighty glad to talk to Ike about the contract. The first thing he does is to show them front teeth in a big grin; then he pats Ike on the shoulder.

'You're a smart boy, Ike,' says he, 'only you don't look far enough ahead, and you ain't careful about little things. Now me, I'm careful about little things. I'm so careful that I have Sprinston look over all these contracts in writin'; and what do you suppose he tells me? He tells me, "Sim, they ain't worth the paper they're wrote on. It's against the law in this state to make any kind of a contract affectin' the state of marriage." Ain't that too bad?'

It sounds bad to me, because I figger all along that Sim is goin' to pull a fast one at the end; so I say, 'I expect he's right, Ike. Seems to me I remember the judge decides that very thing in the Billups case two years ago.'

'Not only that,' says Sim. 'I suppose you're ready to turn back that

money I already pay you, since you get it illegal.'

'I ain't so sure about that,' says Ike, in a way that sounds to me like there is goin' to be trouble. 'We'll discuss it at length in a moment.'

Then Ike turns to me, cool like, and says, 'Open the door, Sam. Lillie, stand over there. I've got somethin' to say to this feller.'

Somethin' about him and the way he says it keeps the jailer from interferin', though I don't doubt but what Zack thinks it's a raw deal anyhow, and hopes Ike will bust Sim one before he can part them. Sim don't say nothin' either when Lillie moves over to where Ike tells her.

'Now, Sim,' says Ike, restin' his thumb on his belt line, 'you know, and I know, that I treat you square in this business all the way through. Maybe you think it's easy for me to hand over the woman I'm in love with to an old skinflint like you without even tellin' her how much I think of her. You've got to admit she's white, too, the way she goes through with her part of the agreement right down to the finish. Maybe she don't think as much of me as I do of her, but anyway she's white. Everything is on the table, foursquare, right down to the last, till you think you pull a good one by gettin' Lillie to marry you under a contract that won't hold. Then you say the whole thing's illegal and you're retractin' everything but the weddin'.

'There's just one point of law, Sim, that you don't inquire about. Last summer when I repair an old shanty boat and buy two dollars' worth of lumber from you, the first thing I know you attach the boat. The justice of the peace that tries the case says, "Whenever a man does work or furnishes materials on a job, he's entitled to a lien on the finished product till he's paid. That's a mechanic's lien." Now, in this case, I certainly do plenty of work, if I don't furnish no materials, so I go to this same justice of the peace. He says it looks to him like I'm entitled to a lien on the finished product, and he gives me this paper to make the levy. Maybe you'll like to see it.'

The paper is an attachment of the person of Lillie Calhoun, 'to have and to hold her until the said Sim Brawley shall pay the said Ike Moses the sum of fifty dollars, and the costs of this case'!

Sim is so mad he can chew tenpenny nails.

'Wait till I see Sprinston,' says he, startin' for the courthouse. 'This is what comes of electin' a half-wit to be justice of the peace. The durn fool can't even tell the difference between a load of lumber and a woman.'

'Maybe so,' says Ike, 'but I'm afraid I can't wait for your lawyer. The woman is mine under a decree of a court. My horse is ready and waitin' on the road down there, so I'll be sayin' good-bye. Mexico's the destination; send me a postcard.'

With that, he takes Lillie by the arm and makes the fastest exit on these records. Before Sim can get his wits together enough to run to the sheriff's office for a warrant for wife stealin', Ike has got Lillie on the pommel of his saddle, and Brown Beauty is kickin' up dust spots in the distance. The last we see of them, Ike turns around a minute and waves good-bye. Both of them look mighty happy.

SALVAGING OUR RAILROADS

BY GEORGE W. ANDERSON

I

Our rail transportation system is one spot in our diseased financial and economic structure that is susceptible of fairly effective remedy. With a net investment of about 19 billions, the market value of the railroad stocks and bonds has, during the past summer, run from less than 7 billions to about 10 billions on October 1. About three fourths of this 10 billions — or 7½ billions — represents the market value of over 12 billions of bonds; the balance — 2½ billions — about 7 billions of stock. The latest reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission indicate that Class 1 roads will, in 1932, fall short of earning their interest charges by over $200,000,000.

Only radical changes in organization, in management, and in control can save from tremendous losses the millions of owners of these bonds and stocks. The securities are now largely held by our savings banks, insurance companies, public charities, and trust estates. If the necessary changes were effected, a reasonably good salvage result might be obtained.

No substantial progress has been made, in twelve years, in the consolidations contemplated by the Transportation Act, effective March 1, 1920. It took the Commission over nine years to adopt a plan. No appreciable steps have been taken under that plan. The recent approval of the four-party consolidation scheme may possibly indicate a belated and inadequate adoption of the doubtful policies of that Act. Whether Congress can, directly or through powers vested in its agent, the Interstate Commerce Commission, force consolidation of state-chartered corporations is a question fraught with grave constitutional difficulties, too involved for detailed discussion here. It is enough now to note that, in its main purpose of shortly consolidating our railroads into a few large systems which should wholesomely compete with each other, the Transportation Act is a demonstrated failure.

We still have 697 operating railroad companies, many of them wildly competing with each other for traffic. Only in telephony is the call for coördinated, unified operation more requisite. Competition between railways, never of much value, has long been harmful. Most inter-company junctions are points of friction, confusion, and waste; competitive solicitation of freight traffic is worse than waste. Cars should have no homes; they should be repaired where and when they develop need for repair. Our competing railroad companies are still wasting tens of millions in futile advertising, and in buying duplicating equipment — now in large part standing in idle, rusting deterioration. But they have improved the speed and reliability of their freight service. Their

operating staffs are, in general, made up of competent and faithful men, essential in any reorganized system.

On March 1, 1932, there were 1008 railroad executives with salaries (after a 10 per cent, or more, reduction) ranging from $135,000 to $10,000. Never were there more than three or four railroad executives whose abilities and services entitled them, even under normal business conditions, to a salary as large as $50,000. No railroad man ever lived worth $100,000 to his company. Many of these 1008 executives would be overpaid if they received a salary as large as that of a Supreme Court Justice — $20,000.

The existence of this large number of overpaid and not very competent managerial forces is one cause of the failure to consolidate and coördinate our railways. These forces are more interested in keeping available a large number of highly paid official positions than they are in the public need for improved and cheaper rail service, or in the rights of their security holders.

Perhaps it ought not to be expected that the holders of overpaid places of power should agree on formulating and making effective a policy which would necessarily reduce the number of such places. Men have been known to burn job-limiting, labor-saving machinery. Our railroad managers have reduced the number of moderately paid jobs by about 800,000; so far, however, they seem to have kept, for themselves, most of these overpaid and pleasant positions of power. This accords with the present American policy of 'rugged individualism.'

A sketch of the Pennroad Corporation will indicate to what extent the official forces of the railroads are entitled to confidence as safe guides to the investing public. This holding company was organized and controlled by the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a device (of doubtful legality) in that company's career of expansion. They offered Pennsylvania stockholders Pennroad shares at $15, and thus obtained (in round figures) $150,000,000 from the investing public — of which over $5,000,000 was paid as underwriting commission to Kuhn, Loeb & Company, their bankers. The balance of this $150,000,000 was invested mainly in stocks of other railroads, such as the New Haven and Boston & Maine, at around 120. If we doubtfully assume that sound judges of railroad securities were warranted in buying, with other people's money, New Haven and Boston & Maine stocks at these boom prices, the same thing cannot be said of the investment of over $4,500,000 in common stock of the Seaboard Air Line. This stock never had any intrinsic value; it represented merely stockholders' votes. The company is now in receivership. Much of the 150 millions of other people's money thus administered by these leading railroad men now seems to have been lost. The lowest quotation of Pennroad was $1.00; on October 15 it had risen to $2.25.

The Van Sweringen snarl of corporations, nominally controlled through the Alleghany Holding Company and backed by J. P. Morgan & Company, is, as a piece of railway financing set-up, at least as bad as the Pennroad. Such are the outstanding phenomena under the Transportation Act.

Clearly, neither Congress nor the widely scattered owners will derive any substantial help in solving our railroad problem from the managers, whose policies and performances are marked by excessive intellectual frugality. Constructive measures must come from *without*.

This is my justification for outlining roughly in the following pages a possibly available plan.

II

General consolidation is the plain remedy, available only by national mandate. Let Congress create a Federal corporation with an authorized capitalization not to exceed 15 billions — an outside figure for the present and prospective value of our railroad properties. About one half of this capitalization should be bonds (probably 4's), guaranteed by the Federal Government; the other half, stock, with a standard dividend of 5 per cent and a maximum of 6 per cent, contingent on the achieved results of efficiency, prosperity, and so forth. A mandate should be given for rates sufficient to maintain the properties and to pay interest on the bonds and the standard dividend, any surplus earned above the maximum of 6 per cent to be used as a stabilization fund for less prosperous times and for amortizing the public investment in an obsolescent industry.

This corporation should be controlled by a board of not less than seven nor more than eleven directors, with salaries equal to those drawn by members of the Interstate Commerce Commission; a majority of the directors should be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, for reasonable terms. Minority representation might well be granted to stockholders, and perhaps also to employees, on a scheme of representation to be worked out in detail by the Interstate Commerce Commission. *But control must be by, and in behalf of, the public.* Stockholders will want the 6 per cent dividend earned and paid; employees will want to absorb earnings in higher wages.

This corporation should be given large powers of exchanging its stocks and bonds for the stocks and bonds of the existing railroads, on terms fixed by its board of directors. Power to take stock, as well as property, by eminent domain, should be included. (Cf. *Offield* v. *New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.*, 203 U. S. 372.) The assumption of outstanding bonds, bearing 4 per cent or less, now substantial in amount, should also be authorized.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, reduced in number and relieved of much of its present intolerable burden, should be kept as a rate regulator. Possibly it should be given only appellate jurisdiction on rates, leaving their initiation to the directors. But shippers will always need some competent tribunal to settle the delicate and difficult rate questions certain to arise between different sections and different commodities.

Such a corporation, so organized, with wide trading powers to be exercised by and in behalf of essential public interests (which include safety of investment in railroad securities), would probably get effective possession of the controlling rail transportation facilities without condemnation proceedings. This control would accrue if a majority of the stockholders of the Class 1 roads exchanged their stocks for the stock or bonds of the Federal corporation. Eminent domain could be used, so far as necessary, to complete the government ownership. Almost certainly enough stock would be offered on acceptable terms, in exchange for the new stock and bonds, to give speedy control of enough of the rail transportation facilities so that, *with the resultant control of the main streams of traffic*, no effective hold-ups could be made by recalcitrant security holders, whatever their motives. We may fairly expect that most holders of rail securities would prefer 4 per cent bonds, guaranteed by the Government, and 5 per cent or 6 per cent

stock, grounded on a service-at-cost mandate, to their precarious rights under the disintegrated and ill-managed present system.

To provide consolidation and government ownership, by a workable, security-swapping scheme, is the gist of this plan.

The economies resulting from such unification would clearly be great. Dr. E. S. Mead, Professor of Corporations and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, is reported as having estimated that a mere speed-up in consolidation, plus abandonment of many miles of unremunerative lines, would result in an annual saving of about 500 millions. This doubtless intelligent estimate seems unduly optimistic, but present conditions are probably as wasteful and inefficient as when, about twenty years ago, Mr. Brandeis (now Mr. Justice Brandeis) startled the country by saying that the railroads might, by improved methods, save a million dollars a day.

This plan is essentially the same as one which I published about ten years ago, with two important differences. Then, I thought nearly all the bonds could properly be assumed by the new corporation, and therefore so provided, leaving to the Commission merely power to eliminate, or reduce the cost of, a few bond issues not fairly representative of sound values. But the railroad financial situation is now much worse than ten years ago. In spite of a large increase in investment (about 6 billions) during the last twelve years, the railroads now seem worth less than they then did. The new money has been sunk. Many of the outstanding bonds must be scaled down — a difficult but necessary job, already anticipated by market prices.

Obviously, to scale about 12 billions of debts to three fourths or even five sixths of that sum, for the benefit of stockholders, is an undertaking of great doubt and difficulty. Only a careful, detailed analysis to determine how many of these so-called bonds are merely income bonds, and how many are inadequately secured mortgage bonds, will show whether the job is impossible. But even if the debts have to be paid nearly in full there will still be, on the assumed valuation of 15 billions, a substantial surplus above present market prices for the stockholders.

The other difference is that ten years ago the stocks might have been taken over 'on the basis of an annual return not exceeding the average dividends on the old stocks during, say, five to ten years past.' That opportunity has also passed. To-day the stocks are not worth the average dividends of the designated, reasonably prosperous period. This is especially true of some of the leading railroads. Here again the directors of the new corporation must be given discretion for the difficult job of trading for the old stocks on a sound basis.

There is little prospect of such return of traffic as to produce annual net earnings of more than 600 to 700 millions, on fair rates. This would warrant 4 per cent on 8 billions of bonds — 320 millions — and 5 per cent on 7 billions of stock — 350 millions: a total of 670 millions; 6 per cent on the stock would make a total of 740 millions. But to justify this public assumption of such large liabilities for a railroad transportation system there must be full provision both for depreciation and for obsolescence. The Government must not indulge in the reckless and unsound financial methods that have always characterized our banker-controlled railroad financing. Undeniably railroads are now largely obsolescent, and likely to go into a discard comparable (except perhaps in degree) to that of

the trolleys. The fate of investors in the trolleys and in textiles, and generally in many of our large manufacturing plants, should teach us that most of our industries are merely *temporary* devices, and *mortal;* that each generation should pay for its fair share of all its *used* productive devices, and not load posterity with debts for things dead and useless.

Many other obviously necessary details are omitted, as this purports to be only a rough sketch of essentials. Perhaps additional capital investment for possible electrification should be provided for; but probably the enterprise should be made self-sustaining, both currently and in furnishing itself with any supposedly improved equipment. Provision for amortization from earnings, of the bonds, should clearly be included.

III

Doubtless Professor William Z. Ripley is correct in his expressed view that a continuation of railroad transportation is essential to the ongoing of American life, as we now know it; but it is incontestable that a very large share of our present railroad mileage of about 260,000 miles is, even under normal traffic conditions, unremunerative. We have many thousands of miles that ought never to have been built.

As far back as 1917, the traffic managers of the New Haven and Boston & Maine systems testified that not over one third of either system was operated on a remunerative basis. Many years ago a man knowing much more about railroads than the writer expressed the opinion that 50,000 to 60,000 miles would have to be abandoned as creating an intolerable financial burden on the rest of the lines. It is at least doubtful if more than one third of the present lines are, or can be, operated on a remunerative basis. It does not follow that all unremunerative lines should be junked. This is a problem of social welfare, too involved for a present attempt at solution.

Moreover, the theory of basing rates upon reproduction cost has, by the great drop in prices, gone quite into the discard. Few dare now to argue for reproduction cost as a rate base for any public utility. The only theory now seriously contended for is the sound policy of endeavoring to make the honest and *prudent* investment in all public utilities as safe as changing conditions permit. This ideal should guide in any remedial programme for government ownership of our wastefully constructed and inefficiently operated rail transportation system. But this ideal cannot be fully attained.

It is important to observe that railroad rates are essentially taxes — something that everyone has to pay. Congress, in its recent rather bitter discussion of a sales tax, overlooked the fact that we already have, in our railroad rates, the most widely diffused sales tax imaginable. We cannot conceive of anyone who does not directly or indirectly contribute, in living expenses, to railroad rates. In these times of economic depression and chaos, when taxes are being discussed as never before, it is well to analyze the real nature and incidence of taxes.

We must distinguish prices from rates. Prices are the results of agreements between free buyers and free sellers. Rates are the charges made by monopolies, natural or artificial, for things or services that people must have or be deprived of the ordinary facilities of modern civilization. Governments are merely artificial monopolies that furnish us with a part of such facilities, like the post office, and frequently

water. When we buy clothing, we may go to various merchants who compete for our trade; the payment we finally make is the price. Not so when we take telephone or electric service, from the only concern available to furnish us that service; then our payments are rates — in essence, taxes.

From the taxpayer's point of view, payments for railroad rates, telephones, electric light, water, gas, — and shortly power, — are, as a practical matter, as identical with taxes as though the payments went into public treasuries and were disbursed by public officials. The railroad revenue from such taxes has, in recent years, amounted to over 6 billions a year — the largest tax fund anywhere, at any time, turned over to non-governmental forces for collection and administration — about 50 per cent more than the revenue of the Federal Government. The taxes by other public utilities are now amounting to a comparable sum. The aggregate of such non-governmental taxes must now exceed the amount paid into and disbursed by our public treasuries.

Moreover, our railroad rates are now unfairly high, about 50 per cent higher than in 1916 — in many cases higher than the traffic will bear. The trucks are taking from the rail lines much traffic that naturally belongs to the railroads.

In this connection, a study made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in March 1932, of the relation between railroad rates and the value at destination of the commodities transported, is illuminating. The statement shows the total value of freight transported in 1930 to be $62,090,176,000; of which about 45.7 billions was for manufactures and miscellaneous goods, leaving about 16.3 billions for the products of agriculture, animal husbandry, mines, and forests. The revenue derived from the 45.7 billions was only 1.85 billions, while that derived from the 16.3 billions — largely agricultural products and coal — was 2.36 billions, the respective percentages being about 14.42 on the agricultural, mining, and forestry products, and 4.05 on the manufacturing and miscellaneous. If we adjust these percentages to the present greatly reduced commodity prices, the sales tax on this total would be much increased. Prices have dropped, and railroad rates have been somewhat increased. The grains, then paying about 15 per cent of their destination price, must now be paying about 25 per cent.

Consolidation, with resulting economies, will probably enable the Government to reduce these unfair taxes, now falling, with intolerable severity, on the farmers. This factor has more remedial importance than any of the futile, foolish schemes of the Farm Board or of the Farm Loan Bureau. Reduced taxes and increased income, not more debts, indicate the proper programme for saving the farmer — if he can be saved. A dollar, in the farmer's salable products, is now worth about 50 cents for buying his farm machinery and his needed 'store goods,' relatively the lowest purchasing power in recorded farm economic history. This is the result of the so-called remedies thus far devised and adopted.

It is plain that there is no solution for our railroad troubles in an increase in rates. The original scheme of the railway managers in the early months of this depression, of raising railroad rates 15 per cent, was absurdly unsound. No community can stand unlimited taxation of all sorts.

IV

Of course, the railroad forces and their numerous satellites will attack

government ownership as 'lacking in individual initiative' and as being but 'another inefficient government bureaucracy.' To my mind it is a sufficient answer to this criticism to say that, after many years of observation of both government and private-corporation bureaucracies, the only government bureaucracies fairly comparable in *in*efficiency and waste with innumerable private-corporation bureaucracies are the Farm Board and possibly the Shipping Board. In general, government business is managed, both by the Federal Government and by most state and municipal governments, on sounder and less wasteful lines than private-corporation business. There is less fraud in government administration, and fewer serious errors in the methods and in the policies adopted; private corporations, however, are more successful in concealing both their frauds and their inefficiencies than the government bureaucracies. In general, our Government functions with less disregard of essential human rights and interests.

To state adequately the grounds for these frequently disputed but maturely considered propositions would require a paper perhaps as long as the present essay. Enough, for present purposes, to note that our Federal Government has obviously great intrinsic advantages over any state-chartered corporations in the field of interstate rail-highway transportation. Even if less efficiently managed, a single Federal corporation would do the job better than several state-chartered corporations. But we may fairly expect better management, dealing with a better organization.

It is also clear that government officials can hardly show less 'individual initiative' than have our railroad executives. Their failure seasonably to recognize and to take any intelligently devised measures to meet the new competitive transportation methods has subjected them to just criticism in quarters normally favorable to railroad and banker management.

The last three years have shown us that we have, in banking, in industry, and to a less degree in politics, no 'great men'; that we are all, with meagre brains, groping in the mazes of the economic and political labyrinth of this machine age. Many of the idols of the recent past are now seen to be merely predatory and aleatory schemers — not a few of them of the Kreuger type. They have functioned less usefully than the earls and barons of mediæval feudalism. We are now disillusioned as to all our 'great business leaders.' There are none. Really great leaders would have seen that mass production, without mass purchasing power, could only give us the present ghastly contrast of ragged bread lines with unmarketable surpluses of both food and clothing — a mere economic engorgement.

The tax returns for 1929 show over 500 individual incomes exceeding a million dollars, of which 36 exceed 5 millions, with an aggregate revenue for 504 persons of over 1470 millions. This tremendous concentration of the results of our dominant American policies was a large cause contributing to our present widespread unemployment of about 10 millions, as well as the destructive drop in all commodity prices, largely brought about by the general failure in mass purchasing power. If these many hundreds of millions of current income had been fairly spread, they would have substantially increased the general purchasing power; we should have had less economic arteriosclerosis.

After the October 1929 stock-market smash, the first step taken by the Hoover-Mellon administration, as a

remedy, was to reduce taxes *in the higher brackets* by 160 millions. Let us pass over the question of this unintelligent estimate of the prospective Treasury needs; the argument for this reduction was that thus more capital would be set free for an assumed needed increased production — that is, for more steel, automobile, and other manufacturing plants, in utter disregard of the obvious fact that there was an existing *excess* of production facilities in every line. American business needs nothing less than more manufacturing plants. Probably a substantial part of the existing plants will be junked within the next few years, as hundreds of expensive textile and other plants have already been junked. Our outstanding, unsolved, and perhaps insoluble problems are now those of distribution, not of production. From Adam Smith down to the present, our economists have dealt mainly with means and methods of production. Let them now teach us how fairly to distribute our excessively abundant production and thus restore their damaged prestige. Profit seeking, as a dominant economic force, clearly does not give us fair distribution.

In science, including medical science, we may have really *great* men. I do not know. But no other class or profession can advance any claim to having made any contribution to our present civilization.

But we still have intelligent, hard-working, and faithful men, striving to work out some solution for the present apparently insoluble problems. A fairly careful reading of the Senate reports in the *Congressional Record* leads to the conclusion that we have there, in places of limited though important power, a body of harder-working men, more intelligent and far more public-spirited, than most of their shallow and abusive critics in editorial or banking service; that more than half of them are abler than all but a few of our industrial or banking leaders. In the House of Representatives also there are many high-minded, hard-working men. The recent gross and general abuse of Congress is entirely unwarranted.

It is an encouraging fact that our tendency is now toward drawing a full proportion of our ability, character, intelligent activity, and social sense into our public service. Our politicians and statesmen are the ablest of our real rulers. Their controlling motives and actions are more humane and less antisocial than those of our industrial and financial leaders. On them we must mainly ground our hopes for the radical economic and financial changes clearly needed to make our American life wholesome and tolerable. A large factor, in any tolerable future, will be a thorough reorganization and coördination of all our means and methods of transportation. This should be one of the early undertakings of our statesmen.

V

Let us go back, for a moment, to the suggestion that 15 billions is a reasonable valuation of the railroad properties. It may well be that this figure overestimates the extent to which the market depreciation is due to the utter failure, so far, both of Congress and of the railroad executives, even to broach any workable and constructive plan. It is thus quite possibly, in this implied valuation, an excessively optimistic plan. The market value may be nearer the real value. The question of what value to attach to the mixture of unusable junk and still usable transportation facilities is one of great doubt and difficulty. This warrants a few general observations.

A fundamental factor in our past

American development has been the rapid increase in our population, from birth and from immigration. Immigration is now cut off; the birth rate is down.

America's economic future must be estimated in the light of an approximately static population. No increase in any line of business, such as we are accustomed to think of as 'American progress,' is in reasonable prospect. The problems of a nearly static population, dwelling in a land with no more substantial areas of unsettled territory, are radically different from those contemplated by all Americans now of mature years. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the controlling importance of this factor in assessing our economic future.

Moreover, the prevailing tendencies (probably unwholesome) make against the effective use of *all* transportation, and particularly transportation by rail. We now have a great excess of transportation facilities of all kinds. Yet we are apparently committing ourselves to the St. Lawrence Waterway. The project may be wise (the hydroelectric power aspects are most enticing), but it will not decrease the troubles of our railroads. It requires much optimism to see a normal growth of traffic compensating the railways for diversions to the great carrier performances prophesied for this waterway. The European Old World has, in general, shown more sense and judgment in providing itself with needed (and only needed) transportation facilities, and in equipping and operating them, than we of the New World. The European rail systems involve less excess building than ours; the equipment is lighter, and far more economical, especially for passenger traffic; the development of air transport is ahead of ours.

Transportation is nothing but a means to trade, to exchange commodities. Tariff walls have destroyed a large part of our foreign trade, with its resultant movement of commodities to and from our seaports. There are marked tendencies, not only toward national self-sufficiency, but toward *local* self-sufficiency, in the production both of food and of manufactured products. An illustration is the manufacture of textiles in the South, in the cotton-producing section, thus greatly reducing the transportation of cotton. In spite of agricultural overproduction of food supplies, there is a slight movement back toward the farm, where people can at least escape starvation by raising their own food.

More than one third of the tonnage of the railroads of recent years has been coal. Coal is, relatively, decreasingly used. More and more it is being transmuted into power at or near the mine mouth, and thus carried by wire. Less and less will it furnish traffic for the rail carriers.

A fundamental factor affecting the value of our rail facilities is the great increase in competitive facilities. Oil goes by pipe line; so does natural gas. Their most serious competitors are the trucks and buses. The railroads have about 2,400,000 freight cars; there are some 3,500,000 trucks on our highways. The undeniable tendency is toward a diminishing traffic in coal, ores, and crude heavy stuffs generally, and thus toward lighter, short-haul traffic, in which the truck has an intrinsic competitive superiority. The competition between the rival systems of transportation is increasing, and is exceedingly difficult of regulation; but existing conditions are unfair to the railroads, which are heavily taxed and move on purchased and owned rights of way, while the trucks move on free roads, in considerable part paid for out of taxes levied on the railroads. The railroads have, since 1920, lost over 40

per cent of their passenger traffic, without taking into account the normal increase from an increasing population.

Mr. Edward A. Filene tells me that when he was asked by representative Chinese to advise them concerning the development of the essential facilities of modern civilization for that great country and great people he told them to build, not railroads, but motor roads, because motor roads are more generally adapted for human needs. Clearly, motor roads can do everything that railroads can do, except steer the vehicles and thus permit the use of long trains with but few operators — a vital difference for our present traffic needs.

In my article, 'Roads — Motor and Rail,' published in the *Atlantic* for March 1925, I wrote: 'It always becomes "a public function" to provide essential roads and necessary public carrier service thereon, when, charging what tolls the traffic will bear, the undertaking is *not* money-making. If it *is* money-making, then the job belongs "in the field of efficient private initiative." We may be nearing that stage in dealing with our railroad problems.' We have now reached it. On that theory the Government took over the Cape Cod Canal, and Massachusetts has gone far toward taking over the unprofitable Boston trolley system.

The railroad problem is far more difficult, but it must be solved in the same way. Government ownership is inevitable. The important question now is: Will it be adopted promptly, and on a sound plan? An affirmative answer requires an optimistic disregard of the forces of blind greed and unenlightened selfishness that have generally dictated our American policies, at least in recent years.

THE GERM OF A BOOK

A Footnote on Mark Twain

BY JOHN W. CHAPMAN

UNEXPECTED developments occasionally take place in the course of hospital visiting.

In the winter of 1886–1887, I was assigned duty in Charity Hospital, Blackwell's Island, New York, as assistant to one of the chaplains of the City Mission Society. The name of the hospital has since been changed to the City Hospital, and the name of the island to Welfare Island; but in those days we accepted things as they were, and struggled along as well as we could.

My superior introduced me to the patients whom I was expected to visit. One of these new acquaintances was named Jesse Leathers. I thought that we started off on the wrong foot, for I fancied that a shade of disapproval passed over his face when he heard himself characterized as an atheist. I was glad that on my next visit his first action was a disavowal of this characterization.

Whatever he was, he had individuality. He was far gone with tuberculosis of the lungs, but he displayed an amazing amount of energy for one who was physically weak. This expressed itself in a dictatorial manner. He seemed to have been born to command. In health, he must have been of prepossessing appearance. His features were fine and regular, and his hair and eyes were brown. He was of an intellectual type. His voice, however, was harsh and strident; and when he gave orders to the nurses and attendants, no one was left in doubt that he intended to be obeyed.

On this account, he was not a favorite in the ward, and when he finally left the hospital without the approval of the physicians there were many expressions of relief; for it was taken for granted that a patient who left without authorization would not be permitted to return. He did return, however, a few days later. I found him in another ward and knew that he was present as soon as I entered; for I recognized his voice giving orders, as usual.

He was much weaker than when he left, and evidently had not long to live. He told me that he had been to see a relative in Hartford, Connecticut, and gave me the relative's name, which I recognized. He was fully aware of his condition, and made definite arrangements for his funeral. He claimed to be in good standing as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. I found that this was true, and saw to it that his directions in this and other respects were carried out.

After his death, curiosity led me to write to his friend in Hartford whom he claimed as a relative, and from whom I received the following letter in reply: —

HARTFORD, *Feb.* 12/87

REV. JOHN W. CHAPMAN —

DEAR SIR:

I never saw Leathers, but was acquainted with him through a forced correspondence.

He was a distant relative of mine, and I was early warned by Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (another sort-of-kind-of-relative) that whereas Leathers was a good-hearted and well-meaning fellow, he was a visionary and a nuisance. Therefore I resisted all of L's many attempts at personal contact with me — even down to his latest attempt of a few weeks ago. Ten years or more ago, I tried to get him a start in the world, but it failed. He never afterward ceased from inventing projects and trying to get me to furnish the motive power.

I dearly wanted to write a biographical sketch of him, but *that* would have fastened him on me permanently. Most reluctantly I gave up the idea.

He called here a few weeks ago, and sent up word that he wanted $50, and was going out to a hospital in Kansas. But I was never able to believe his statements, and I did not believe this one; otherwise I would have paid his way. I sent down $15, believing that that would carry him as far as he really intended to go. Poor fellow, I do not know how to be sorry his end is come, for he was so constituted that his life could not be made successful, and it was better for him that the struggle cease.

Can you tell me anything about him?

Yrs truly

S. L. CLEMENS

A few days later I received a second letter, as follows: —

HARTFORD, *Feb.* 15/87

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

I thank you very much for your letter; it quite disposes of my doubts. I see that I was right in surmising that such a man could not be set upon his feet and made useful to himself and the world. I had had some troublesome misgivings that possibly this judgment was too hasty and sweeping. He was represented to me to be inordinately selfish and self-seeking — and not very scrupulous; his letters to me reflected this character. It is only as a failure that such a person is harmless; it would be clearly a crime against society to make him a 'success' in life, since this would be to add another Jay Gould to the world's burdens. If I have had any vague regrets that I kept him aloof (and I *had* them), they have about disappeared now. If he were back, I would no more than merely help him to bread and clothes — and I was willing to do my share in that direction before.

I did not want to write a biography of him; I merely wanted to make a magazine *sketch* of his life, his general career to be merely touched upon and made the landscape out of which should rise into the clouds the monumental dream of his life (and after all, the only really tangible purpose — and therefore *fact*, in it), his generation-long struggle to 'get his own' and seat himself in the British House of Lords as the 'rightful' Earl of Durham! He had a sort of shadow of claim, — just enough to entirely satisfy a visionary — and there was something very striking, and pathetically and grotesquely picturesque (from a magazine point of view) about this long, and hopeless, and plucky, and foolish, and majestic fight of a foghorn against a fog. (Or, reverse that figure, perhaps.) But I wanted the history from his *tongue* — not his pen, or mine — and so the tale is lost to us, now.

With many thanks for your kindness,

I am truly yours

S. L. CLEMENS

It is interesting to note that these letters were written several years prior to the publication of *The American Claimant*, which did not appear until 1892, and that the name of the claimant next in succession before the great Mulberry Sellers was given by Mr. Clemens as Simon Lathers.

A STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE

BY JOHNSON O'CONNOR

I

THERE have been many attempts to classify personalities. One of the first was a dissertation which appeared a generation ago, by Gelett Burgess, entitled *Are You a Bromide?* It divided men into what he called 'bromides' and 'sulphites.' The bromide was the commonplace man who did what one expected, while the sulphite was more unusual, more original, and apt at any moment to do the unforeseen. Bryn Mawr girls at one time had a slang phrase for much the same notion. They divided their men friends into 'goons' and 'jiggers.' Again the goon was the man who did what the girl expected, whereas the jigger did not.

A German physiologist has classified men in a more scientific manner by separating the species into what he called 'cycloids' and 'schizoids.' The cycloid was the round, fat, jolly individual, the man who might lose his temper, but who would quickly realize it and recover his self-control. The schizoid, on the other hand, was the long, lean, lank individual with long, thin, dangling arms and spindly legs, the man who might bear a grudge for years without allowing it to come to the surface. Yet, despite the scientific names, even this was not a truly scientific classification, for one could not place a man on the scales and know, if he weighed one hundred and eighty, that he was a cycloid, or, if he weighed less, a schizoid.

At the Human Engineering Laboratories of Stevens Institute of Technology, we were experimenting with ways and means of isolating and evaluating the mental trait 'creative imagination' when we stumbled by accident upon a mechanical device for measuring a difference in personality which one instinctively feels among one's own friends — the difference in attitude toward life between the group worker and the individualist. The vice president of a large corporation manufacturing delicate engineering instruments had said to me that, although he had under him several thousand designing engineers and research workers, really fundamental advances in design were made by only a handful of men, and that his company owed its beginning and its success more to a few original and imaginative individuals than to the remaining thousands. Yet he added in the next breath that these men were for the most part queer personalities, almost freaks, insistent upon their own peculiarities; men who, if they had not already proved themselves valuable, would be discharged without hesitation because of their idiosyncrasies. He wondered how many young men were asked to leave the organization because of unwillingness to follow rules because of so-called insubordination, who, if they could be retained on the pay roll, would later be recognized as creative geniuses. It

was with the notion that we might be able to spot and measure creative imagination among apprentices and recent college graduates that we first used the free-association test which will be described in this article. The test did not even remotely indicate the originality we were seeking, but it proved to be successful in separating the individualist, the nonconformist, the schizoid, from the group worker.

The test, which had already been used extensively by psychiatrists and psychologists, consists of saying a word to a man — for instance, the word 'tiger' — and asking him to respond with the first single word which comes to his mind connected with 'tiger,' suggested by it, associated in some way with it. When I said 'tiger' to a New York friend, he instantly answered 'milk.' I had trained myself to keep an immobile face, but in this instance I did not live up to my training, for he said: 'You look surprised.'

'I am sorry; I tried not to.' Then he explained his answer: 'Almost every Christmas a friend in Washington sends me a case of Scotch. Nowadays when one ships Scotch one cannot exactly mark it Scotch, so this friend always writes in bold letters across the package, "Tiger's Milk."'

This man is a marked subjective type. He is what the psychoanalysts have designated as an introvert. His first instinctive reaction is his own Scotch, his own Christmas, his own friend in Washington.

It happened that the next man whom I tested responded to 'tiger' with the word 'butter' — another surprising and unusual response. It appeared that he had been reading aloud to his youngster a book called *Black Sambo*, which describes in great detail an imaginary substance called tiger-butter. This was again a personal reaction.

When I said 'tiger' to still another man, he answered 'tiger,' and I was well enough acquainted with him to know that he was a student of Blake and was thinking of the poem beginning: —

> Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night . . .

A cartoonist, knowing no more of these three men than their three individual reactions, could portray each one as vividly and radically different from the others, could make one see each as a distinct personality. The man who receives a case of Scotch from a friend in Washington, the man who goes home evenings and reads aloud to his youngsters, the lover of Blake — each is a unique individual. Among 1000 men we measured in this way only one answered '*tiger*-milk,' only one '*tiger*-butter,' and only one '*tiger*-tiger'; but, out of this same 1000, 280 answered '*tiger*-animal.' The fact that 280 made the same response signifies an impersonal, objective attitude toward life. These 280 men instinctively gave answers which were not affected by their own personal interests or their own individual experiences. The experimenter's first thought is that the man who consistently replies with the *tiger*-milk or *tiger*-butter type of response is the unusual, original, creative sulphite, who differs from the multitude, whereas the *tiger*-animal type of man is the commonplace, ordinary bromide, similar to 280 others in every thousand. That was our first thought and our primary purpose in giving the test; but it proved not to be a correct explanation.

The first preliminary skirmish with the test was to administer it to an executive of marked originality, one who could always suggest a new point

of attack on any problem. He replied consistently with commonplace, objective answers. The originality which I knew he possessed did not show itself in his responses to this particular test. Instead, it was his executive side, his objectivity, which was uppermost. I went to another and then another executive whose past accomplishments indicated creative ability, and they responded consistently with unimaginative, commonplace answers. It is true that many inventors gave strange replies, but the cause proved to be, not their originality, but their subjective, individualistic attitudes toward life. We soon discovered, therefore, that the test really separates the individualist from the group worker, very nearly the introvert from the extravert, more precisely the inhibited, repressed person from the uninhibited, irrepressible one — not the sulphite from the bromide, not the inventor from the unimaginative man.

II

We have used the free-association test in a number of experiments, each planned to throw its own light upon the meaning of the outcome, with the hope that the results would fit with one another like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, and give a complete picture of the significance of one score as contrasted with another. One of the early experiments was the measuring of a group of 80 house-to-house commission salesmen for whom accurate sales records were available. Purely on the basis of the free-association-test results, we divided the group into those who scored extremely subjective (that is, the *tiger*-milk, *tiger*-butter type of individual), those who scored somewhat subjective but not extremely so, those who scored somewhat objective, and finally those who scored extremely objective (that is, the *tiger*-animal kind of man). We then tabulated the sales of each group and found that the extremely subjective men had averaged, in the previous six months, 32 sales per man. The somewhat subjective group had averaged 45 sales per man in the same period. The somewhat objective group had averaged 65 sales per man; whereas the extremely objective group, the *tiger*-animal group, had averaged 92 sales per man. In other words, as one went from the extremely subjective scores to the extremely objective ones, the actual sales per man increased from 32 to 45 to 65, and finally to 92.

In work of this type, as in all research work, there are individual exceptions. In this particular experiment the outstanding salesman of the organization, the one whose sales were the highest of the group, scored subjective — not extremely so, but clearly on the subjective side. As one met him he was obviously of the sales type. Every indication showed him objective with the exception of the test, and I have no notion why he scored subjective, but he did. Yet the average sales of the subjective group of which he was one were only 45 per man — half the average of the extremely objective group.

It is these exceptions which interpose disheartening difficulties in applying the results of modern psychological tests to individuals. Yet at the same time the exceptions give the problem its fascination. One must use test results with care and judgment. Ten extremely objective men will almost certainly average higher sales than ten extremely subjective men with similar opportunities; but any given one of the former group may not be as successful in sales as any one of the latter. A sales manager who selects his force with the greatest possible care and good judgment, and at the same time hires only extremely objective men, will

invariably show higher average sales than a sales manager who uses only his own judgment and does not employ modern psychological methods. On the other hand, a sales manager who uses modern test results to replace his own judgment and his years of experience loses as much as he gains. Psychological tests can measure only here and there a valuable characteristic; they cannot as yet measure the whole integrated individual. Test results, therefore, indicate only a single factor in the total complex situation.

III

A second experiment with this same subjective-objective technique was to measure a group of foremen in a factory where there was what was called a plan of representation. This provided that any worker who felt that a foreman had been unfair in a decision could apply to a committee of six men and appeal the foreman's ruling. We divided the foreman group on the basis of the free-association-test results into subjective and objective halves. On going back over their records as foremen, we found that the subjective foremen had had twice as many complaints made against their decisions as the objective group.

Furthermore, on looking up each decision which had been made by the committee of six, we discovered that the decisions of the subjective foremen had been reversed 80 per cent of the time, while those of the objective group had been confirmed 70 per cent of the time. It is difficult for the subjective man to put himself instinctively in the place of another individual and to make a decision which seems fair to the latter or to others, whereas the objective man almost invariably sees the other man's point of view.

This distinction between a subjective and an objective attitude toward life applies only in dealing with other men, and apparently does not enter into the solution of engineering and scientific problems, or into the making of decisions which involve material facts. Most of the scientific group, most of the designing-engineering group, most of the research group, score subjective in this particular test, — often extremely so, — and yet these men see material facts objectively and impartially.

One hundred men, known to be successful laboratory research workers, scatter as individuals over the entire scoring scale, but cluster sufficiently at the subjective end to average, as a group, extremely subjective. One hundred designing engineers, and the professional groups as a whole, again scatter as individuals, but average subjective — not so extremely subjective as the research group, but distinctly more subjective than men in general. One hundred business executives scatter widely as individuals, but average objective; one hundred salesmen, especially the commission group, again scatter, but average extremely objective. That is, as one goes from the extremely subjective to the extremely objective end of the scale, one goes from the laboratory research worker to the designing engineer, to the executive, and finally to the salesman.

It is curious to note that this scale also corresponds to the order of frequency with which these four types of workers meet others. The research worker enters his laboratory in the morning, closes the door, sees no one during the day, and does better work than when jostled by others. The designing engineer and the professional man meet other individuals to some extent, and yet much of their work is isolated, away from the bustle of the world. The executive obviously

comes in contact with other individuals, not only singly, but in the mass; his work, however, is not by any means limited to contacts with people. The salesman's whole life consists of making new acquaintances.

IV

Of the seven mental traits[1] which, in the last ten or a dozen years, we have learned to measure and isolate from one another, this attitude toward life, at least in the mature man, is the easiest to recognize without test data. Yet even here one cannot always be certain. A man of thirty-five came to the Boston laboratory to try the tests. Over the telephone he had spoken in so low a voice that it was impossible to get his name. As he entered the laboratory he stood in the doorway waiting for us to make the first advance. Almost before we had started he apologized for having had very little schooling. I explained that a majority of the tests measure aptitudes and not knowledge, except in the case of vocabulary, and that while in this particular one he might be handicapped, he would not be in the others. He was still hesitant about bothering us and had all of the surface indications of the extremely subjective individual with a low vocabulary. He scored, however, extremely objective and made but four vocabulary errors, whereas the average Harvard graduate will make twenty-one in the same test. His sense of inferiority because of his lack of formal education had completely altered his surface mannerisms.

In the long run, over a period of years of floundering about, many, perhaps most, subjective men gravitate to subjective occupations, and most objective men to objective ones. But there are exceptions, wasted years, hopeless discouragements, augmented by the fact that during the school and college years the subjective and the objective types can be only uncertainly identified without modern psychological laboratory technique.

In measuring college students we expected to find the objective boy holding a majority of the class offices and joining fraternities more often than his subjective companion, and playing more striking parts in all activities. We expected, in other words, to find the objective student acting the same part in school and college as in his later career. To our surprise, there was little difference in external actions

[1] The seven mental traits which we have learned to measure are: —

1. Personality — the distinction between the objective, sales, executive type and the subjective, research, and designing-engineering type described in this article.

2. Tonal memory — a gift for carrying in mind musical themes which have been heard. It is interesting because there is some slight relationship between tonal memory and vocabulary. The better the tonal memory, the larger the number of words which an individual is likely to remember.

3. Engineering aptitude — a gift for visualizing three-dimensional structure. This trait is fundamental to success in engineering, architecture, surgery, and the higher types of mechanical work.

4. Clerical aptitude — a gift for grasping the significance of figures, essential to success in accounting and banking.

5. Tweezer dexterity — characteristic of surgeons and assemblers of miniature instruments. Some would not care to classify this as a mental element, but we do because it seems to be a distinct trait, having no relation to the others.

6. Finger dexterity — which for some queer reason has practically no relation to tweezer dexterity. The ability to use one's fingers seems to be quite independent of the ability to use a small tool, such as a pair of tweezers.

7. Creative imagination.

An eighth element (inductive reasoning) and a ninth (visual memory) we have evidence exist, but we have not yet been able to isolate them completely and measure them as accurately as the others. In all, there are about fifteen elements of which we have gained some knowledge, and probably many more which we have not yet been able even to approximate. — AUTHOR

between the subjective and the objective youth in this period. After graduation, those who scored objective as freshmen drift one by one into executive and sales and group-contact positions, whereas those who originally tested subjective become designing engineers and scientific research workers — that is, *individual workers* in contradistinction to *group workers*. There is something about the school and college atmosphere which makes it difficult to tell from a boy's activities whether he should have the type of training valuable to a successful sales and business executive or that type most valuable to a technical and individual worker.

Even high marks in a business course do not differentiate the objective from the subjective personality. We have recently measured the student body in a well-known business administration course, and, upon collating the free-association scores with school success, have found both objective and subjective types doing equally well. The extremely objective student receives good marks because he is the type for whom the course was organized and for whom it is conducted. He adapts himself readily to the executive situations discussed. The extremely subjective boy does equally well by a different mental approach. He is the studious type, the individual worker, who gets high marks by constant reading and persistent study. Those who test between the extremes do less well. A graph showing the personality score plotted across the bottom, extremely subjective to the left, extremely objective to the right, and school marks vertically, is U-shaped; the two extremes stand high scholastically — for totally different reasons, however. Although in every field of human endeavor there is room for both sales and research efforts, from the measures which we have made of successful executives it would seem as if the extremely subjective boy, who has no particular interest in business and no definite position awaiting him, would, despite high marks in a business course, be better off in one of the professions or in a research atmosphere.

V

One extremely subjective freshman in such a course asked me to tell him the duties of an executive. He said: 'I am studying business, and planning to be an executive, but I have no idea what an executive does. I hardly know what the word means. And although I realize that I shall find out in the next four years of college work, I begin already to feel that I am in the wrong place.'

'But why did you come to this particular school to take this course with so little knowledge of what it is all about?'

'My chum was coming, and we have always been together' — an all too frequent answer.

Not many years ago, as one counts historical time, most sons followed in the footsteps of their fathers. The son of a silversmith became a silversmith; the son of a mason learned to be a mason. The practice had distinct advantages. Under this arrangement a boy had an excellent opportunity to see in advance something of his father's work. From the beginning he studied with a specific aim in view. Furthermore, a boy tended to inherit some of his father's characteristics, to resemble him in enough respects to be suited, to some extent at least, for his father's work.

To-day, too many fathers are themselves out of place for their choice to serve as a criterion for their sons. How, then, is a boy to choose? It is impos-

sible for him to learn enough about each occupation, its requirements, its satisfactions, its rewards, to make an intelligent decision. Must this vital choice forever be left to mere chance, as it too often is to-day? I think not.

Manufacturers have learned, in building an automobile, to use one metal for the cylinders, another for the piston rings, another for the filament of the headlights, and still another for the windings of the instruments. They do not attempt to make cylinders of copper, or piston rings of cast iron, or filaments of steel, or instrument windings of tungsten. They have even learned that chemical elements out of place are not only useless but harmful. Sulphur, an essential ingredient in the manufacture of matches, they eliminate with the most painstaking care from certain types of steel. Each part of every mechanism makes special demands which are best satisfied by some particular combination of chemical elements, and almost every known element or combination has its place and is of value if correctly used.

There is to-day little waste of materials in industry; and yet there is still a vast amount of human waste in every department of life. Many of the largest colleges boast of the fact that they cull out 50 per cent of their freshmen as human scrap before the class reaches its senior year. The standard of many an organization which deals with human beings is judged by the percentage of human scrap which it produces: the greater the percentage, the higher its standing, although the same organization would not dream of allowing an equal waste of mere materials. Both colleges and the world must learn not only that each occupation has its individual requirements, but that every human being has his specialized function. It is with the aim of helping each individual to steer himself toward that position in which he will be most valuable to society, and where he can at the same time make use of his complete range of aptitudes, that modern psychological tests are being developed.

VI

How can a boy or girl profit by such tests? A school system which is handling annually tens of thousands of youngsters is at the moment appealing to us for some type of group test which will help guide this vast army, many of whom have not the slightest idea what they want to make of their future lives. We have been at work on this problem of group administration for several years, and with the exception of the English vocabulary test, which will be mentioned incidentally later in the article, and which measures an acquired characteristic, not an inherent trait, we have succeeded in devising no valid group measures. This particular free-association personality test cannot in its present state of development be given accurately to groups of students.

My own feeling is that for the safety of the youngster to be tested, who would probably be unduly influenced by the results, psychological tests in their present stage of development should be given only in a psychological laboratory devoting itself exclusively to what is now called psychometrics — that is, the science of psychological measurements. At present, tests should not be given as a part of the school curriculum, for three reasons.

First, most psychological tests must be given to individuals, not to groups; and they are extremely difficult to administer accurately. The administrator must be able through his experience to put each youngster at ease. The slightest feeling of nervousness

or uneasiness destroys completely the value of the results. Fifteen or twenty minutes, or even half an hour with some persons, must be spent in giving a background of test development, arousing an interest before any test is administered. In describing the free-association test at the beginning of this article, I gave only the single word 'tiger' as an illustration. Actually one hundred such words are used. To administer the test successfully, the administrator must know by heart these stimuli, and, in addition, most of the common responses, and must be on the alert for the many possible misunderstandings. The words must be read at the rate of about one every two seconds, and the answer to each recorded without a break in the even flow of the test. Yet the rate of speed should depend on the individual who is being tested; the words must not be read too rapidly, or nervousness will appear, and they must not be read too slowly, or the responses will become premeditated replies rather than spontaneous reactions. Even an adept at giving the free-association test should never give any one test alone, because of the importance of interpreting the results in relation to the whole individual. I have seen many youngsters hopelessly and needlessly discouraged by having been given the result of a single test.

Few schools feel that they can afford a full-time trained psychologist, and even these few cannot always give him a sufficiently wide range of testing experience to keep him in touch with contemporary research, which in these early years of the work is continually changing procedures and results. Ultimately, no doubt, testing will be done by the schools, but it is still too largely in the experimental stage to separate it safely from the research work.

The second reason why tests should not be given as part of the school curriculum is that, even with perfect administration, the interpretation of the test is so difficult that it demands a real interest on the part of the youngster and his parents. Experience has shown that at present this can be more easily gained by a laboratory organization working in conjunction with the school, perhaps even at the school but apart from it, and by one which tests only such individuals as are themselves interested.

The third reason for the use of a psychological laboratory for testing is the fact that the future accuracy of the work will depend directly upon the amount of follow-up work which can be done. It is difficult, if not impossible, for individual high schools to follow individual pupils into many different preparatory schools and colleges, and then into a wide variety of occupations. Laboratories are organized to do this accurate follow-up work through a long period of years, and thereby to improve continually the tests and their interpretations.

With these needs in mind, Stevens Institute of Technology has organized two Human Engineering Laboratories, which were described in a former *Atlantic Monthly* article,[2] one on its own campus in Hoboken, and the other in Boston, open to any boy or girl fourteen years of age or older; and in addition an engineering summer camp for boys who have completed the junior year of high or preparatory school and have not yet taken senior year.

At what age should such tests be taken? Preferably at fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. We are testing, occasionally, at twelve and thirteen, and hope within a few years to know more

[2] 'Taking a Man's Measure,' in the June 1931 issue. — EDITOR

about these ages; but at the present time our norms for these ages are not fully reliable.

VII

An avalanche of questions now assail one, most of them at the moment unanswerable. Is the difference in personality between various types of successful men and women an acquired trait, or is it inherent in the individual, perhaps inherited? Does it change with age? Can the subjective boy become objective by forcing himself into a sales position? Or can the objective boy become subjective? Can the boy who wishes to be a salesman or an executive cultivate objectivity? Can the prospective research worker acquire subjectivity? All that we have been able to do is to gather a certain amount of circumstantial evidence which would seem to indicate that this or that attitude toward life is deeply ingrained in one's essential nature, an integral part of the complexity which we call personality, and that it is already fixed early in the teens.

Not long ago there came to me a man of perhaps forty-five, out of a job because of the depression. He had been a success in selling, a leader in his field, but he wished to be tested to see whether he should go on attempting to find another sales job. There was doubt in his mind, and he wanted outside evidence. He scored extremely subjective, the non-sales type. He had a strong physique, an outstanding personality, a will to succeed. He had become a leader in sales work because of his willingness to apply himself to it and his overwhelming ambition; but as he grew older his youthful energy began to diminish, he was anxious to let down a little, he began to dread keeping up indefinitely the output of energy which was required of him. He was clearly out of place, and was finding himself in an increasingly uncongenial atmosphere.

The youth who leaves school or college with ambition and energy and vitality can always succeed. The question is not as to the first five years, but as to whether ten or fifteen years from then he will have made for himself a place of importance in the world, and will be increasingly happy in it. If a career in salesmanship develops this aspect of personality, the man who has worked for years in a sales environment and has steeped himself in its atmosphere should score objective in our test; yet the man I have just mentioned scored extremely subjective, and instinctively felt himself out of place. It would seem from this one case that environment does not alter this aspect of personality; but one instance is not proof.

We have measured men and women ranging in age from fourteen to forty, and from our present records there is no change in the average objectivity of each age. If objectivity is an acquired attitude, it would seem as if men of forty should be more objective in their attitude toward life than boys of fourteen or sixteen or eighteen. Yet such is not the case, when the test is actually applied to these ages. It may be that certain subjective boys of fourteen become objective as they grow older, but, if so, the same number of objective boys must become subjective in order that the average of the group shall not change. It may be that the groups of each age which we have measured are not unselected, or not sufficiently large to represent the true conditions. The results are based on only 1500 individuals. We have now measured 4000 to 6000 more, and we are going over our records and reëxamining the change of this aspect of personality with age, but the detailed work involved is enormous, and the results are not yet tabulated.

From our completed analysis, however, of 1500 tests, it appears that one's attitude toward life does not change with age.

If a subjective attitude toward life is an acquired characteristic, it would seem as if individuals who have had physical defects from early childhood, and children whose parents died early and who have, in consequence, been brought up by relatives rather than in a normal home atmosphere, might by these conditions be made sensitive and more subjective in their attitude than more fortunate persons. But those of this type whom we have measured, although their number is not large, show the same average objectivity as an unselected group.

With one group of normal persons, we readministered the test at the end of two years and found comparatively little change, not enough to suggest that this attitude toward life is an acquired characteristic affected by environment. We are this year readministering the test to a group whom we originally tested nearly four years ago. This should throw further light on the change of the characteristics over a period of four years.

VIII

From the work which we have thus far done it seems best, if one is to meet life successfully, not to try to change one's personality. Neither the subjective nor the objective personality is better than the other. Each has its own bailiwick, its own function in life. It is when one of the individuals attempts to assume the characteristics of the other that difficulties begin.

Not long ago I tested a fourteen-year-old youngster who, as he came into the laboratory, knocked loudly at the door, opened it without waiting for a response, rushed across the room, and shook hands heartily. I said to myself instantly, 'A subjective boy gone wrong.' He tested true to our expectations, extremely subjective, giving not one single objective response, but he was trying hard to be the hail-fellow-well-met type. He had been sent in by a school because he was always getting into difficulties; he was always the goat of every joke. He did poorly in all his studies, not, I believe, for lack of real ability, but because his mind was more set upon making a good impression than upon actually doing well the job in hand.

Several years ago I encountered the first boy of this type whom I had recognized as such. He was in a school which takes a keen interest in every boy as an individual problem, and bit by bit the headmaster urged him to stop play-acting and to become frankly the quiet, retiring student. His room was changed so that he could live alone, instead of with another boy. In the next two years, until graduation, his work and his personality both improved. Too often the subjective person who tries to be objective overdoes it. He becomes too obviously the back-slapping, glad-hand type, and one instinctively feels the insincerity of the pose.

There is, apparently, one sound way by which the subjective person who wishes to do it can more or less obliterate the distinction between himself and the objective type. This is by acquiring a large English vocabulary, a trait quite distinct from personality. In one successful sales organization, which, as a whole, scored low in English vocabulary, we found not a single subjective individual. In another similar sales organization, which scored higher in vocabulary, we found an occasional extremely subjective but successful salesman. In a third sales group, which averaged still higher in

vocabulary, higher as a whole than college graduates, we found many subjective men successful in selling. The higher the vocabulary, the less difference we have found between sales success of the subjective and of the objective types.

The best solution, however, seems to be not to try to alter one's personality, but rather to seek that field of work, or that particular type of work in one's own field of interest, for which one's attitude toward life is an asset, not a handicap. If one is objective, this indicates salesmanship, executive work, or a business career. Boys who score objective should take positions which will throw them in contact with other men, where their personality is an asset. They should get the type of training while they are still in school and college which will be of most value to the group-contact kind of man.

One who is subjective should select law, medicine, designing engineering, scientific research, or individual creative work of some nature. Boys who score subjective should fit themselves for positions where individuality counts, and where the lone worker is most successful. The subjective man seldom ventures an opinion unless he knows every fact; to express himself with certainty, he must have many times the background of the objective business man, who is often forced to make a decision with less knowledge of the essentials than would satisfy the subjective nature. For this reason the subjective boy would be wise to specialize, in order that he may know his own field thoroughly. He should get as sound a technical training as possible in the subjects which interest him, in order that he may have sufficient knowledge to express his opinion with force and conviction, and take pleasure in his accomplishments.

CHEAP BREAD AND COSTLY BRAINS

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

I

PERHAPS the most hackneyed saying in the literature of American education is the definition of a college as 'Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other.' This epigram has been used innumerable times during the past thirty years as a protest against mass education. Educators utilize it in their speeches and writings to drive home the idea that college education ought to aim at the closest individual contact between instructor and student. Those who want college enrollments kept down pounce upon it as a gospel text. Likewise those who urge the merits of preceptorial and tutorial instruction, or the division of college classes into small sections, have found this aphorism exactly what they want. It has become one of our natural-born pietisms — like the proposition that all men are created equal and that the office should seek the man, which it never does.

But age and reiteration do not make truth out of falsehood. Educators have been taking too much liberty with this epigram. They have turned its implications end for end, and pointed them in the wrong direction. It is time for someone to protest that there is no historical basis for the log definition as it is customarily used, nor was it ever intended to point the moral which is invariably drawn from it nowadays. In this instance there has happened what too often happens when a short paragraph is cut out of its context and passed along from pen to pen for a couple of generations. Its author, were he to rise up and reappear among us, would be amazed to find his words doing service on behalf of educational practices which he did not have in mind at all.

Thirty years ago I had the good fortune to serve for a time as an instructor in history at Williams College. It was my privilege to live in the house which Mark Hopkins had occupied during part of his term as president of Williams, for it was then in use as a faculty club. One stormy winter evening, as I idled in front of the fireplace which had been his, it occurred to me to wonder whether the famous log, of which I had heard so much, was being properly preserved in a museum as it ought to be. Or was it being left as a prey to the wintry blasts outside? Come to think of it, this landmark had never been pointed out to me, along with the haystack monument and various other things of historical interest in the little college town. Was the log merely a figment of someone's imagination, a myth like Washington's cherry tree, to which, indeed, it might be distantly related?

At any rate, as a fledgling doctor of philosophy, just emerged from a sound pummeling in the methods of historical research at Harvard, it seemed appropriate to go and find out just when

and where and how this whole log business originated. Even if the outcome did not add one tittle to the sum of human knowledge, it would demonstrate my fidelity to the cult of research, which has been defined as the art of taking things out of old books which nobody has ever read and putting them into a new book which nobody is ever going to read. So why not find out when, by whom, and under what provocation a college was defined as the head and tail of a fallen tree with a dialogue in between.

II

The quest, as matters turned out, proved neither difficult nor prolonged, for it quickly appeared that James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, was the author of the famous definition. But apparently he did not launch it in any such ambiguous form as had become traditional. A volume by B. A. Hinsdale, entitled *President Garfield and Education*, published in 1882, provided me with a direct quotation from an address made by General Garfield to the Williams alumni of New York City at a banquet there in 1871. The General was then a member of Congress, and had not yet become a dark-horse candidate for the Presidency.

Here was what seemed to be the passage from which, by a liberal amount of trimming and torturing, the illustrious epigram had been adduced: '*I am not willing that this discussion should close,*' said Garfield on this occasion to his fellow Williams men, '*without mention of the value of a true teacher. Give me a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins at one end and I at the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus and libraries without him.*'

Not a log at all, but a log hut. And not a plea for the individualizing of instruction, but for a recognition of the teacher as the core of the academic community. James Russell Lowell expressed the same idea when he wrote that 'the fame and glory of a college depend on the teachers who teach therein.' Not a protest against mass education, moreover, but against the setting of undue emphasis upon buildings and apparatus to the neglect of those apostles of light who, like Mark Hopkins, were striving to pass the torch of learning to new generations. Usage, it would seem, had been sanctifying a misapprehension by attributing to General Garfield something that was not in his mind at all.

What was the circumstance that drew from him this tribute to the idol of his undergraduate days? It was the fact that a preceding speaker at the banquet had discoursed at length upon the backwardness of the physical Williams and the need for money with which to erect new buildings. Most of this speech had been addressed to that theme, as has so often been the case at gatherings of college alumni.

When Garfield was called upon he assented briefly to what had been said. Good buildings were worth having, he agreed. But he protested against the assumption that they were the chief collegiate objective, and insisted that capable professors were far more important to the effectiveness of a college. Men, not bricks and mortar, made a seat of learning, as he saw it. No amount of material apparatus would atone for the lack of them. Referring to his own college days, General Garfield declared that no array of buildings would have given him the amount of intellectual stimulus which he had 'received from the faculty and particularly from the president.'

Virtually the whole address, in fact, was a plea for the recognition of the

faculty, not the campus, as the supremely important thing in any collegiate community. Somewhat differing versions of Garfield's exact language at the dinner have been given by various Williams alumni who heard him, but they all agree that his words were meant as a warning against bestowing too much attention upon the outward paraphernalia of education and too little upon the men who bear the burden and heat of the day.

It was a timely admonition, because the entire country, in 1871, was having an interlude of prosperity (which came to an abrupt end two years later), and every American college was trying to keep pace with it in a material way. Buildings were going up, but not professorial salaries. There were some who felt that Williams was dropping behind the procession. General Garfield took a different view. He was not anxious to have his Alma Mater join the others in philandering after a false goddess.

III

Nor was this banquet in 1871 the only occasion on which the General championed the same idea. A year later, as his more recent and comprehensive biography points out, he reiterated the conviction that the chief efforts made in behalf of the college should be directed 'not so much to halls and buildings as to increased endowment for paying professors, for making tuition as nearly free as possible, and for putting the cost of living within the reach of students whose means are most slender.' 'So long as Williams College,' he continued, 'can offer salaries which will command and retain the very best teaching talent of the country, she will offer a far greater attraction to thoughtful and ambitious students than any splendor of her architecture or richness of her cabinets and libraries. . . . I believe, then, that the two great supports of the college are *cheap bread and costly brains*.'[1]

A clarion sentiment, this, and just as timely to-day as when it was written, sixty years ago. Cheap bread and costly brains! What better objective could any board of trustees set up to-day as the unified goal of all their ideals and purposes? Most of them, unhappily, are not doing anything of the kind. In too many of our universities, colleges, and schools to-day the aim seems rather to be more and more costly classroom buildings to shelter a large and still larger assortment of immature brains that are hired at the minimum market price, whatever that happens to be. Anyone can point you to half-million-dollar academic structures, here and there all over the country, wherein two-thousand-dollar instructors are wearily quizzing small groups of listless undergraduates through their daily routine.

Too often an excessive proportion of the general college endowment is consumed in the maintenance of these expensive structures, so that there is not enough left to provide instruction above the level of mediocrity. Then, when an economic depression like the present one comes, and the income from endowment falls off, it is instruction and research that have to bear the brunt of retrenchment. A college can let instructors go, but not buildings. Thus it is that for every unendowed, non-revenue-producing building which a college erects, the faculty pays. It pays through the diversion of funds which would be available to maintain salaries when the rainy days arrive. It pays through the curtailment of funds that would be available for research if they were not so

[1] Theodore Clarke Smith, *Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield* (2 vols., New York, 1925), Vol. II, p. 813.—AUTHOR

urgently needed for the maintenance of plant. It pays through the reduction of appropriations for the purchase of library books, for, although the library is the heart of the college, these book-purchase appropriations are sometimes among the first to suffer when economizing becomes imperative.

At any rate, the saying on which the much-quoted 'log' definition of a college is based was primarily a protest against overvaluing plant and undervaluing personnel. It had no relation whatever to the value of individual instruction as against the practice of teaching students in large classes. Nothing could have been farther from General Garfield's mind than to promulgate the notion that the instruction given to him by Mark Hopkins was effective in inverse ratio to the number of students who assembled in the professor's classroom. He knew full well that this illustrious teacher could stamp his impress, and would have used methods adapted to his end, no matter how many or how few undergraduates were listening in. He was therefore concerned with the eminence and capacity of the teacher, not with the number of students taught. And quite naturally so, for Garfield had received no individual instruction from Mark Hopkins, there being no provision for it in his day. Great teachers rarely have small classes. If they are small at the outset, they do not stay so.

Mark Hopkins was not a tutor in the Oxford sense. He had a well-filled classroom, not only because he was a great teacher, but for the additional reason that attendance was compulsory. In Garfield's day he taught Evidences of Christianity, Logic, and Intellectual Philosophy. In addition, he preached one sermon to each class. Occasionally he gave a synoptic lecture at his home and invited students to it, and once in a while he asked some of his best students to hold a forum there; but Charles E. Harwood of Upland, California, the oldest living alumnus of Williams College, is my authority for the statement that individual students had little or no personal contact with Mark Hopkins unless they were called on the carpet by the president for some infraction of the rules. He could recall no occasion, during his four years at Williams, when the president met any of his students in a purely social way. On the other hand, Professor Albert Hopkins, a much less famous brother, was in very intimate contact with the undergraduates and received both their admiration and their affection in large measure. Mr. Harwood, whose recollections of these days are still perfectly clear, was graduated from Williams in the class of 1852. That was two years before General Garfield entered Williams as a freshman.

IV

In his physical frame Mark Hopkins was tall, rather gaunt, and awkward. His countenance, in later life, was strikingly like that of Gladstone, the great commoner. But he had what Gladstone lacked, a sense of humor. Among Williams graduates of the mid-century era there seems to have been general agreement that he was not a man of much originality, or one who had read widely. His point of view was strictly fundamentalist. He found Emerson 'distasteful and shocking.' To his classes he prescribed reading in Butler, Paley, and other exceedingly dry textbooks, some of which were from his own pen. For Mark Hopkins managed to produce each year a great many arid pages of print. Nevertheless it is by everyone conceded that his teaching was amazingly effective. In his time there was none to equal him. Years ago I talked with many of his old

students, and they were unanimous in their praise of his classroom skill.

The reason, so far as I could discover from these conversations, lay in his extraordinarily adroit use of the Socratic method. He rarely lectured in any formal way, although he could both lecture and preach in powerful fashion when he tried. In this avoidance of formal lectures he was wise, but not because the lecture method is so deficient a medium of instruction, at all times and in all subjects, as some educational reformers would have us believe. A more serious objection to it is the inducement which this method gives the teacher to go on, year after year, presenting his material in the same way without any new infusion of freshness or vigor.

Some years ago, at Harvard, I knew a much-beloved colleague who had been long in the service of the University, so long that several sons of his former students were to be found in his lecture room. One day he noticed an undergraduate lolling in the front row, taking no notes of the lecture, and, in fact, unprovided with the paraphernalia of note-taking. Calling the young man to the desk at the close of the hour, the professor said to him: —

'I see that you do not take notes of my lectures. Do you think that you can learn the subject that way?'

'Oh, it's all right,' replied the cheerful undergraduate. 'I have a fine set of notes. I have my father's notes. He was here way back in the nineties!'

The Mark Hopkins method was to give out a short lesson in advance; then, when the class assembled, it was for a frank, thorough, and informal discussion of this lesson. Most of these classroom discussions had to do with fundamental questions of moral conduct on which there was room for divergence of opinion — such questions, for example, as 'Is it ever justifiable to tell a lie?' 'Can anyone be saved by faith alone?' 'Is the law of love the highest law?' In addition, any member of the class could propose a topic for controversy.

One day, when Mr. Harwood was taking the course, a student asked Mark Hopkins to indicate who would go to Heaven. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'whether this one or that one will go. But whoever would be likely to feel at home in Heaven will be found there when the time comes.' That kind of answer was likely to stay in the student's mind — as it has done in this instance for eighty years.

Much emphasis was placed on the habit of daily reading. Mark Hopkins did not require his students to read much, but he insisted that the reading be done regularly and thoughtfully, with time for reflection upon it. Such reading is of great and enduring value. *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* 'It softens the manners of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarians.' The results, it may be surmised, were a good deal better than those obtained from our present-day fashion of giving the undergraduates their assignments of reading in homeopathic doses and often in ephemeral books that will never speak aloud for future times to hear.

Best of all, Mark Hopkins had a ready tolerance for opinions which differed from his own, and he welcomed the free expression of them. Three fourths of every hour in his classroom were devoted to questions, answers, and argumentative discussion. To procure a clash of minds was his principal objective, and he usually attained it before the hour neared its close. Then, when he had aroused the class to an adequate pitch of controversy, he usually gave a summing up in which he sometimes let the students know his own beliefs, but more often enjoined them to go home and cogitate

further upon what they had heard. His intellectual cupboard was well stocked with bones of contention which he seemed always to bring out and throw into the arena at the right moment.

V

Numerous traditions regarding what might be called the pedagogic magnetism of Mark Hopkins persisted in the Williams circle long after the great teacher had passed to his reward. It was said, for example, that when he absent-mindedly forgot to come to his class, as infrequently happened, his students would send a delegation to ferret him out and fetch him. This tradition did not exactly square with undergraduate habits as I had encountered them, and the ways of youth have been much the same in all ages. So, on one occasion when I encountered a Williams graduate of the sixties, I asked him about this 'find and fetch him' story.

'Yes, it's quite true,' he replied. 'Very often the old master would get us all worked up over some question based upon Butler's *Analogy* or Paley's *Evidences*, or his own *Law of Love and Love as a Law*. Then, at the close of the hour, he would dismiss us with a promise to give his categorical Yes or No at the next meeting of the class. Forthwith we would proceed to lay small wagers on what that decision would be, and sometimes quite a bit of small change would be in the pool. Of course we sent for Mark Hopkins when he failed to show up. We wanted those bets settled.'

I was sorry to see a pleasing tradition bowled over in this way, although it strengthened my belief that the age of collegiate miracles was past, even in Mark Hopkins's day.

Nevertheless, a teacher who could stir the interest of his students to a point where his opinions were worth a wager must have been a teacher truly great. Mark Hopkins was unquestionably a master of dialectic.

For it is one thing to get an argument started and another to keep it going. The latter is a fine art. Hopkins seems to have taken a genuine delight in seeing some of his brightest boys on the wrong side of every question. But this method of teaching certainly did not lend itself to the individual instruction of students, one by one, at the end of a log or otherwise. It had no kinship with what we now call tutorial instruction or conferences between young instructors and individual students.

When James Abram Garfield sat in Mark Hopkins's classroom, back in the middle fifties, there must have been forty or more students in it. It was not what they studied, or what they learned, or how many of them tried to learn it in the same classroom at the same time — it was none of these things that made the impression on him. What impressed Garfield was the calibre of the man who sat at the professor's desk.

And that is where more emphasis should be placed by the colleges to-day, for there is no substitute for men in the process of education. Simple surroundings, student life on a modest scale, rooms and board at prices within reach of those who come from humble homes, low tuition fees, and high-priced professors — these are the things that constituted Garfield's picture of the ideal college community and drew from him his homely definition of it to the Williams alumni in 1871. And this ideal of 'cheap bread and costly brains,' rather than the mere individualizing of instruction without any regard to cost or quality, is the one that our colleges ought to hold before themselves if they have a genuine desire to emulate Mark Hopkins and his log.

THE AMERICAN MONKEY WRENCH

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

AMERICAN foreign policy has been defined endlessly since George Washington objected to entangling alliances except in the pursuit of commerce. Occasionally the definition invokes the artistry of the humorist, as when John Hay justified American imperialism on the Pacific; often it has sought a religious sanction, such as the prayers of President McKinley when he decided on the annexation of the Philippines and slept soundly for the rest of the night. Then again there was the Dollar Diplomacy of Philander Knox, who responded to the inspiration of railroads and concessions, or the high moral sanctions of Woodrow Wilson, who strove to make the world good by treaty.

Throughout the documentation of the American foreign policy runs the thread of Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine, the Most-Favored-Nation Clause, and the Open-Door Policy in the Far East. But often the pattern of the thread is barely visible, for the policy changes as the world moves on. It is affected by all the accidental factors of economics and politics, by geographical conditions, by the outcome of wars, by the pursuit of trade, by the idiocy of politicians and the ignorance of the masses.

The American policy in the Pacific was refocused in 1905, for instance, not because Russia was defeated by Japan, but because Japan's international position was altered after the United States had become an imperialistic power in the Pacific by the annexation of the Philippines. The American policy toward Russia was revised after the Communist Revolution, not because the Bolsheviks repudiated their debts (for who has not?), but because Americans dislike 'Reds.' These incidental concomitants of national policy, fundamental and far-reaching as their effects may be, do not appear in the official gloss, nor are they ever incorporated in the treaties. Yet they represent the facts in American policy much more, for instance, than an evasion of entanglements. For, curiously enough, this country was entangled even before it became a nation; it was indubitably entangled when Lafayette and his countrymen helped defeat King George and his Hessians.

I

The objectives of American policy are difficult to disinter from the verbiage of diplomacy. What is it that the American people seek in their intercourse with their neighbors? Surely not the protection of boundaries and the maintenance of territorial integrity. The boundaries of the United States are nowhere endangered by an unfriendly neighbor, nor are the outlying possessions — Alaska, the Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands, the Philippines, Samoa, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Guam — in peril of seizure and occupation.

Nor is any part of the United States in rebellion so that a foreign foe might step in, as we have done in Central America, to guarantee the success of revolution. The boundaries are safe; the territory intact.

No policy of action is required to maintain permanently this blessed condition. The geography of the American continents has preserved the United States from the frontier problems which beset every European state and which are now asserting themselves in the East of Asia. That insistence upon security which actuates France and Japan and the secession states of Europe evokes no sympathetic response in the United States. For this country is secure by the grace of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

If, then, American foreign policy is not designed to make boundaries secure, is it not perhaps actuated by the pursuit of trade? Yet every fact of political conduct repudiates such a motive. High tariffs set up definitely to stop trade, a strict adhesion to the 'most-favored-nation clause' which makes reciprocal trade agreements impossible, an unwillingness to provide credit for specific trade purposes, an irritating, arbitrary procedure of imposing political limitations upon good customers in the interest of dubious ones — these attitudes are not consistent with a foreign policy designed to foster trade.

Take the Far East as an example. Mr. Stimson's policy seems to have had the following purposes: —

1. To support China as against Japan in international councils.

2. To erect every possible impediment to Japan's expansion in Manchuria.

3. To declare a permanent policy of non-recognition of any political change in Manchuria at any time under any circumstances.

Short of a declaration of war, this is the most aggressive and belligerent attitude adopted by one power toward another in recent diplomacy. Mr. Stimson's position is by no means a temporary one, for the Republican platform has fully adopted it and has declared it to be continuous should Mr. Hoover be reëlected. In this platform appear the following paragraphs: —

> The President and his Secretary of State have maintained throughout the controversy a just balance between Japan and China, taking always a firm position to avoid entanglement in the dispute, but consistently upholding the established international policies and the treaty rights and interests of the United States, and never condoning developments that endangered the obligation of treaties or the peace of the world. . . .
>
> As a further step the Secretary of State, upon the instruction of the President, adopted the principle, later enlarged upon in his letter to the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, that this government would not recognize any situation, treaty, or agreement brought about between Japan and China by force and in defiance of the covenants of the Kellogg Pact.
>
> This principle, associated as it is with the name of President Hoover, was later adopted by the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva as a rule for the conduct of all those governments. The principle remains to-day as an important contribution to international law and a significant moral and material barrier to prevent a nation obtaining the fruits of aggressive warfare. It thus opens a new pathway to peace and order.
>
> We favor enactment by Congress of a measure that will authorize our government to call or participate in an international conference in case of any threat of nonfulfillment of Article 2 of the Treaty of Paris (Kellogg-Briand Pact).

According to President Garfield of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown,

the gist of this plank was planned by a group of gentlemen in Boston who had taken steps to facilitate its acceptance by both political parties. Every idea in this plank is a threat at Japan. From it one might suppose that the trade of Japan is worthless to the United States, while the trade of China is of paramount importance. Yet the fact is just the opposite: American investments in Japan amount to $450,000,000; in China, to $250,000,000. Japan's trade with the United States amounted in 1931 to $318,589,000; China's trade with the United States, to $188,000,000. If American foreign policy were even remotely influenced by trade considerations, Mr. Stimson's attitude toward Japan should have been one of conciliation even when there was a difference of opinion, particularly as Japan's imperialistic activities in Manchuria gave every indication of leading to a vast railroad construction policy in Manchuria from which the United States could profit by the sale of steel rails and railroad equipment.

It is quite obvious that these considerations weighed lightly with the American Government which adopted an out-and-out anti-Japanese policy come what may. In contrast with the United States the British, who do pursue in China a trade policy, sought throughout the Sino-Japanese controversy to conciliate both countries. Great Britain has actually succeeded in winning the good will of both countries, and as soon as the Japanese withdrew from the Shanghai area this good will was turned to account by organizing a cartel called Dorman, Long and Associates, Ltd., which represents the principal industrialists in Great Britain. This group will operate in China and Manchuria. They will reap the reward of a realistic pursuit of trade as a national policy. No such cartel was organized in the United States, in spite of the urgent need for the cultivation of Far Eastern markets as a measure for the relief of American industry.

II

If, then, it is not trade that moves the United States in its intercourse with foreign countries, what is it? As indefinable as any emotion, it might be described as a religious sense of the right. It might be called the spirit of puritanism. It might be called a pursuit of goodness. As uncertain as purely ethical concepts are, the United States yet adheres to them. Confusing as 'justice,' 'right,' and 'propriety of conduct' may be to the realistic, the United States nevertheless acknowledges its suitability to act both as enunciator and as interpreter of what is just and right and proper. The rôle of Mr. Stimson, for instance, is a combination of the schoolmaster and the censor. He has told Japan what the right thing to do is and announces that he will spank Japan if she does the right thing in the wrong way or the wrong thing in the wrong way.

Assistant Secretary of State Castle, speaking before the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave just the tone that actuates American policy when he said: —

> To employ a bold simile, one might suggest that it is as silly to brand the Kellogg Pact as useless as it would be to brand the Ten Commandments as useless. Both have only the power of conscience to make them valid, but as no man would dare to say that the moral law, as transmitted to us by Moses, is useless, so no man has a right to say that this pledge of international peace is useless.
>
> It is true that legal punishment has been enacted for infringement of some of the moral laws of the Bible, and that this, although it has not added one whit to their

validity, has made men more fearful of transgression. So it may be that, granted the imperfection of human nature, there should be punishment for transgression of this international compact of peace.

One may be permitted to remember, as one catches his breath, that a Baptist college in China made it a rule that smoking cigarettes and stealing were equal crimes. This same spirit of the absolute right and wrong, even in violation of the mundane consequences of facts, events, statistics, moves American policy. In the pursuit of peace, we may smash countries; to achieve the right, we may drive millions to economic starvation and spiritual humiliation. One is tempted to recall Mr. Crisparkle's lecture to that great philanthropist, Mr. Honeythunder, in Dickens's *Edwin Drood:* —

'I decline to believe it, and you fall back upon your platform resource of proclaiming that I believe nothing; that because I will not bow down to a false god of your making, I deny the true God! Another time you make the platform discovery that war is a calamity, and you propose to abolish it by a string of twisted resolutions tossed into the air like the tail of a kite. I do not admit the discovery to be yours in the least, and I have not a grain of faith in your remedy. Again, your platform resource of representing me as reveling in the horrors of a battle-field like a fiend incarnate!'

It is the positiveness of this policy, which ignores everything but an arbitrary interpretation of ethics, that confuses other countries. Yet, if it were possible to know that the American interpretation of right would remain unchanged for a reasonable period, other countries might, from practical considerations, prepare their cases accordingly. But as there are in the United States a New England sense of right and a Middle-Western sense of right, a Wall Street sense of right and a Western Coast sense of right, who can know which of these will predominate at any given moment? Is Mr. Stimson right when he hooks us into the League, or Senator Borah when he keeps us out of it? Is Mr. Baker right when he would boycott Japan, or Mr. Lindsay Russell when he would trade with Japan? Is Mr. Hearst right when he would collect the last sou of the war debt, or Mr. Hoover, whose emissaries conversed with European diplomats in the hills and woods and paths of Lausanne informally about the prospects of cancellation?

This is not mere difference of opinion among honorable gentlemen; it is the natural confusion arising from the pursuit of policy which has no grounding in fact, no relationship to reality, no specific and definable aim, which is concerned only with the philosophic and undiplomatic concept of the 'good.'

III

It is this pursuit of the 'good' which has led American statesmen to surprise the world by sudden enunciations of policy. Breathlessly, stammering, the diplomats of the world have, since Wilson first hurled his League of Nations at Europe, fallen into line, for since the Great War they have been dependent upon American good will. Mr. Hoover's disarmament proposal this year was no more astonishing than Mr. Hughes's opening address at the Washington Conference. Invariably the tone is: 'This is what we want done, and, by heck, you'll do it.'

European and Asiatic diplomats often clearly see the outline of domestic policy in these sudden and perhaps whimsical proposals; yet, can they withstand American pressure openly? The proposal has been put on the cable wires; it has appeared in

thousands of newspapers; it speaks to the masses. It invariably advocates peace, and who shall oppose peace?

What European statesman dares frankly to tell his people that he will not support the American proposal for peace? Immediately the militant pacifists are on the job. Their publications are scattered in all languages. Their publicists deliver addresses, hand out interviews, write letters to the editor. The world is agog with agitation. Then the thing dies the death of all impractical suggestions, just as Mr. Hoover's Moratorium failed to save either Germany or reparations, just as Mr. Hoover's disarmament proposal failed to save the Geneva Conference. Given time, each impractical proposal which fails to take into account economic, social, and psychological realities falls first into desuetude and then dies without the benefit of an obituary.

Take, for example, the American proposal incorporated in the Covenant of the League. Nobody wanted such a Covenant except the United States; yet everyone solemnly adheres to it except the United States and Soviet Russia. This American proposal is a substitute for the European interstate treaties and alliances making for a balance of power. The United States, in the pursuit of the 'good,' found that these agreements among states led to war, and it desired to substitute universal international adherence to a code of conduct rather than to working agreements among states based upon their special conditions.

Yet, what have we to-day? The League almost involved the world in a war just as the Triple Entente and Triple Alliance were always doing. That there is no world war to-day is not due to the successful diplomacy of the League, but rather to Japanese forbearance and to secret Russo-Japanese and Franco-Japanese understandings, embodied not in secret treaties, which are illegal, but in secret conversations which are just as efficacious, perhaps even more so, since they can more easily be denied.

Soviet Russia is off entirely on her own, negotiating and signing non-aggression pacts. France, Germany, and Great Britain settle reparations among themselves, and France and Great Britain enter into a gentlemen's agreement concerning American war debts which is not a secret treaty nor an open one. Perhaps no end will come to this confusion until Von Papen's Franco-German Alliance shall be signed, bringing to an end forever the period of the Great War which oblique diplomacy has kept alive from 1920 to 1932.

Again, at the Washington Conference, no one faced facts except Sir Arthur Balfour. Here was a meeting to reduce the dangers of a Japanese-American war which was then in the offing. When the conference was over, Japan had lost the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was on the verge of losing the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, agreed to give up a domain in Shantung which she had taken from Germany as the spoils of war. The sacrifices of the United States were of a serious and important character from the American point of view. We sunk more ships than the others and we agreed not to fortify outlying possessions in the Pacific. In a word, we agreed not to fight Japan or to prepare for a war with Japan. From the point of view of the Japanese, these sacrifices were not astonishing, for they wondered why we ever wanted to fight Japan at all. Besides, they had witnessed the processes of American industrial efficiency during the Great War and realized that the United States can build ships and create fortifications with a speed

and effectiveness which to the Oriental Japanese are little short of marvelous. Japan still continues to tremble before her American neighbor and his temper.

What actually was accomplished at the Washington Conference was that rising Japan was shoved down to second place, and the United States gave China assurances that China could go along, in perpetuity, in revolution and chaos and disorder, and, no matter how long it took her to become a modern state, the United States would protect her. In his letter to Senator Borah, Mr. Stimson accurately portrayed the American policy when he said: —

> At the time this treaty was signed, it was known that China was engaged in an attempt to develop the free institutions of a self-governing republic after her recent revolution from an autocratic form of government; that she would require many years of both economic and political effort to that end; and that her progress would necessarily be slow. The treaty was thus a covenant of self-denial among the signatory powers in deliberate renunciation of any policy of aggression which might tend to interfere with that development.

Many countries in Central and South America have been attempting to 'develop the free institutions of a self-governing republic,' but no time was allowed them to make the slow progress that might be necessary for stability. Certainly Soviet Russia was seeking to 'develop free institutions' after 'her recent revolution from an autocratic form of government,' but no friendship was shown to Soviet Russia at any time during the 'many years of both economic and political effort to that end.' No consistency in policy is indicated by the Washington Conference treaties, no application of general principles which may be applied anywhere by any signatory to the Washington treaties. A special case is made out with regard to China and Japan, and a special treaty is signed by nine powers governing questions which could, quite properly, come within the purview of the Covenant of the League if the United States had not changed its mind about the League after it had imposed the League upon the world as an act of victory.

IV

The Kellogg-Briand Pact is an even better example of an unnecessary complication in the machinery of international intercourse. Though it is ballyhooed by the learned professors of world peace as a pronouncement from Heaven, it is difficult to see exactly what the excitement is about. Apparently it all started with an innocent pronouncement by M. Briand on the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the war. He said: —

> If there were need for those two great democracies [France and the United States] to give high testimony to their desire for peace and to furnish to other peoples an example more solemn still, France would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement tending 'to outlaw war,' to use an American expression, as between these two countries. The renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy is a conception already familiar to the signatories to the Covenant of the League of Nations and of the Treaties of Locarno.

France, in pursuit of security, wanted a treaty with the United States. Such a treaty seemed necessary to France only because the United States had not become a member of the League of Nations. In a word, it was France's desire that the United States should become part of the world peace machinery in some manner, by some step, so that France might enjoy a greater security.

Mr. Kellogg seized upon the idea

and immediately entered into correspondence with the principal powers. There was no conference, no discussion, no meeting to thrash out ideas. He addressed them a draft treaty and asked them to sign on the dotted line.

Immediately, questions arose which perhaps Mr. Kellogg had not anticipated. For instance, M. Claudel, the French Ambassador to Washington, said: —

> The American Government cannot be unaware of the fact that the great majority of the powers of the world, and among them most of the principal powers, are making the organization and strengthening of peace the object of common efforts carried on within the framework of the League of Nations. They are already bound to one another by a Covenant placing them under reciprocal obligations, as well as by agreements such as those signed at Locarno in October 1925, or by international conventions relative to guaranties of neutrality, all of which engagements impose upon them duties which they cannot contravene.

The British raised the question of self-defense. They said: —

> After studying the wording of Article I of the United States draft, His Majesty's Government do not think that its terms exclude action which a state may be forced to take in self-defense. Mr. Kellogg has made it clear in the speech . . . that he regards the right of self-defense as inalienable.

Then the British announced a Monroe Doctrine of their own, quite unmistakable in its language, applying clearly to the possessions and areas held imperialistically by Great Britain. Professor Shotwell has written learnedly in *War as an Instrument of National Policy* that this British Monroe Doctrine was intended to apply only to Egypt. Nothing in the language of Austen Chamberlain's note indicates Egypt or any other country. Professor Shotwell may, as the real author of the Pact, deduce Egypt, or he may have been told that Egypt was meant, but for the rest of the world there is only the frank paragraph which appears in the exchange of notes on the subject.

Japan made no reservations, except to repeat sentences from the French and British notes. Soviet Russia could not, however, avoid calling attention to the British Monroe Doctrine in caustic language: —

> Among the reservations made in the diplomatic correspondence between the original participants of the compact, especial attention of the Soviet Government is drawn by the reservation of the British Government in Paragraph 10 of its notes of May 19, this year. By virtue of this reservation the British Government reserves a freedom of action toward a series of regions which it does not even enumerate. If it means provinces already belonging to the British Empire or its Dominions, they are already included in the compact in which are foreseen cases of their being attacked, so that the reservation of the British Government regarding them must seem at least superfluous.
>
> However, if other regions are meant, the participants of the compact are entitled to know exactly where the freedom of action of the British Government begins and where it ends. But the British Government reserves freedom of action not only in case of military attack on these regions but even at any 'unfriendly act' of so-called 'interference,' while it obviously reserves the right to an arbitrary definition of what is considered an 'unfriendly act' of 'interference,' justifying commencement of military action on the part of the British Government.
>
> Recognition of such a right of the British Government would mean justification of war and could be a contagious example also for the other participants to the compact who, in virtue of their equality, might take the same right regarding other regions, and in result perhaps there would be no such place on the terrestrial globe regarding which the compact could be applied. Indeed, the reservation of the British Govern-

ment contains an invitation addressed to every other participant to act as exempt from this exaction here and in other regions.

This reservation the Soviet Government cannot but consider as an attempt to use the compact itself as an instrument of imperialistic policy.

Soviet Russia, while assenting, delicately rips the Pact to shreds, attacks each of its ideas, and criticizes the United States for not recognizing her.

To bring to a head all the objections to the Pact and to get the thing signed, on June 23, 1928, Mr. Kellogg addressed a note to a number of states in which he explained its meaning. The right of self-defense is neither restricted nor impaired. 'Every nation is free at all times and regardless of treaty provisions to defend its territory from attack and invasion. . . .' No definition of self-defense is offered lest 'the unscrupulous mould events to accord with any agreed definition.' Therefore self-defense is to be interpreted on each occasion by the powerful nations. Are we then not exactly where we were before we started?

The entire explanation — the six answers to six objections — does not explain how war is to be averted under the Kellogg-Briand Pact, why it is preferable to the Covenant of the League, why the United States should agree to sign it and not the Covenant, why the United States should be involved in determining whether Bulgaria is on the offensive and Greece on the defensive, why it was at all necessary to have such a document, except that Senator Borah objected to the League but would let such a Pact pass through his committee. In fact, when it is all over, the seventy-eight words that form the body of the document do not amount to more than reiteration of principle which any signatory to the Covenant of the League could make at any time. The paragraphs which so many talk about but few have read say: —

The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

V

The Kellogg-Briand Pact is a nice document, a sentimental expression of a desire for peace. It provides no machinery to enforce peace. Mr. Castle, while speaking before the Methodists, said: —

There is no doubt that an aggressor should be restrained, but who shall decide the aggressor? And even if a just decision shall be reached, is the only possible way of restraint that we shall go out with guns to fight this aggressor? Even if a nation is guilty of theft of territory, is this a reason for the sacrifice of innocent neutral lives? Do our courts send out citizens with guns to shoot armed burglars who have been convicted of theft, risking the lives of the innocent and making possible the physical victory of the criminals? This opposition to the use of force to prevent force, of war to prevent war, has become, I think, almost the most potent argument in opposition to joining the League. This solution certainly will never be chosen to strengthen the Pact.

Yet, if no force is to be used to prevent war, what is the use of the Pact? General Araki of the Japanese army might be told to be ashamed of himself for using his army as an instrument of national policy, and he would reply that Japan was acting in self-defense. General Tsai Ting-kai might be told

that he should have behaved more politely at Shanghai, and he would reply, 'Self-defense.' What does it all amount to?

Mr. Stimson's note of January 7 to China and Japan announcing the famous Stimson policy of non-recognition may have been necessary from the point of view of American politics, and it may even have been advisable as a warning to Japan, but the reënforcement of the note by the letter to Senator Borah was unwise, unnecessary, startling, and in very bad taste. During Mr. Stimson's absence in Europe this doctrine was rechristened the Hoover Policy by Mr. Castle. However, it should truthfully be called the Bryan Policy, for it was first enunciated on May 11, 1915, by none other than the silver-tongued orator at the time of the Twenty-One Demands. The idea is the same; the phraseology is identical; the purpose is similar. It was a risky business for a Republican Secretary of State to hark back to Bryan for wisdom; it was perhaps riskier to enunciate this doctrine at all. The League of Nations was handling the case. The United States had been supporting the League's activities. An investigating commission, one member of which was an American, had been designated to find out what the trouble was all about. Yet, in goes the monkey wrench!

Mr. Stimson's doctrine has since been supported by a milder statement from President Hoover and by Mr. Stimson's address before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. To these pronouncements I shall not address myself in the present article. Here it suffices to indicate that, according to Mr. Stimson, the United States would not recognize any changes in Manchuria no matter who made them or how they were made. Even so confirmed a pacifist as Newton D. Baker was troubled by this policy of non-recognition.

'I am at a loss to know what the United States and the nations, members of the League, can do by mere non-recognition of an established situation,' he wrote in reply to a summer-time questionnaire addressed to him by Nicholas Murray Butler and George W. Wickersham. Mr. Baker hit it squarely on the head: if the situation in Manchuria becomes stabilized, non-recognition makes little difference; if it does not become stabilized, recognition can make little difference. The determination of the future of Manchuria lies not at Washington or Geneva, but in Tokyo, Nanking, Changchun, and Moscow. Whether this doctrine of non-recognition is called the Bryan Doctrine or the Stimson Doctrine or the Hoover Doctrine, it is, in effectiveness, just spinach, as the small boy said when he was asked to call it broccoli.

The proof of this lies in the fact that China and Japan still maintain diplomatic relations in spite of all that has happened, so that, should Mr. Stimson's efforts at peace fail, they may enter upon direct negotiations, and may even come to some workable arrangement; that Japan and Soviet Russia apparently have an understanding to which reference is constantly made by both countries when there is an infraction on either side. The Stimson doctrine, designed to stop Japan from consolidating her position in Manchuria, accomplished nothing, for Japan has actually succeeded in establishing a government there which does her bidding, and now that government notifies the United States that protests are to be addressed to it directly and not through the medium of Japan. That government will probably kidnap half a dozen Americans, as the Soviet Government in South China had been do-

ing, for the jolly purpose of forcing American consular officers to negotiate with it directly.

VI

My purpose in this analysis of policy has not been to tear down sacred institutions, but to challenge the substitution of sentiment for reason, to put an end to what Freudians would call sublimation in international relations. The current Anglo-French understanding apparently has the same objective. The European and Asiatic response to Mr. Hoover's disarmament proposals had the same objective.

The American foreign policy is designed to foster peace. So are all foreign policies. There is no particular virtue in desiring peace, which is less troublesome and expensive than war. Virtue lies in not employing methods, while fostering peace, which make for international confusion and possibly lead to war. The United States cannot assert that it alone is the arbiter of right and that Great Britain, France, Germany, and Japan must *per se* be wrong, because no one can, after the economic depression in the United States, take such an attitude seriously. When the United States was the only available market for the flotation of foreign loans, these countries had to listen to Uncle Sam and grin. To-day, they merrily go their own way.

The Anglo-French Entente is the first step in this direction. This will be followed by a Franco-Japanese understanding in the Pacific — which in some form or other already exists. This will be followed by an understanding between Japan and Russia, with the Peking meridian as a dividing line for their spheres of interest in East Asia.

The policy of sentiment has led to isolation — not voluntary isolation such as Washington counseled, but an isolation which is the result of being outmanœuvred in a game in which realities and reason alone can win the day. It is a dangerous form of isolation, for its objective, from the point of view of the other powers, is to gain exclusive markets at the expense of American industry and trade. The Ottawa Conference is not only a reply to the Smoot-Hawley Tariff; it is in effect similar to the anti-Japanese boycott in China. It is an attempt to force the United States by economic measures to deal with other nations in a manner which will not involve them in confused political and economic thinking.

The policy of producing a moral dictatorship may succeed, in the Far East, in giving Japan a closed market in Manchuria, Soviet Russia an annexed territory in Mongolia, France an exclusive sphere in southwestern China, and Great Britain a preference in the Yangtze. It will be interesting to read the trade statistics of China for 1932 and 1933 to study the actual effects of the policy of righteousness, to discover, perhaps, that the unrighteous have reaped the spoils. Isolated, alone, we may cling to our ideals of universal good — but what will that achieve when the task is to get the lathes turning again?

THIS COLD, COLD WORLD

Science Takes a Look at the Weather

BY W. J. HUMPHREYS

I

THE abandoned terraces of entrapped seas; the hundreds of lakes that lie north of latitude 40°; the forsaken channels of the Columbia, Niagara, and other great rivers; the corals that abound in the rocks of Labrador; the fossil plants on the north shore of Greenland; the numerous glacial moraines and deep glacial scorings, thousands of miles from any existing sheet of ice — these and many other things of like import tell us unmistakably that the climates of the earth were not always as they now are, and very definitely warn us that other profound climatic changes are quite certain yet to come.

Just why the earth as a whole has now and again enjoyed long periods of mild to warm climates, with relatively gentle winds and little rain, no one knows with certainty. Neither is it known beyond a doubt why, through other periods of lesser length, precipitation has been abundant and the temperature everywhere so reduced that in places great sheets of ice spread more than halfway from the poles to the equator. Just so, however, have the climates of the world undergone fundamental changes, now to warm and dry, then to cold and humid, over and over again; nor have all, if indeed any, of these separate periods been uniform through their own duration, but more or less variable within themselves.

Many explanations of these changes have been offered, but, as an Irishman might put it, the best that can be said for most of them is that each is more absurd than any of the others. A few of the explanations, however, have some merit.

Clearly, for instance, if the solar system ever passed, as evidently it may have, through a nebula of appreciable density, the strength of the solar radiation at the distance of the earth must have been more or less decreased during the time of such passage; nor would the amount of this decrease have depended very much on whether the nebula was of the luminous or of the coalsack type. However, it is quite certain that there is no considerable amount of nebular dust between us and the sun at the present time, and, even if we have gone through several nebulæ, that fact alone could account only for the cool to cold periods, and not at all for the longer mild ones — not unless, under the present output of solar radiation, the earth is progressively growing warmer and warmer and will continue to do so until the snow fields and the ice sheets shall have shrunk to but small fractions of their present great extents, or wholly vanished.

The easiest *ipse dixit* way to account for the climatic changes of the past, and one much in use, is just to attribute all such changes to adequate fluctuations of the right kind in the output of solar radiation. But is this the correct explanation? We do not know any reason whatever why the output of sunshine should alternate, time and again, between periods of greater and less intensity, each hundreds of thousands to many millions of years in duration. Then, too, although we do not know just how long ago any one of these major climatic changes began or ended, we do know that the geologic evidence is to the effect that whenever the land areas were extensive, mountain ranges high, and, in general, volcanic activity abundant, the climates were cool to glacial, and that they were warm and dry when the continents were comparatively small and their mountains relatively few and low. This close relation between continental extent, mountain height, and volcanic activity on the one hand, and kind of climate on the other, comes as near as one could wish to positive proof that the age-long advances and retreats of glacial ice over millions of square miles of the earth's surface were not at all owing to nebulæ of any kind, to variations in the heat of the sun, to changes in the orbit of the earth, or to any other astronomical cause whatsoever.

Presumably, then, the earth now must be, and always must have been, chiefly responsible for the alterations of its own climates. It was not so much change of climate that expanded and contracted continents, as changes in the sizes of the great land areas and the elevations of their plateaus and mountain ranges, together with the profound differences thus caused in the winds and ocean currents, that altered the climates.

II

Let us, therefore, consider the present condition of the earth as to land and water area, and infer, as best we may, what climatic changes probably would result from certain minor geologic happenings. Seemingly, the present land area is substantially as great as it was at the beginning of any one of two or three of the past glacial periods, and probably many mountains are as high now as most mountains then were. If these things be true, it is evident, therefore, that we must be just teetering on an ice age which some relatively mild geologic action would be sufficient to start going. But what action, we ask, could this be? Any one of several, hence all the more precarious is our teetering.

If, for instance, the Panama Canal had been constructed of the 'sea level' type, as many urged it should be, and widened a few hundred miles, thus establishing again the free connection between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean that formerly obtained, evidently much of the mild tropical waters which, in the form of the Gulf Stream drift, now temper the climate of Northern Europe, the British Isles, Iceland, Spitsbergen, and other high-latitude regions, would then flow on into the Pacific, leaving all the places it now warms to increased inclemency and inevitable chilling, even, in some cases, to the extent of utterly destructive glaciation.

Again, if that submarine ridge or plateau of but little depth which, by way of Iceland and the Faroe Islands, connects Greenland with North Scotland should rise above the ocean surface, where, presumably, it has been in the not very distant past, all access of the warmer surface water of the North Atlantic to the Arctic Ocean would be cut off. The whole polar

basin beyond this ridge, including the Norwegian Sea, doubtless would become ice-covered winter and summer, since the cold arctic water would be hemmed in and the warm tropical water barred out, and therefore the climates of the bordering regions would be appreciably, even profoundly, modified.

Not only is it clear what sort of changes in the climates of the regions in question would occur under the given circumstances, but it is even possible to compute how great these changes would be — not to within a degree of the exact temperature, of course, but to within a few degrees. The way of making this calculation is not entirely simple, for it involves taking into account several different things. One of the more important of these is the effect of the size of an area in determining its climatic influence on adjacent regions, as is evident from the following considerations.

A solitary square yard of snow covering, for instance, in the midst of an extensive warm territory produces no appreciable effect on the temperature of the air a hundred feet away. It reflects, of course, most of the sunshine that falls upon it, and thereby reduces the heating of its surface, and also brings the air that is in actual contact with it down to its own temperature. But the amount of the air thus cooled is so small in comparison with that of the warmer air round about that the result is like unto the adding of only a drop or two of cold water to a kettleful of boiling water — one cannot detect the difference. When, however, the snow field is a circular area a mile in diameter, its cooling effect on a warm day is felt more than a hundred feet away from its edge at any place toward which the air from over the snow happens to be moving. Again, when the diameter of the snow field is one hundred miles, the cooling it produces is perceptible a long way from the leeward edge; and when the diameter is a thousand to fifteen hundred miles, the effect is about as great as it can become. Furthermore, until the snow or ice field gets to be very large, the sum total of its cooling effect round about is roughly proportional to its area. This is evident from the fact that the amount of sunshine reflected and thus wholly lost, so far as heating the earth is concerned, is, on the average, about the same for one square yard of snow surface as for any other, so long as there is no great difference in the latitude, or amount of sunshine received per unit area. But this is not the whole of it. Wind blowing over the snow cover cools but little if the distance across is short, but more and more as that distance increases, and for some time nearly in proportion thereto. After a time, however, the cooling has become so great that further chilling, incident to increase of distance over the snow, slows down and eventually practically ceases altogether.

If we put these and other facts together, it appears from theory, and is confirmed by observations, that the chilling effect of a snow field or ice sheet round about its border is roughly proportional to its area until that area approaches a million square miles, after which it increases more and more slowly with the further extension of the ice cap. To put it another way, the cooling off of the leeward edge of a snow field increases with the fetch or distance traveled by the wind over the cold surface.

Hence, as first developed by F. Kerner, and later elaborated by C. E. P. Brooks in his *Climate through the Ages*, it seems that if all the oceans were free from ice a fall in temperature about the north pole to only a degree

or so Fahrenheit below the freezing point of sea water probably would lead to the formation of an extensive ice field measuring about two thousand miles from centre to circumference. Evidently in this case the average movement of the cold surface winds everywhere would have a component outward toward the warmer border.

In this connection a most important point to keep clearly in mind is the fact that, so long as water is water, it can successfully keep up the fight against cooling; keep it up by means of its own convection — that is, by the sinking of the chilled and contracted surface water and the consequent forcing of warmer under water to the top. But, when water is ice, convection in it does not and cannot occur, and any air that gets cold must stay cold, for there is then no heat available from below, except the ineffectually small amount that comes through the ice by conduction. And even this little is rendered still less when, as is certain to happen, the ice becomes covered by snow, for snow is an exceedingly poor conductor of heat, — in fact, it is all but a perfect insulator, — and is besides, to make matters worse, a good reflector of sunlight. Land areas, of course, are always like ice sheets in respect to convection; the surface remains surface no matter how cold it gets. Ice and snow, therefore, accumulate on land areas sooner than on ocean surfaces, and produce the same general cooling on their borders that occurs at the edges of ocean polar ice.

III

From the foregoing it seems that if the earth had some way of automatically cooling off a little, say a degree or two or three at most, it could bring on its own extensive ice sheets without any help from the outside. Apparently, too, it could bring them on without the aid of any more favorable distribution of land and water than now exists, or higher elevation of mountain and plateau.

Now, surprising as it may seem, the earth does have within itself, and always has had, a very effective means of automatic cooling. This is its power, often exercised, especially during active mountain building, of filling the air far above the highest clouds with dust of the finest texture — dust hurled to great heights by violently exploding volcanoes and then spread all over the earth in the form of a dry nebulous veil that no rain can clear away or wind dispel. A selective radiation screen it is — a screen that far more effectively shuts out incoming solar radiation than it shuts in outgoing earth radiation, thereby producing an inverse greenhouse effect, and correspondingly lowering the temperature of the earth and its atmosphere.

The theory of this cooling effect of a veil of volcanic dust is very straightforward and conclusive. Besides, on several occasions in recent times volcanic dust has been thrown into the upper air, and in every case the intensity of the sunshine was diminished as by a thin cloud, and the temperature of the earth beneath more or less lowered. In 1783, for instance, the volcanoes Skaptar Jökull in Iceland and Asama in Japan violently exploded and so filled the high atmosphere with their powdered débris that, as Benjamin Franklin, then in Europe, put it, one scarce could kindle brown paper with a burning lens. Naturally the next two or three years were abnormally cool. Similarly, the famous 'year without a summer,' 1816, — or, as it was facetiously called, 'eighteen-hundred-and-froze-to-death,' — followed quickly the great explosion of Tambora in the island of Sumbawa, off

the east end of Java. Again, Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, hurled vast quantities of dust far above the highest clouds on August 27, 1883, dust that for two or three years colored the twilight skies of every land and clime and measurably reduced the average temperature of the whole world. Finally, Katmai in Alaska, on June 6, 1912, likewise filled the air with dust that spread over at least all the Northern Hemisphere, reducing the intensity of the sunshine and lowering the average value of the temperature wherever it went.

Suppose now, and the supposition is not unreasonable, that volcanic explosions of the Asama and Krakatoa type should become far more frequent than usual, say two or three a year, for just one hundred years, — a mere moment, as it were, in geologic time, — or even half a hundred, or, to be exceedingly conservative, for only so short a period as but a single decade. What climatic effects would be at least temporarily produced thereby, and what others might, perhaps, be even permanently established?

The immediate and inevitable result would be a distinct lowering of the average temperature of every season and for all parts of the world. That in turn would extend the snow and ice covering, also for all seasons. This snow covering would increase the loss of sunshine by reflection — virtually decrease the output of solar radiation so far as heating the earth is concerned. Furthermore, the extension of the snow and ice sheet would increase the cooling along its border, as explained above.

Besides all this, the amount of water vapor, the earth's chief and warmest blanket, would be somewhat thinned, because the amount of water vapor that can exist in a given volume rapidly decreases with decrease of temperature. The earth's blanket of carbon dioxide would also probably be slightly thinned, owing to its greater absorption by cold water than by warm. The amount and distribution of cloudiness would be changed to some extent, as likewise would the strength of the winds, frequency and course of storms, and every other weather phenomenon. Just what all this would amount to would obviously depend on the drop in temperature which would be fixed by the density of the veil of dust, as determined by the frequency, magnitude, and intensity of the volcanic explosions.

IV

But, one may ask, if in ten years, or fifty years, or one hundred years, the volcanoes should so spend their violence as to drop back to their present quiescent state wherein they only occasionally manifest their potential might and power, would not the earth then quickly return to its previous milder climates?

Maybe so, but, on the other hand, maybe not. If we tip an object just a little way off its base and then let go, it generally drops right back into its former position, but if we tip it farther and farther there soon comes a time when letting go does no good — it is already beyond its point of equilibrium and topples over without being pushed. So it is, or seems to be, with the snow and ice sheets of the earth. Slight extensions of them would usually, no doubt, soon disappear on the removal of the initial cause of their growth. Considerable increases, however, might not so completely vanish with the disappearance of the circumstance that started them. Indeed, under certain conditions they might even still further expand for a time, owing to their waste by reflection of sunshine,

and the chilling they cause of the surface air.

The point is this. The size of the continents, the heights of their mountains and plateaus, and the oceanic circulation may be such that any considerable increase of the ice and snow sheets beyond their normal extent would, of itself, lead to a still greater extent thereof up to a certain limiting value, even though the cause of the first cooling were wholly removed. These are circumstances under which volcanic explosions might be most effective in producing lower temperatures. They always push the climates to a cooler stage, and under favorable circumstances might force them beyond their point of equilibrium so that they would automatically topple over into a cooler state of greater or less permanence, from which frigid or semi-frigid condition the earth could rescue itself only by suitable changes in its crust, proper alterations of the oceanic circulations, or other drastic action. All of these changes have occurred over and over in the past, and beyond reasonable doubt will occur again and again in the ages to come.

It does not follow, of course, from any or all of these considerations, that another ice age, or recrudescence of the one that now is slowly growing milder, will be upon us in the immediate future, or indeed within a million years, or even many millions; but it is a scientific certainty that we are not wholly safe from such a world catastrophe. Even all but insignificant geologic changes could profoundly alter the world's climates and again start deepening and widening the six million square miles of glaciers that still are with us from the culmination of the last ice age.

Perhaps nothing of this kind will happen for a long, long while, but sooner or later it surely will if the future can be inferred from the past. When this will be we have no sure means of knowing, but we do know that the climatic gait of this our world is insecure and unsteady, teetering, indeed, on an ice age, however near or distant the inevitable fall.

THE BANISHMENT OF PINKY BLUE

BY ELIZABETH CUSTER

I

A RAG doll, for sanitary reasons, was relegated to the storeroom on my fifth birthday. Ever since I could remember, perhaps going back to the day I was born, Pinky Blue had shared my crib. Her flat bland face was my earliest assurance of welcome to this world. She supported my bottle and she soaked up my tears. She was a soft, warm consolation after punishment, a silent, wholly absorbed listener to my confidences. Her face became filthy, her features vanished; of her expression only the painted red ribbon in her painted hair endured through five years of eroding affection. When cotton started to protrude from her neck, she was mercifully packed away by my mother.

I was lost. Sisters and brothers, whom I had in abundance, could not deliver me from the new, tragic desolation. I wanted Pinky, and without her life had no allure.

It was in this dejected state of mind that I went to work digging up ants from between the bricks that formed a walk in the front yard. While I worked I thought of Pinky, who might have lain at my feet, allowing ants to scramble over her legs. Without her, the ants went willy-nilly. I wanted her desperately. Disgusted, I prodded with the stick. The ants raced out, but were halted in their flight. Another little girl — not I — had spread her hands on the bricks, cupping them to prevent the ants' escape. She was laughing with excitement, and when the ants retreated from her, why, there was I, cutting off exit on my side. I laughed too. The distracted ants tumbled over themselves. Whenever they sought a new avenue of evasion the other little girl's hands darted ahead of them.

I do not know how long we played with the ants, but at last we felt sorry for them and let them go. The little girl was so like Pinky Blue in spirit and delightful camaraderie that I remember calling her 'Pinky' in my excitement, and she accepted the name matter-of-factly. I do not think I questioned her entrance into my life, for I was too pleased.

II

She did not come into the house with me — that day or any day to follow. We always met out of doors, we always were alone together. I do not know how or when the realization came to me, but I knew, without being at all startled, that I was the only one who saw Pinky, that she was for me and no one else.

She was plain. Her features were straight, almost severe. She wore her hair as short as any boy's, and that was in an age of curls and huge hair ribbons. My sisters and brothers had irregular features, and my sisters were pretty, with flashing dark eyes and long black lashes. Not so Pinky. Her

eyes could not flash, because they were a pale blue; when she was merry they lighted, but there was no sparkle, no flutter of lashes — just a clear, straight glance. I was devoted to her.

It was a privilege to be in the company of my sisters. They were older than I, and their activities made my home life thrilling. There were new plans afoot for entertainment the instant they lingered indoors — a play in rehearsal, novel attempts at interior decoration, candy making on the cook's day out. And I would tingle with pleasure when included in these affairs, then suddenly find myself slipping away when the fun was at its height — slipping outdoors to meet Pinky, who was always waiting. She made no point of waiting for me any more than did the trees. She was just there.

One day I was playing with Pinky in the side yard. I was telling her of some plans I had, of transplanting violets to where Sir Malcolm, the canary bird, was buried. Suddenly I heard tittering, then the high clear laughter of the colored women in the kitchen. I glanced up, and they were staring at me.

''Lizbuth, what yo' doin' talkin' to yo'se'f all de time?' It was Clara, the cook.

I was sick with shame. Pinky and I ran away, leaving the uprooted violet plants to die. I wanted to cry, but Pinky was contemptuous of the incident. Was n't it just as much fun to play in old Mr. Bullock's back yard? *He* never bothered us.

At the time I adopted her attitude, but for months I was resentful toward the servants. I would take heart when some adult member of the family criticized the cooking, hoping this would lead to Clara's dismissal. But the colored women stayed, and Pinky and I kept our distance from the kitchen windows.

We went into Mrs. Herbert's garden one day. Hers was a beautiful garden, laid out formally and forbiddingly. I should never have ventured there had not Pinky wanted to see the flowers at close hand.

We walked along the closely clipped grass border, leaning over the flower beds. Pinky touched the flowers, but I was afraid to do so. We rounded a curve and came face to face with Mrs. Herbert, trowel in hand and astonished hostility in her eyes.

'What is your name, little girl?' she said to me.

Pinky gave me a mischievous poke.

'Miss Blue,' I answered. Pinky was delighted. Her eyes were gay.

'You look very much like one of the little Custers,' Mrs. Herbert said severely. 'Custer or Blue,' she continued in a disagreeable tone, 'I don't want you tramping in my garden.' She watched us walk away.

As soon as we reached the street, Pinky, who loved fun and nonsense, was carried away with merriment. She ran beside me, stopping suddenly and saying in her most affected manner: —

'How do you do, Miss Blue? Is n't it a lovely day?'

And I would reply, 'Indeed it is, Miss Custer. And I s'pose you want to smell that nasty old Mrs. Herbert's flowers?' Then we would burst out laughing. When we reached my house she chased me up the walk.

'Last tag, Miss Blue!' she shouted.

III

How much my family knew of Pinky I was never quite sure. There was considerable talk at home of how imaginative I was, and my fondness for playing alone. I was delicate and could not play strenuously with other children, so perhaps I did not seem as

peculiar as a more robust child might have under the same circumstances.

It occurred to me at times that, to others, Pinky and I moved in such accord that we seemed like one person. But I knew we were not as one in many respects. Pinky had her own opinions, and, though we never quarreled openly, there were moments of misunderstanding.

My father gave me a bicycle on my ninth birthday, and my sister Alma took me out the first time to teach me how to ride it. For many patient minutes she balanced me up and down the street outside of our home, always encouraging.

'It won't take you long, dear, it won't take you long,' Alma would say with every wobble. 'Soon you'll be able to ride.'

The next day I took the bicycle out alone — that is to say, Pinky and I took it out. I practised along the curbstone while Pinky walked close beside as Alma had done. I would get seated, push on the pedals, land with a spill in the gutter. Pinky said nothing.

Again I would start off, and after many starts and tumbles I managed to balance myself the distance of one tree to the next. Then I would slip to the curb, clinging to the bicycle and waiting for words of praise from Pinky. She was most superior. The fact that I finally toppled off discredited any balancing feat that had gone before. I was furious with her. Angrily I would mount the bicycle once more and, as usual, sway and wobble. When I managed to keep my seat after several revolutions of the wheel, I would look at Pinky in triumph. She stayed snippy and mean. Even when at last I learned to ride, she never applauded.

All through grammar school Pinky was my very best friend. I had other friends, little girls the family either liked or disliked, but they never were as satisfactory as Pinky. None of them had Pinky's original ideas. When I played with other children we often sat around wondering what on earth to do. That never happened with Pinky. She could think up more things to do than any person I have ever met.

Who but Pinky would have thought of getting on the roof of our house to see what it was like up there?

There was a trapdoor in the ceiling of the alcove of my grandmother's room on the top floor. A ladder leaned against the wall. I never had seen anyone use the ladder or the trapdoor, but there they were. When I mentioned them to Pinky, she *had* to see what it was like up there on the roof.

My grandmother was knitting wash cloths when I hurried into her room. She loved to have the children come to call upon her, so she greeted me cordially and rummaged in her knitting basket for cough drops she saved for visitors like myself. I ran past her into the alcove. I shifted the ladder so that it leaned against the wall right under the trapdoor. I mounted it. My grandmother, in a frenzy of apprehension, witnessed my ascent. She pleaded with me, 'Get off — get off!' But Pinky, who had her own ways of travel, was already on the roof. I could hear her impatient feet overhead as I tugged at the trapdoor. It opened — I pushed it with my head and scampered up the ladder until the door slammed across the roof. There was Pinky, sure enough, radiant with excitement and extending a hand to help me climb out.

The roof was flat and covered with pebbles embedded in tar. We scuffled our feet and wondered how near the edge we dared go. We seemed immeasurably high above the ground. Pinky was so awed that I kept very quiet. Our house was as tall as any house in that section of the city at that time, so

the sky line was clear, with only a church steeple and tree tops on distant hills to rival our aerial supremacy. The wind blew through our hair. We felt far above the world. Pinky, who was taller than I, stood slim and straight against the wind, reveling in the freedom we both felt but could not put into words. We were overcome with wonder, and never had I felt so closely intimate with my beloved Pinky Blue.

Grandma, meanwhile, had sounded an alarm down the stair well, so our moment of exaltation was of short duration. My older brother came at once to the rescue and hauled me back to the bosom of my slightly hysterical family. I was scolded and warned by every member; I was asked repeatedly why I went to the roof — 'Whatever *possessed* you to do such a thing?' I said nothing. No use putting the blame on Pinky, though it was she who thought up the adventure.

That night I could not sleep for worrying about Pinky. I had never entertained fear for her safety before. Did her curiosity carry her too near the roof's edge? Could she have fallen to her death? Oh, morning, come!

She was at the front gate, waiting to walk to school with me. I felt happy tears of relief at sight of her. She made no reference to our experience of the day before as we chattered back and forth and planned new adventures. That was one of the things that endeared Pinky to me — her readiness to forget past incidents.

IV

Then, of a sudden, Pinky became a problem. I realized it with shame and an aching sense of disloyalty during my freshman year at high school. With the lengthening of my skirts and the twisting back of my curls I acquired a self-consciousness that made conversation with Pinky an embarrassment. Girls walked arm in arm to high school, three and four abreast. How could I shy away from manifest friendship for the far more enjoyable society of the unseen Pinky Blue? I wanted her with all my heart, but my love for her was not strong enough to stand out against the possibility of my being thought 'queer.' I was forced to join the ranks of realists, though I was bored sick with their empty, aimless gabble, their silly giggles their lukewarm interest in me.

On the average of one day a week I hungered for Pinky so that I could n't stand another day of separation. Then I would dawdle over breakfast, pretending not to hear the insistent 'Yee-ooo's' of schoolmates at the front gate, refusing to hurry at my sister's command; and finally, when the last 'Yee-ooo' had died away, I would chase out the back gate and across vacant lots with Pinky.

We had to run the whole way over the short cut so that I should not be late for school, but we managed to talk between puffs and unburden our hearts. Pinky was as glad to see me as I was to see her. She had just as much to tell me as I had stored up to tell her. And the joy of listening to Pinky's outpourings! I loved to hear her talk about the coming summer, her planned excursions away from the city to a country spot where one did as one pleased, explored at will. Oh, forward-looking Pinky Blue! Her independence, her pleasure in every passing minute, and her serene anticipation of the future gave me more real happiness than I ever have known since.

Though my conscience stabbed me when I neglected her, Pinky acted as though our friendship were unaltered. She never spoke of the long lapses between our meetings, nor troubled to ask me why I avoided her. My sense

of guilt made me secretive, however. I concealed my new interests and told her nothing about football and basketball games I now attended, or the high-school dances. I could n't speak of boys to her. Was this because Pinky would never have a beau?

Away from her, I doubted her physical existence, scolded myself for continuing the childish practice of conjuring her out of my imagination. But I could not make myself stop yearning for her companionship. No amount of self-restraint could keep me away from her for long. And when we were together again I knew she was real. Why, I could see her! The years changed her very little. She always was half a head taller than I, always bareheaded, always straight and slim in clothes that were neither in nor out of style, but were inconspicuous and becoming to her.

I worried along through a year of high school and surreptitious rendezvous with Pinky Blue. My parents sent me to a girls' camp in the Pocono Mountains the following summer, and Pinky did not follow me there. Her intuition must have told her I should never be alone night or day, but should sleep, eat, walk, swim, and play surrounded by forty girls who had a healthy dislike for a nonconformist. Pinky, instead of being jealous and possessive in her friendship with me, was too considerate of my feelings to intrude where her presence might prove an embarrassment to me. But I missed her — oh, how I missed her! The camp counselors called it homesickness and went out of their way to cheer me when life without Pinky seemed intolerable.

During the first term of my sophomore year at high school I saw her but four or five times. Once, when I was detained after school, we walked the whole way home together, leisurely and in perfect contentment. I permitted Pinky to do most of the talking, though, for whenever I started to interrupt her we passed someone on the street.

As is the way with a friendship that must be concealed, my love for Pinky lost much of its sweetness through deception. In order to meet her I had to pave the way with lies. 'I have a headache and want to be alone,' and 'You go ahead, I'll run and catch up with you when I find my Latin book,' were excuses that became worn and frayed — lies so shabby I was ashamed to use them. I began to question whether Pinky was worth the wretched time I had arranging for our meetings.

She was. I knew it instantly every time I found her waiting. Dear, faithful Pinky Blue! Her bright quick mind, her genuine affection for me, her pale blue eyes that saw small wonders of nature my eyes failed to see until she pointed them out to me, were worth a thousand lies.

V

Then, late in November, the captain of the boys' high-school football team formed the habit of meeting me on my way to or from school. These meetings were never by appointment, but occurred at unexpected times and places. Sometimes he was waiting for me at the front gate of my home, the way Pinky used to do, but more often I encountered him along the way. I would turn a corner and come face to face with him after I had given up hope of seeing him that day. My schoolmates did all in their power to encourage this youthful romance. They no longer formed an escort for me and policed my solitude. I walked with the football captain or, as others believed, by myself.

But Pinky Blue? What was I to do

about her? She always danced up to me when I started forth alone and fell in step beside me. I always welcomed her whole-heartedly and plunged into excited conversation with her. What if, while I chattered along with Pinky, the football captain saw me before Pinky or I caught sight of him?

Fear of such a calamity made my life a horror. One of my sisters remarked that talking to one's self was a form of insanity. Of course I never talked to myself, but . . .

Pinky must go. I came to this decision after three terrible days and nights of mental anguish. I loved her and needed her. She had a place in my heart that no one — not even a football captain — could fill. But she had no place in the world, no refuge from worldly ridicule. My own life had become so crowded with people and their opinions that I could not meet our friendship's demand for privacy.

One morning I walked through the vacant lots and kept my eyes on the ground. My heart pounded painfully and my eyes smarted with unshed tears. Pinky was there beside me; I could see, out of the corner of my eye, her eager feet. I made no acknowledgment of her presence. Once I heard her gasp in shocked dismay. I never raised my eyes or permitted a word to fall from my lips. Head down, arms tight to my sides, I hurried along the short cut. It was the longest, most miserable journey I have ever taken. Pinky's footsteps lagged — she seemed to be walking with a painful limp. I despised myself for my treachery, my deliberate cruelty to the now hurt and faltering Pinky Blue. She was like a wounded bird — like the bird with a broken wing she and I found fluttering at our feet on this same short cut not so long before. She had taken the bird and held it tenderly to her breast, then given it to me to place in shelter in the bushes. I offered no protection to Pinky. Instead, my betrayal was as ruthless as though I trampled upon her, crushed her with brutal self-interest.

I emerged from the short cut with tears streaming down my face. The football captain stood on the street corner, and his eyes, worried and full of concern, searched my face. When he saw the tears he bent down and kissed me. . . .

Pinky never returned.

WHAT HAS 1932 DONE FOR LITERATURE?

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

I

THE world of 1932 was a sad, drab, harried, disordered place. Millions of people, with no daily work to do, anxiously counted their hours; for our civilization, preoccupied with moving machinery, had lost even its poor peculiar method of filling its emptiness: the wheels did not move.

One remembered the predictions, made with nauseating smugness and complacency in the middle twenties, that the prosperity of American business would cause a renaissance in all the arts. Surely, if this were so, literature had nothing to offer in 1932? On the contrary: if reality existed anywhere during the past year, except in the misery and exacerbation and terror of the common man's life, it existed in literature.

Under the régime of finance, the business man, and even the psychologists who took their clue from him, had the habit of looking upon literature as a refuge from reality: to these sage spirits all literature served as a mere fantasy of escape. This crude nonsense could scarcely withstand the shock of the present year. We have discovered that the business man has nourished an infantile mind, not the poet; that the New Capitalism was a more blatant example of wishful thinking than the shoddiest romantic novel; and that, in comparison with the politicians who waited for the wind to build up again the house of cards that the wind had blown down, the most subjective philosopher was a master of hard facts.

Some of us had openly suspected all these things before 1929; but by 1932 they had become notorious.

II

The death of Lytton Strachey brought symbolically to an end a whole period in biography — the period of deflation. One cannot, I believe, point to a significant biography during the past year in the Stracheyan tradition; even the acute study of *The Tragedy of Henry Ford*, by Mr. J. N. Leonard, reduced that erstwhile hero to his proper dimensions by an essentially sympathetic analysis. Indeed, the documentary Victorian biography began once more to flourish: Nevins's *Cleveland*, Hendrick's *Carnegie*, Bowers's study of Beveridge. Perhaps the reaction has gone too far: the truth is that these fat, factual books are a little dull. Compared with Mr. Thomas Beer's *Stephen Crane* or his *Mark Hanna*, which had documentary soundness and dramatic emphasis, these big biographies fall short of the mark. It is a dishonest compliment to dullness to hold that only shallow books can be well written — and it happens to be untrue.

Had Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright done no more than record the bare minutiæ

of his life, his *Autobiography* would have been an event. For he is not merely the most important and influential architect America has produced, not excluding Richardson, but he is also the most original; and even a small clue to his mind and development would be important. Mr. Wright, however, is a distinguished individual in his own right, an American in the grand style, like Whitman: spacious in gesture as the prairie, juicy as a cornstalk in July, a proud, dominating, exasperating, and altogether lovable man. He would not disdain the adjective 'romantic' to describe both his life and his work, and as the object of romanticism is the expression of the unique and the individualized, so the most satisfactory form of art it has produced, from Rousseau onward, is the autobiography.

Mr. Wright's book is a literary act that compares in brilliance and originality with his buildings, a work with the marks of a novelist, indeed of a poet, on almost every page. Here are the Wisconsin hills and farmsteads, the romantic background of the land pioneer, as well as the strident energetic cities of mid-America; and happily the cow, the pig, and the horse have a place in Mr. Wright's consciousness as well as the industrialists who controlled the cities. No one, not even John Burroughs or Liberty Bailey, has written more tenderly and sympathetically about the countryside. Mr. Wright's manhood was full of hard passages — tragedies, disappointments, frustrations — which called for the finest resources of tact and courage to make their telling true; and it is precisely in these passages that Mr. Wright has triumphed most completely. No autobiography on this level has appeared in America since the quite antipodal story of *The Education of Henry Adams*.

In his *Life of Emerson*, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks completed the cycle of portraits he began in his studies of Mark Twain and Henry James. Here Mr. Brooks finally abandoned the method of analytical biography, which kills the man and learnedly dissects the cadaver. He took the most completely fulfilled and rounded life in American letters, a man who had utilized and surmounted his environment, and carried the method partly explored in *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* to its conclusion, demonstrating the mood and the manner of synthesis. The result is a work of art, so rich in perceptions, so warm in color, so pervasively humorous and sane, that it sets Mr. Brooks not merely in the forefront of our masters of prose style, — where he has always been, — but among the best of our imaginative writers.

In his *Emerson*, Mr. Brooks accomplished in biography what Miss Virginia Woolf had done in the novel. The parallel between Mr. Brooks's work and Miss Woolf's novels is all the more accurate because the main defect of the stream-of-consciousness method is common to both: while it is admirable for handling impressions and sensations and building up, very subtly, a complex net of human relationships in their passage through time, it is not a vehicle for ideas. In *To the Lighthouse*, one knows every fine shade of the philosopher's personality without once having had a satisfactory glimpse of his philosophy. So in *The Life of Emerson* one sees every facet of his environment: his New England, his America, his Western Civilization. What is missing is that cosmic and stellar platonism by whose North Star Emerson guided himself through the streets of Concord and the meadows of the Musketaquid. But Mr. Brooks's feat was to do with Emerson what no

one had quite accomplished before: restore that benign remote figure to life; and the living being he re-created is after all the most persuasive introduction to the serene religious mind that made the Universe its home.

One cannot put any of the other biographies in the same rank as Mr. Wright's story or Mr. Brooks's *Emerson*. But one or two books fully deserve notice: foremost, Mr. C. Hartley Grattan's excellent study of *The Three Jameses*, a book that for the first time gives adequate appreciation to Henry James, Senior, and examines, with fine understanding, the life and accomplishment of his more influential sons. Miss Clara Stillman's well-balanced study of Samuel Butler must not be forgotten; nor yet Miss Dorothy Dudley's *Forgotten Frontiers*, a portrait of Theodore Dreiser, a little overwritten and somewhat confusedly detailed, but gay and intelligent and often acute in its discriminations.

III

For the last generation criticism has been a major department of American letters. Before that time, we had only isolated critics. While the work of Woodberry, Brownell, More, Mather, Babbitt, Spingarn, Mencken, and Lewisohn made the first solid advance, it remained for Mr. Van Wyck Brooks to bring criticism into an American focus.

During the twenties Mr. Brooks's reputation lay under a partial shadow. The reference to society and the human soul, which is constant in his vigorous humanism, had given way to the fashion of considering literature as a self-sustaining interest, operating in a vacuum. Mr. Brooks's concern for a social medium that should assist in the creation and diffusion of values, that should heighten the writer's sense of responsibility and foster a disciplined adult consciousness, was not shared by many of the younger men. Their spirit and thought were best expressed by the author of *The Waste Land* — a denial of values, a denial of society, a denial of the possibilities of order beyond the jagged edges of the ego.

To-day, Mr. T. S. Eliot himself has retreated from a waste land of denial to a waste land of equally bleak affirmation, founded on a parochial religion and an even more phantasmal doctrine of royalism. His most important essays have now been published in a single volume: *Selected Essays, 1917–1932* — the work of a man with an acute taste, a cultivated intelligence, a suave and illuminating scholarship. Mr. Eliot is at his best in linear and textual criticism; he is the helpmeet and counselor of writers, an aid to those who would wring the last ounce of effect out of meagre materials, a man to turn to in times of starvation, when nourishment must be extracted from wood pulp and husks. He is a master of rhetorical method, and his talents here are neither small nor unimportant; the poet who has not sat at Mr. Eliot's feet has much to learn. In the larger issues of existence, unfortunately, Mr. Eliot is a fish out of water, either because he lacks some fundamental relation with his environment or because he is the victim of his own doctrine, that a work of art succeeds in proportion as it removes itself from the actual personality and experience of the writer. Both Mr. Eliot's intellect and his moral discipline are impressive; but he reminds one of Samuel Johnson by reason of the fact that these virtues are coupled with a grasp of only small issues and limited possibilities.

Passing to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's *Sketches in Criticism*, most of which were published in slightly different form in the *Freeman* in the early twenties, one sees that he remains to-day the most

central critic in American literature. Indifferent to fashion, it turns out that Mr. Brooks has anticipated its mutations: the narrow æstheticism, against which he sharply contended, is now in disrepute; and as for the younger writers, who have suddenly become converted to Karl Marx, Mr. Brooks not merely was ahead of them here, but his doctrine of the creative rôle of literature is closer to the essential dialectic of Marxism than is the notion that literature should be produced in a communist society, like copy in an advertising agency, to sell the client's goods.

That many people still resent Mr. Brooks and his influence is natural; since for them to realize the importance to-day of what he has always stood for would be to confess that they themselves had, during the past decade, been derelict. Like a man awakened by his own snore, Mr. Brooks's opponents would conceal their embarrassment by trying to convince themselves that everyone else had been asleep.

In *The Stage Is Set*, Mr. Lee Simonson has worked out in detail the sort of criticism that Mr. Brooks has established and practised. The theme of Mr. Simonson's work is the art of scenic decoration; but so just is his sense of proportion and so well knit his historical background that this art, while it remains the central object of his book and the source of his illustrations, never usurps, so to say, too great a part of the stage. It is philosophy and society and religion and the drama itself that give to the scenic background whatever importance it has for Mr. Simonson: he does not find God in a revolving stage, nor Heaven in a lighting arrangement; and not the least important of his chapters is that on The Playwright and the Spoken Word. This kind of history and criticism — the two are always close, whether one shares Croce's philosophy or not — is the true consummation of abstract theorizing and specialized scholarship.

Beyond Tragedy: A Study of the Dramatic Temper is a work in quite another key: a philosophic soliloquy which gains weight and density by reason of the fact that the author is himself one of the most interesting of the younger dramatists — Mr. Virgil Geddes. Not because it settles difficulties, but because it raises significant problems in a field none too thoroughly cultivated and because it indicates a fresh attitude, often with quietly original perceptions, *Beyond Tragedy* claims our attention.

IV

Perhaps the two most important works of history that appeared in 1932 concern Russia: one is Leon Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, and the other is the first volume of Mr. G. T. Robinson's *Rural Russia under the Old Regime*.

Trotsky is one of those rare figures who can both act history and write about it: in both events and letters he has style. Mr. Max Eastman's translation conveys the prose of a skilled writer: compact, epigrammatic, ironic, witty, yet capable of sustained movement, and equally happy in dealing with a passing event or a problem in philosophy. One feels with Trotsky as one felt with the leader of the Wild Boys in the Russian film, *The Road to Life:* there must be a potent secret in a country and a movement that can produce such a man. Some of our latter-day historians, in their desire for dispassionateness, have unfortunately not realized that history, even at lowest ebb, is drama. By treating the facts in such a fashion as to disguise the personalities, the clash of will, the inner tumult, these historians have not

achieved historical objectivity but departed from it. It is Trotsky's sense of the inherent drama of society, seasoned by his close respect for facts, that gives him the attributes of a great historian.

Mr. Geroid Tanquary Robinson's history helps recapture for American scholarship the lustre that originally attended the work of Motley, Prescott, and Ticknor: men at work on scenes and cultures remote from their own, yet making a classic contribution to the subject. His book is in one sense complementary to Trotsky's, for it makes explicable the ultimate misery, degradation, and terrible discontent of the peasants; but Mr. Robinson writes with no disposition to snare history within the net of Marxian dialectic. So skillfully, however, has he marshaled his facts, so tellingly has he laid his factual researches alongside poignant pictures of Russian rural life, both in the remote past and after the Revolution, that one never forgets for a moment it is men's lives he is discussing — not simply statistical tabulations and an 'agrarian problem.' The historians who have done best as writers are those who have had an eye to the real life of society in all its fruitful complexity: men who, by their richer sense of the document, by their ability to push beyond the abstract signs of events, have earned the privilege of writing like men, about the deeds of men. That is the strength of Trotsky, with his passionate imperious will and his skillful repartee, exchanged from the wings with other actors still on the stage of history; and that, in another fashion, is the strength of Mr. Geroid Robinson.

But there is a difference between the human and the all-too-human. This is well illustrated in another history, Egon Friedell's *Cultural History of the Modern Age*. Whereas a little more than a hundred years ago Sir Walter Scott's novels helped make over the discipline of history, to-day in Friedell's work the materials of history have been subjectively dissipated into a novel — a novel told with gusto and illuminated not infrequently with those fine incredible insights that Friedell's master, Spengler, suddenly discloses; but the severity of the form is gone. The result is a species of brilliant intellectual journalism — full of jokes that will be incomprehensible a generation hence and attempts at profundity that will be irrelevant.

Art, like a game, comes to an end when it is made too easy — when the rules are improvised on the moment as well as the moves of the players. The tension between fact and judgment, between event and interpretation, which defines the art of history is, in Friedell's monumental work, on the point of dissolution; one step further and the historian, divorced from responsibility, will become a writer of pure fiction — he will invent his characters and arbitrarily rearrange his dates. The method will give a partial subjective satisfaction, perhaps, like cheating at solitaire in order to be sure of winning; but it will forfeit the more virile pleasure of history proper.

V

In poetry, neither Mr. E. A. Robinson's *Nicodemus* nor Mr. Robinson Jeffers's *Thurso's Landing* added to the dimensions of their work. But Mr. Alfred Kreymborg's swift gnomic verses about the state of mankind, in *The Little World*, were full of the wit and humor and mockery and kindly humanity that are the special flavor of the man; using a superficially simple form, he said many things that no one had said so pithily before. Then, too, Miss Elinor Wylie's collected poems appeared — a matter that needs an essay

rather than a paragraph in which to do even summary justice.

Above all, there is Mr. Archibald MacLeish's *Conquistador*, perhaps the most perfect piece of sustained poetry that anyone has written in America in recent years: a poem done in an authentic idiom whose salty words come with a full-throated vigor — the men, the landscapes, the savage peoples of Mexico, revealed by one of Cortes's men, telling a tale of fighting and the aftermath of fighting, of treachery and cruelty and heroism, of the hardiness of manhood and the grayness of age, the shriveling grayness of despair.

But somehow this beautiful poem leaves a residual question — what does it mean? I cannot answer, and I am not satisfied with the explanations of those who have found philosophical and mystical implications in the poem. What abides is a great procession of images, a panorama, the immediacy of things felt and seen and tasted, a poem rich, dense, poignant, memorable, but in some obscure way a little empty. There is a sort of physiological gap in *Conquistador;* but where does it lie? In the Spaniards' deeds? In the poet? In contemporary society, whose disorder and blank brutality affect both the poet and the audience, so that they must acquire a protective remoteness? The afferent nerves receive impressions and transmit them quickly, warmly; but the efferent nerves are not in order; the connection remains incomplete; no action follows, even at a hundred removes. When Sir Philip Sidney read *Chevy Chase* he was roused like a war horse at the sound of a trumpet. But the violence and heroism of *Conquistador* leave one unruffled: one has remained outside its drama as one remains outside the sordid duels of contemporary gunmen.

In fiction, no single work dominates the year. The two major stories in Miss Willa Cather's *Obscure Destinies* are written with a tender understanding of the humbler levels of consciousness which betrays the genuine novelist: these stories of Miss Cather, along with those of Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts in *The Haunted Mirror*, are perhaps the most satisfactory works of fiction published in the current year. If I say nothing about the excellent craftsmanship of Miss Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*, or about Miss Pearl Buck's continuation of *The Good Earth* in *Sons*, it is not to belittle the favorable popular judgment of these books; the judgment is sound, even though the novels themselves lack that last stab of awe and wonder which is the poet's thrust.

The success of *The Fountain*, by Mr. Charles Morgan, was not perhaps undeserved; but it remains to be accounted for. The story of a man welcoming captivity as a prisoner of war, and seeking to find himself in a withdrawn monastic routine, is at first blush a strange foundation for a popular novel — even though a lovely woman enters at the appropriate moment. But *The Fountain's* special appeal derives, I think, from the fact that the themes of philosophy are deeply popular ones; let anyone talk about God or Free Will in a smoking room, William James once remarked, and everyone becomes instantly animated. Mr. Morgan satisfied this hunger: his book is saved from being a conventional love story in an exotic Dutch setting by reason of its ideal dimensions. Despite his touch of English self-consciousness in dealing with spiritual problems, Mr. Morgan proved how much a novel could gain by having an important subject — how much more human is philosophy than bootlegging, and how much more deeply sex-

ual a restricted passion is than endless chapters of drunken promiscuity.

One records with pleasure the fact that Mr. Sherwood Anderson, after a long silence, has returned to the novel. In *Beyond Desire* he probes with slow, soft, gentle fingers our raw bruised places, like a physician who is more friend than practitioner. The narrative moves a little tortuously; but the picture of the Southern mill town, with its dissolving *mores*, its confused youth, its brutal industrial conflict, is far better drawn than the more violent poster-lithographs that have recently come out of the South. In the first chapter it seemed that Mr. Anderson was about to paint prophetically the portrait of the new revolutionist, doing for contemporary America what Turgenev did for Russia in *Fathers and Sons*. But no: Mr. Anderson's characters remain groping; the novel does not move, as did his early work, *Marching Men*, toward a positive conception of action and character, positive enough to create living men in its image.

From the younger novelists there come, fortunately, a fresher breath and a more masculine impulse toward creation. In *God's Angry Man*, Mr. Leonard Ehrlich, following closely the actual life of John Brown, has written a narrative of epical dimensions — another proof of Herman Melville's dictum that important works are written, not about minnows, but about whales. Even were this not, astonishingly, the first book of a very young man, it would still stand out conspicuously among the novels of the year: its freedom from aimless stylistic affectations, its clear intelligence, its large rhythm of development, its just sense of both literary and human values, make it a work of unusual power. Is this novel, like Mr. Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, a harbinger of a new literary generation? If it is, we can face the lean and troubled years that are to come with confidence, if not serenity.[1]

[1] The following books are recommended by Mr. Mumford: —

Autobiography, by Frank Lloyd Wright: Longmans, Green
The Life of Emerson, by Van Wyck Brooks: E. P. Dutton
The Three Jameses, by C. Hartley Grattan: Longmans, Green
Samuel Butler, by Clara G. Stillman: Viking Press
Forgotten Frontiers, by Dorothy Dudley: Smith and Haas
The Tragedy of Henry Ford, by Jonathan Norton Leonard: G. P. Putnam
Selected Essays: 1917–1932, by T. S. Eliot: Harcourt, Brace
Sketches in Criticism, by Van Wyck Brooks: E. P. Dutton
The Stage Is Set, by Lee Simonson: Harcourt, Brace
Beyond Tragedy, by Virgil Geddes: Samuel French
The History of the Russian Revolution, by Leon Trotsky: Simon and Schuster
Rural Russia under the Old Regime, by Geroid Tanquary Robinson: Longmans, Green
A Cultural History of the Modern Age, by Egon Friedell: Knopf
Nicodemus, by E. A. Robinson: Macmillan
Thurso's Landing, by Robinson Jeffers: Liveright
Collected Poems, by Elinor Wylie: Knopf
The Little World, by Alfred Kreymborg: Coward-McCann
Conquistador, by Archibald MacLeish: Houghton Miffin
Obscure Destinies, by Willa Cather: Knopf
The Haunted Mirror, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking Press
The Sheltered Life, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran
Sons, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day Co.
Peking Picnic, by Ann Bridge: Little, Brown
Mutiny on the Bounty, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall: Little, Brown
The Fountain, by Charles Morgan: Knopf
Beyond Desire, by Sherwood Anderson: Liveright
God's Angry Man, by Leonard Ehrlich: Simon and Schuster
Dawn in Russia, by Waldo Frank: Scribners
Death in the Afternoon, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners
Mourning Becomes Electra, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright
Mark Twain's America, by Bernard DeVoto: Little, Brown
Lives, by Gustav Eckstein: Harpers

THE MOUNTAIN DOCTOR

BY ALFREDA WITHINGTON

[MANY years of private practice and service in France with the Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission were preliminaries to the humanitarian adventures which Dr. Withington relates here. After the war she went into the Kentucky mountains, to a settlement thirteen miles from the railroad, where she ministered to the people as the only licensed physician in the district. The account of her first years in this remote hill country was published in the September and October issues of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR]

I

June 1928

FROM early spring until late fall there are 'workings' in the mountains — communal gatherings at which everyone turns in to help his neighbor. There are workings for clearing a new field, workings for grubbing the ground, for foddering, for stringing beans, and at 'hog-killin' time.' I went to one up on Jacob's Run for helping a 'widow woman.'

The men brought their mules and ploughed her steep cornfields, while in the cabin quilting frames were suspended from the ceiling for 'we-all' to work at. Some of the women prepared a bountiful dinner of stewed chicken, 'hog-meat,' 'taters,' beans, corn bread, hot biscuits, pickled beets, canned huckleberries, delicious preserved apples, and apple layer cake. Coffee is drunk at all meals. Tea is unknown. We from the settlement ate at the first table with the men, while the mountain women served and switched boughs to brush away the flies. A woman rarely sits down with the men.

Later on there will be a working to hoe the corn. It has to be hoed three times, and on these occasions the whole family is pressed into service. If there is a nursing baby, it is deposited at the edge of the patch, with the 'least ones' to watch it. These cornfields last only a few years, for the soil is soon eroded from their steep sides. Then new areas have their trees girdled, and in time, if they do not fall, they are cut down and the stumps are burned. The burning stumps are picturesque on a dark night.

In some places the corn patches are made on slopes of forty-five to fifty-five degrees. That is 'the pine-blank truth.' Aunt Ellen, aged eighty, who had been hoeing in her cornfield high up on the mountain side, lost her balance one morning, rolled end over end to the bottom, and then walked a couple of miles to see me because she was 'feelin' kinder puny.' She said it was a wonder she 'did n't break,' because she had 'so little meat on her bones.' I thought so too.

Every now and then a forest fire will devastate the whole side of a mountain. It is quite terrifying with its onward sweep and ominous dull roar. In the spring I had to circuit such a fire to

reach one of my patients. The trail by which I went was so extremely rough that on the return trip, just at 'the edge of night,' I thought there would be less risk to go through the burned area. I did not know how Billy would react to the spectre trees still flickering with fire. At times he was doubtful, but with ears erect he gallantly ran the gauntlet; then, leaving fear behind, he took me home at his prettiest running walk.

II

Ever since the shock of my accident, more than a year ago, my heart rebels now and then. Late one afternoon I was resting to quiet its fibrillation when word came that a man had been injured up in the 'log-wood,' miles away, and that he was bleeding terribly. I jumped upon Billy, swinging the emergency bags over the saddle, and sallied forth.

The boy who brought the message had vanished. The afternoon was on the wane and a storm was brewing. The dusk settled quickly into darkness, broken by ominous flashes of lightning; then came a crackling thunderbolt, followed soon after by a downpour of rain. Drenched and wind-beaten, Billy and I rode on for an hour, occasional zigzags of lightning revealing that we were still on the trail, when suddenly the figure of a man jumped from behind a tree — not a bandit, but a messenger sent to intercept me in case I had started; 'for,' he said, 'they heared you was bad off, and reckoned that you could n't come nohow in this beatin' rain.' Then he told me that a stretcher had been improvised and the patient had been taken through the ravine below to the settlement.

Back again, down the slippery trail, Billy and I picked our hurried way — back to the office where the man had been brought. His companions had made a rough tourniquet, and nature was helping with clots. Far into the night the men, awe-struck, held flash lights and helped me in repairing the injuries.

We have had a lot of pneumonia, some of the cases desperate. One of these was a boy of seventeen, the apple of his mother's eye, though eleven others shared her affection. I saw him one afternoon when he seemed to be holding his own fairly well, but before daylight the next morning I was summoned with the report that he was 'gittin' wusser.'

The mother met me outside the cabin, saying, 'He's past talkin'.' Inside, I found all the family and some other kin gathered around his bed. The father, with a little old Bible on his knees, was sonorously quoting (for he could not read), 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

The boy looked up and said to me in perfectly audible tones, 'I'm aimin' to die.'

'But you are not dying,' I said, for, feeling his pulse (and, later, taking his temperature), I found that the crisis had passed.

The family, at first skeptical of my reassurance, were finally convinced. ''T is the will of God — he warn't ready for judgment,' said the mother.

III

January 1929

Christmas in the mountains is usually celebrated by ructions and shootings.

In some places Santa Claus is unknown, but he found his way into our settlement. For days before the twenty-fifth a crowd of children eagerly awaited the mail-laden mules at our recently installed post office, ready to 'tote' the settlement boxes up the hill.

When they came, Jasper stirred excitement to fever pitch by shouting, 'Thar's dolls in that one. I heared 'em cry when I turned the box upside down.'

Later, when Santa gave out the presents, one little girl literally had her breath taken away when she saw the coveted doll held out to her; with a gasp she recovered herself and extended her arms for the cherished possession, and, hugging it tenaciously, looked tenderly down upon it, oblivious of observers. Another small girl, coming to the tree, was almost immediately summoned home by the death of her father; two hours later she returned in tears, a forlorn little creature fearing that she had missed the chance to get a doll — so natural!

Just beyond my window stands my own Christmas tree — a big pine with brilliant stars twinkling between its branches. We ourselves had the gift of a radio, the only one in these remote mountains. How cosy it made us feel, with the whining wind outside and the lovely strains of Heifetz's violin within!

The great event of the season was our New Year's party for the married women and those men who were home from logging. Aunt Sally Ann, who had heard of our good times, made up her mind not to miss the fun this year and, fearing a storm, came the day before. The steep sides of the two mountains that she had to cross were so slippery that no nag could have kept his legs under him, but after her eighty-two years of mountain life she was not to be daunted by such an obstacle. With a staff in her hand and determination in her soul, she footed the five miles of ups and downs. At the party no face reflected greater enjoyment than did her happy wrinkled one.

We served cocoa and doughnuts, having fried the latter in every available moment of our spare time, and had a present for each guest — sewing bags or something equally useful for the women and 'pokes' of fruit for the men. A grand time we had with our games, 'How Do You Like Your Neighbor?' bringing out peals of laughter.

I find that Old Christmas, January 6, is the really significant Christmas here in the mountains. 'When the cattle kneel and pray, and the elderberry blooms.' The day is not marked by any demonstration, but is observed soberly, with a certain reverence and absence of revelry.

Soon after New Year's, Aunt Mat and Lige came to supper one evening. Later we sat around the big open fire and toasted marshmallows while Aunt Mat told 'true hant stories' and Lige picked his banjo and drawled the quaint old ballads 'Barbara Allen,' 'Little Mohee,' and others.

IV

June 1929

On May 30 our Sunday meeting was held in the little burying ground next to us, where the briers had been mowed and the place tidied up for the occasion. Eliza arrived at the crack of dawn, announcing that, since it was a pretty day, the folks would be coming from all the creeks. And come they did, numbers of them in new attire, many in bright colors, but the older women mostly in black.

These religious meetings serve as social outlets for the people of all ages, from wrinkled grandmothers to the tiniest babies. We sat on the ground under the trees, and in the spaces between the graves. Granny Craig stationed herself beside a pail of water, where she could administer drinks and admonitions to the roaming children. Some mountain preachers work up the emotions of their audiences by gasping and groaning at intervals, but on this

occasion the native preacher was content to dwell with much emphasis and a remarkable flow of words upon the wrath of God and the fiery fate awaiting sinners.

At the height of his eloquence, one young fellow who was wandering about in a new suit accidentally revealed a pistol between the tails of his coat. This was too much for some half-drunken men whom he encountered, and a tussle began, the Craigs and Hensleys taking sides. In the struggle that followed, the participants went rolling over and over down the slope. At that moment a child was brought to me who had fallen down the hill and broken her arm. I started with her to the office, taking the shortest cut, and had lifted the child over a barbed-wire fence and was just hoisting myself over it when pistol shots resounded. The preacher exhorted the people to sit still and pay no heed to the work of the Devil, but the Devil won out, and a rapid disintegration of the audience led to a hasty benediction.

Occasionally we have meetings conducted by a little minister who foots his way over these mountains preaching that God is love. When spring comes, he baptizes his converts in a pool in the creek. It is really an impressive sight in its setting of tender green.

In the spring and fall we go on picnics whenever the opportunity offers itself. Our own household and the neighboring women, hard-worked as they are, enter whole-heartedly into the adventure. We went on such a jaunt only last week. The procession was headed by pretty Mrs. L. on a trim little 'pieded' horse, her broad hat flapping in the wind and an umbrella stuck under her arm. Then came handsome Beth T., bareheaded, sitting erect upon her high nag, right regally, like a Boadicea of old; next, little Nancy Ann and her young sister on a cantankerous mule, and so on — a file of fourteen, off to Picture Creek, where, when the water is low, the rocks show the imprint of fossil remains, rattlesnake rattles, lizards, and other strange indentations.

Tying our nags near the trail, we scrambled down the steep banks to the basin below. Many hands made quick fires, boiled coffee, and spread out the food that each had prepared and brought with her. Two of the men had come with us, and were the cause of much laughter when they were made to step lively in helping with these preparations, for men in the mountains are used to being waited upon. Everybody 'liked it fine,' and all agreed to go again.

The young people have parties in their cabins. They pull taffy, and, when 'Paw's' religious views do not lead him to look upon dancing as the Devil's pastime, the beds are put outside and the young crowd, with an occasional older person joining in, runs the set. We ourselves have had a social once a week. As a precaution, we ask the boys to give up their 'guns' as they enter — which they do, though they probably have others secreted somewhere. If a boy is 'talkin' to' (courting) a girl and another attempts to win her, there is sure to be trouble. Lately some rivalry has developed over a certain girl, and this, added to an already existing bad feeling about a still, made us feel a bit uneasy.

At our last social I noticed that one Martin after another got up and went out into the night. Mazie came to me, saying that we had better call off the party, for she thought the Craigs were planning to shoot up the place. As a matter of fact, the Craigs had men hidden outside, but the Martins had scented trouble and, in order to avoid it on our premises, had quietly slipped away one by one and gone home. The Craigs, however, had been drinking,

and after they got on the road they let off steam by shooting wildly for the next half hour. Some of the Martin women, who had decided to spend the night with us, dropped to the floor when the shooting began so that they might not be seen through the windows.

In May we had a dental clinic. My own dentist from Louisville came to do some 'pullin' and fillin'.' Then the Federal trachoma doctor arrived. And recently we have sent some cases of facial cancer to Louisville for radium treatment. One of these patients was a granny of eighty-three. As she was riding off on her mule, her son, aged sixty, put his hand on her arm and said, 'Mammy, don't go; I'm afeared for you,' but her faith in us was strong enough to see her through. Another woman, however, backed out in favor of the charm doctor.

V

January 1930

Recently a messenger came to summon me down Greasy, which was on a rampage. In reaching the settlement, he had crossed two fords in safety, but midway in the third he and his mule were swept along by the current, and they barely escaped. Making land at last, he tied his mule to a tree and picked his way over the mountain on foot. In view of his experience, I decided to go on foot all the way myself, and he thought we might manage it. While I was getting my things together, we began talking about some recent shootings.

'Oh,' said the man, 'I've been indicted five times for willful murder myself.'

'Good shot, are you?' someone asked.

'Got my man every time,' was the reply.

On another occasion I asked a boy how long he had used a gun. 'Disremember when I did n't,' he said. It is small wonder that the mountain men were picked marksmen during the war.

Several times as I have gone about over these hills my nostrils and a faint thread of smoke have indicated to me the presence of stills; but I resolved when I first came here that I would mind my own business, for if I did not I knew that I should certainly be escorted to the border. When I come across a man carrying a gun and having slung over his shoulders a bag which reveals the unmistakable outlines of Mason jars, he always says he is hunting squirrels — and so he is, as far as I am concerned.

Dave T. says he hates 'to see the doctor ridin' off to Cutback on a Sunday, for thar's drinkin' and shootin', and I'm afeared a stray bullet might hit her.' On the Sunday after Thanksgiving I had to make this trip, and from a ridge I saw a man shot to death. He was suspected of having told where a still was hidden. (He had n't!) Now we are going to get a loom for his widow so that she can weave 'kivers' to support her little children. It is hard lines for a lone woman in the mountains. She has almost no opportunity to support herself except by grubbing the ground and hoeing corn for a neighbor. Becoming utterly discouraged at last, she remarries and starts her hard life over again. No old maids here and only occasional widows!

We are trying to do something for another widow whose husband was shot from behind a tree. When I inquired about the cause of the shooting, the answer was, 'Oh, I reckon somebody tuk a notion to be shet of him.' As a rule, mountain men do not shoot from behind trees; they blaze away squarely in the open. In recent years it has become a little more common to 'put the law' on offenders, but justice

through the courts is slow and it is difficult to get an unbiased jury, as clan loyalty is 'above the law,' so a plaintiff sometimes reverts to the old mountain code and takes the administration of justice into his own hands.

VI

One evening as I was sitting by my lamp I was startled by a shot at the side of the house. I wondered if anybody was 'aimin' to pick me off.' It turned out, however, to be a mountain boy who, being drunk, had fallen by the wayside and, seeing my light, had tried to fire at it so that someone would come out and tell him the way. The incident is one of many which illustrate that logging in this region has brought in its wake much that is undesirable. Formerly the logging was supervised by three splendid mountain men who did their best to keep liquor from the employees and to weed out those who drank, but of late it has come under more lax supervision.

The logging will soon be finished, and I suppose many of the younger men will leave the mountains, for, having tasted of ready money, they will not be satisfied without it. Fortunately, the younger generation is not all of this type by any means. A small group of boys and girls from this vicinity, after surviving the fifth grade and mastering the sixth, entered Pine Mountain School and then went on to Berea College. Among them are two — a boy and a girl — who are planning to matriculate in the Louisville Medical School. In due time they will return to the mountains from whence they came and minister to their own people.

Material conditions hereabout have changed greatly within the last few years. B. L., one of our neighbors, may be cited as a case in point. Whether he came by the wherewithal from moonshine or from selling live stock, he has put it to good use, for a real house now stands where, when I first came, I attended a confinement in a cabin that was little better than a mere shed. I shall never forget that night. At dawn, in wandered cats, dogs, chickens, guinea hens, and pigs. I was able to shoo out all of them but one old razorback; he defied me, and I fired at him everything flingable, including my leather puttees and both of my shoes. In a lucky moment I got the door shut, but he used his snout as a battering ram and pounded it open again just as some neighboring women came to prepare breakfast.

A local man tells me that for every still which flourished in these parts before the war there are now ten. This may be an exaggeration, but there are certainly many more. They pay! The Federal officers sometimes line up as many as twenty culprits at a swoop. The sentences are surely strange. A man may get only two years for killing another, while a boy I know was given five years for being caught going over the mountain with a load of moonshine. This boy was let out on parole pending his trial so that he could help with the crops. His mother remarked plaintively, 'He's such a good boy. I'm afeared he'll git a pen sentence. But,' she added brightly, 'I've heared that they feed 'em good and larn 'em to do somethin'.'

Incidentally, the boy married during his parole, and departed to serve his sentence feeling that he was a victim of circumstances. From his point of view, he had done no wrong, morally, in violating what he considered an unjust law. Had not his ancestors made moonshine — 'clean moonshine' — for generations?

Recently I came across a woman and four little children working in a small patch, miles from any neighbor. She

was wearily digging 'taters.' She was young and pretty, but she was down-and-out and very sad. She said she was all alone with her 'young-uns,' her husband being in jail for two years for running a still. She did not know how she could 'keep goin',' but she 'reckoned' she would try. She had a mule, had done her own ploughing in the spring, and had made a 'crap' of corn and a garden.

Later the same day I met another woman with 'a mess of young-uns' tagging on behind her. Her husband, too, was in the penitentiary. She was returning from an old mine where she had salvaged a bag of coal. Seeing an enormous pistol in her belt, I exclaimed, 'Why do you wear that?' She replied, ''Cause Jed Tate comes to my place and talks brutish,' and with eyes blazing she added, 'I kin use hit, too.' Jed Tate is not a mountain man, but an outsider who has wandered in with the logging company.

I almost wish these husbands might be like the father of a boy who, when he was asked, 'Is your pap still in jail?' replied, 'Law, no; he's so mean they jest won't keep him in jail, but turn him out so's they can have some peace and satisfaction.'

VII

A year ago last fall, when I returned to the mountains from a vacation, I saw at once that something had happened to Billy. There was a large lump on one of his legs, and a stiff ride made him short of breath. Evidently his heart had been strained. Someone must have ridden him cruelly, but nobody confessed to having done it. I had left strict orders that no one but two people whom I designated was to ride him during the summer, and then only to the school and back.

Some months later I gave up riding him, hoping that he would improve. At first he looked so astonished to see me going off on Bess, the nurse's horse, that I just had to jump down and give him a pat and a lump of sugar. On almost my last ride with Billy we were going along a narrow trail on the side of a ridge when we suddenly came to a place where the passage was blocked by a landslide. There was no room on the edge of the cliff for me to dismount, and how could Billy turn? Without waiting for me to decide, Billy as usual met the situation and somehow pirouetted around. A man who was watching us from below said that one of his legs slipped, but he carried me back to safety — gay, wise Billy.

I finally discovered that during my absence Billy had been lent to an absolutely irresponsible boy, who had raced him through the mountains all night long in search of someone who was supposed to be lost, and from what I hear he was not ridden single, either. All the following year he slowly but steadily failed, and upon coming back this afternoon I found that he was dead — my beloved horse and faithful companion through all these years. The last time I had him out in the sun he put his head over and rested it on my shoulder, as if to say, 'I'll carry you no more, old pal.' He was known hither and yon, and I have been surprised these last few weeks at the number of people who, in passing, have stopped to inquire how he was, 'the knowingest horse on all the creeks' and 'the feistiest horse I ever did see.'

Billy's work is done, and before long my strenuous activities may come to an end; but it will be with a tugging at the heart that I shall leave this country where life has been so real in its ruggedness and simplicity.

(The End)

HOME FOR THE DAY

BY JOHN COLEMAN, JR.

I

A TWELVEMONTH having elapsed since I took the vows of financial celibacy, renouncing what was once a workaday world for the solitude of the home, I concluded that it would be the sporting thing to consult my wife upon the felicity of the strange adventure. I recall some reference in the marriage contract concerning her willingness to take me 'for better or worse,' but there was nothing in the indenture obligating her to take me from nine to five.

While my intentions have been honorable, a year is a long time for a man to hang around the house as a sort of casual officer detached from duty, and certainly she is entitled to be heard. Friends have intimated that while I may think I am 'sitting pretty,' what a story my wife could tell if she would talk for publication! If the Book of Days is to be trusted, we are, I believe, on the eve of our china wedding, and I am anxious that it be celebrated under the most agreeable circumstances.

Indeed, as business keeps giving back more and more husbands to their wives, — with apparently no prospect of needing them downtown soon again, — this matter of being 'home for the day' is about to be faced in front of countless firesides throughout our fabled land of opportunity. It has been a restless exile and the homecoming is not altogether voluntary; but it is none the less a wholesome hegira. Home is a new realm for the bewildered man of affairs, where, after trying hours at the office, reading last year's mail and sharpening next year's pencils, he can relax at last.

According to popular report, I am supposed to have been a pioneer in the 'back to the home' movement, but every hour brings fresh cohorts to the cause. Statistics are not dependable in reckoning the strength of the home forces, for there exists a stubborn reluctance on the part of the men to speak openly of their home ties. For some reason or other, we prefer not to be around when the census taker calls, although for my part I have found the officials who count noses to be estimable gentlemen, and they have never urged upon me the necessity for larger families as one way of ending the depression.

The ladies, I am sure, look upon the perpetual male presence as a most unexpected turn of events, requiring a profound readjustment — like giving up coffee, or living within one's income. For it is a fearsome thing, and I can quite appreciate their uneasiness. The terrors of a conventional copartnership, with the orthodox division of time and labor as between home and office, are ominous enough. The newer constancy must present all manner of complications. There were times, of course, when we could not bear to be

away from each other, when the office was the ruthless interloper. I refer to the days of romance and youth. The programme is now a little different. Whereas we formerly spent only our honeymoon together, to be parted thereafter through the endless hours of the day by the jealous demands of business, now the husbands spend their honeymoon at work — for jobs last just about that long — and the rest of their lives at home!

Courtship, too, presents some quaint alterations. Formerly, when friendships ripened into the great passion, it was considered good form and good judgment for the favored swain to expect his prospective father-in-law to bless the approaching union by an offer of a position with the firm at ten thousand a year. To-day the head of the house can give the suitor his daughter with all the good will in the world — but the chances are ten to one that he cannot give him a job. And even as he gives away his daughter he should not be too sure that he will not get her back; for the happy couple will like to feel that they can always 'live with the folks' in case the next corner should turn out to have no turning.

I suspect that for quite a while my wife may have harbored the premonition that some day I should join the rebels, and that she has, accordingly, been steeling herself against the perils of propinquity. In earlier years I had been pretty faithful to my stint; occasionally I might wander home at inconvenient hours, but for the most part I kept devoutly at my desk. The daytime, she could feel, was entirely safe for domesticity. When later life found inertia setting in and left me not so amenable to continuous toil, and the prospect of becoming a pastoralist rather than a pillar of the business structure was undermining my erstwhile hustling nature, she remained neutral throughout my heretical deliberations. And I can well understand her aloofness. For how was she to know whether even a husband could conform to the rules and regulations of a peaceful precinct over which she had presided, without let or hindrance, for lo, these twenty years? When matrons tell me that they are trying desperately to persuade their husbands to give up work and come on home, I must take their protestations with considerable reserve.

It would, I have felt, be enlightening to talk with an old-timer or two by way of learning first-hand how the hardy folk of earlier generations coped with their depressions. It would be an interesting study, for the historical chronicles are full of hard times and bread lines, civil commotion and penury. If we can believe the tales of our ancestors, one never 'retired' voluntarily; but idleness must have been thrust, from time to time, upon large numbers of the male population even as it is to-day, and the wives of the period were confronted, I assume, with the same predicament of having their men about the house for long stretches.

It was, no doubt, a stuffy interval. They say that the home cooking was fair enough, but the costumes did not lend themselves to lounging; distractions were innocuous, and amusements were on the sedative side. There was, in the olden days, not only no place *like* home, there was no place *but* home. So whether we balance the budget, maintain the gold standard, or reëlect Hoover, I am satisfied that the nineteen-thirties are far more suitable for passing idle hours. We can turn our unoccupied leisure to countless diverting exercises; and though we may have paid an outlandish price for this leisure and the devices upon which to spend it,

the exertion should stand us in good stead during these crucial times when family ties are being heroically tested.

II

But I was going to consult my wife. I found her on the last lap of a motif in needle-point. Her industry has always amazed me, but not until I took up a twenty-four-hour residence did I come to appreciate the scope of her infinite busyness. Details which would drive an executive to distraction are dispatched with astonishing facility, while the larger issues are met with unerring decision — and all without the aid of a conference or a consultation with a board of directors. Despite her divers ministrations, she keeps both time and temperament for lively and generous contacts with the world — major diversions, minor frivolities, and friendly affections.

I recommend very earnestly to daily practitioners who think themselves harassed downtown that they absent themselves from the office for a day or two and study home management as administered by their wives. We dictate a letter, sell a bond, see a ball game, and come home done up and dispirited; while they supervise the household, plan the work, look after the children, order the menus, lay out the garden, attend sundry meetings, — all without fuss or friction, — yet dusk finds them as fresh as daisies.

'How do you think it is going?' I began.

'Fine! Fine and dandy! The central figure is finished and I have only the —'

'No, no,' I interrupted, 'I don't mean your needlecraft. This being home all day — what about *it*? It's a year now, and I thought you might like to make a statement.'

'It *has* been a year, has n't it,' my wife observed, very graciously. 'I remember — last Fourth of July. It was a double-header — you and your country both celebrating their independence.'

'But I'm serious. Do you think I am getting away with it?'

'Well, then,' she said, 'shall we be introspective?'

'I don't much care for it, but the time has come to bare our souls.'

'When you first signed off,' she confessed, 'I was afraid it was going to be rather terrible. I was wondering what the neighbors would say and how I could laugh it off with the children.'

'But none of the neighbors have moved away,' I assured her, 'and I see a lot of the children.'

'Yes, everyone is very gracious about it. And you *have* been a splendid influence on the children: Junior can throw a respectable curve; you're a great help to Buddy with his syntax; and you have about talked Sister out of making a début. But I mean it is difficult for me to explain just what it is you're doing.'

'Say that I am an economist,' I suggested; 'that I am working on a five-year plan. Can you stand it for four years more?'

'I hope we can keep you longer than that — with a few simple admonitions, and a slowing down in dividend casualties.' My wife is a tolerant person — and not unmindful of the prevailing fiscal uncertainties.

'Yours to command,' I bravely ventured.

'Now if you could bestir yourself in somewhat better season. You can see how it holds everything back when you're not up and about.'

'I can correct that,' I assured her. 'It's the alarm clock. The darn thing loses time in the night.'

'During the morning I think you should draw quietly apart, for that's

when the house is put in order and it's no place for a person of your constitution.'

I could not but fall in with the suggestion, for very early in my experience I began to realize that the legendary peace and quiet of the home should never be associated with the forenoon, when a veritable bedlam regularly breaks loose; vacuum cleaning, floor polishing, woodwork dressing, carpet beating, window washing, furniture moving, and, on Saturdays, French classes and piano practice, all combine to make the hearth a chaotic asylum. A husband is a puny thing against such an avalanche; let him stand in the way of the inflexible battle orders, and like as not he will be swept up in the onrush.

'You're entirely right,' I acquiesced. 'I have taken a room over the drug store.'

'The rest of the time you will, I am sure, find the premises tranquil and composed, and you may give your fancy free flight in reading, meditation, relaxation, hobbies, sports of the season.'

'And you will share these delights with me?'

'Of course; only remember when you used to come home from your work exhausted and unstrung I would go to some lengths to revive your drooping spirits. Now that the day's activities cannot but refresh you, I shall expect *you* to entertain *me;* to read aloud to me; to post me on world affairs; to tell me what caused the depression; to take me on picnics; to —'

'Anything,' I agreed, 'except two-ball foursomes; I must insist upon making my own shots — let the divots fall where they may.'

'Now about the meals,' my wife continued. 'It's fatal to meddle with the menus. Preferences will be accorded courteous attention, but the culinary art is a very exact science.'

'Naturally,' I concurred. 'All that is out of my jurisdiction and I promise not to interfere.'

For I *had* tampered occasionally with a *carte du jour*, and would think nothing of satisfying one of those impetuous cravings by ordering an eleventh-hour switch from beefsteak to lobster, to the utter consternation of all concerned. A household does not easily recover from a shock like that, and if times had been better I dare say a walkout of devastating proportions would have ensued.

'I know you have always belittled the routine around the house,' my wife insisted, 'but nevertheless there is an awful lot to be attended to and things just don't run themselves. You've had a year for observing the operation of the *ménage*, and you ought to be catching on by now.'

'Don't you think you could delegate a little more authority?' I asked her, with no attempt to be facetious. 'I mean, let other people attend to things. Besides, we have installed so much labor-saving machinery I was under the impression that the chores around the establishment were discharged automatically.'

'"What a piece of work is a man!"' — and there was feeling in the quotation she was borrowing. 'You men delegated authority — and see what has happened. Why, you could n't write a letter without calling in your secretary, to say nothing of not being able to mail one. If I thought you were up to it, I would turn over a department to you — fetching the papers; watering the plants; killing the moths.'

I was about to say that I would speak to my secretary, but caught myself in time to accept, with some show of chivalry, those vital portfolios.

'I think I can detect some improvement in your domestic behavior. I have caught you putting a book back in its place, or closing a window when it was raining, or hanging up your coat and hat; and the other day I noticed cigarette ashes in the receptacle provided for the purpose! All that is heartening, and encourages me to postpone my despair.'

'I am glad of that, and it shall be my constant endeavor to please.'

'What I am getting at is a coöperative basis,' she explained; 'and, after all, I expect only normal support.'

'Are we getting along O.K. with the budget?' This was silly of me, I thought, but quite pertinent.

'*Our* budget,' she answered, 'is no different from any other. But remember that you are rather a choosy gentleman, and if I do too much cutting down you'll hit the roof.'

'Your economy is excellent and I think you manage exceedingly well. I promise to put aside all temptation for tidbits that are out of season, and reduce my requirements for comfort to the minimum!'

'And as long as this is an appeal to reason,' she proceeded, 'you must get over being stubborn about things; people who are headstrong are no good around the home. Everybody has a vote in my precinct.'

'Just so,' I agreed. 'A man may be an Iron Duke around his desk, but sweetness and light should prevail in the drawing-room!'

'I shall try to brighten your homecoming,' the Lady of the House added cheerfully, 'with a variety of charming devices. The books that you were always meaning to read are in their accustomed places, uncut and well dusted. The lawn mower has been put in good repair, and maybe to-morrow you will try it out. Meals are on a sort of self-service basis, but you never really liked a lot of flunkies around. There is quite a little knock in the motor, but I did not send it to the garage man because you used to want to tinker with it yourself. And it would be great if you could help a bit in the vegetable garden.'

'Hear, hear!' I broke in. 'If there is no further business I move we adjourn; I must get downtown to buy a new alarm clock.'

III

I am hopeful that the crisis will be passed without discord, and that joint occupancy of the house and grounds may not prove our undoing, although I must confess to the receipt of some disquieting observations. Only yesterday the wife of a professor, who has seen men come and go, seemed to be doubtful about a happy ending: 'If this Back to the Home for Husbands movement gets under way,' she writes, 'I can tell you what will happen — a larger movement *away* from the home by the women. That is, if they *can* be away from home any more than they are now!'

It may very well be, of course, that I am on the wrong track; that absence not only makes the heart grow fonder, but also makes the home run smoother; that life is far too complicated a matter to tolerate so disordered a thing as a husband doing his daylight saving in his own home. For all I know, the hazards may be insurmountable and the odds favoring success ridiculously adverse. This being a practical era, perhaps it is no setting for any such idyllic arrangement.

But I am reluctant to believe that my wife can merely be humoring me, or that she puts up with my continual nearness only to ease what she hopes will be a temporary tedium, and that when the clouds lift she will expect me

to go about my gainful itinerancy. My wife is not given to trickery, and I cannot suspect her of cunning even in a crisis. She may indeed hope in her heart of hearts that the first year will have been the hardest, and that I may yet prove to be a facile — nay, even a versatile — spirit, merging with submission and assistance with her own admirable notion of 'husbandry.'

Manifestly, I cannot cry 'Eureka!' to those who wait at the gates and bid them, as self-styled spokesman for their mistresses, come, without cringing or guile. There are as yet no statistics on the enterprise, diaries are of doubtful veracity, and my chart is too brief and unflurried to serve as a reliable criterion for the fortune that may attend such a surprising sojourn. But we seem to have tried so many things, such novel experiments, during these troubled times that going home for the day does not sound like such an irregular sally, but rather smacks of a tame and dignified departure, with, to be sure, a speculative flavor.

Every man, I think, owes it to himself to attempt it; and every wife, I feel sure, is willing to give it an honest trial. It may break up in hopeless confusion, panic, riot, arson, mayhem, or murder before the sun sets on the incongruous scene. Or it may mean escape, rebirth, the revival of romance, the serenity of the psalm. For my part, I regard this as no time for turning back on the adventure, and, unless my wife intervenes, I mean to pursue it until the last coupon is cut — whether it be mine or hers! So, in my case, not only is harmony at stake . . . and contentment . . . and wedlock . . . but solvency as well

Did I suggest a moment ago that it was risky business? Heavens! I am what you might call 'shooting the works'!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Sic Transit

Sometimes I wake and hear, far in the night,
The clip-clop of an old horse down the street,
And bless him for the music of his feet,
And that he moves without his tail alight,
His eyes aglare, and noises in his nose;
That slowly, at an honorable pace,
Drawing his ash-cart, decently he goes —
As fits the remnant of a splendid race.

My grandson's grandson somewhere in the rack
Of time will wake one night and hear, below
The levels where the winking air-lines glow,
A sound as of a beetle on its back,
And smile, and bless the last old motor car
Rattling to join the horse and dinosaur.

Nancy Byrd Turner

Tradition and the Club

The club — I am not here referring to those hermaphroditic organizations whose members play outdoor games — is, in its best tradition, distinctly an antisocial institution. Englishmen invented the club and brought it to perfection. Arnold Bennett, in his novel, *Buried Alive*, described a London club — reputed to be the famous Athenæum — with illuminating pen. He pictured a venerable, smoke-encrusted mansion with vast, high-ceilinged rooms into which only a little light ever filtered, where bishops, deans, scholars, and statesmen sat in huge upholstered chairs, drowsing and nodding over the *Times*. No strangers were ever admitted; no one spoke above a whisper; the ancient servants flitted about among the shadows and were only slightly more wraith-like than the members. This was, I have always thought, a perfect picture of what a club should be, a fortress impregnable to the outer world.

The ideal club should be a refuge, a retreat to which a man could go and feel obliged to speak to no one. In business hours he must put up with various social contacts; in his home he is supposed to observe the ordinary amenities of family life, speak amiably to wife and children, smile at their humors, forbear growling at the food and the cook. But between office and home there is the club. Within its sacred portals one should be permitted to be one's natural self: keep his hat on if he so desires, meet the eye of a fellow member and glance away with indifference, stare stonily through the window without being considered a misanthrope, snore in the library, criticize the menu and the chef, and write venomous letters to the House Committee. Ah, what a solace to the day's pin pricks those letters to the House Committee of one's club!

Years ago I became a member of a club that had considerable antisocial tradition to recommend it. True, we had few bishops and no statesmen on our roll, but there were plenty of members who bore themselves as if they were such. Laughter, of course, was taboo; the doorman set the keynote of impeccable solemnity; no one ever talked shop; the elders had their favorite chairs — like Major Pendennis — in the dining room, and no one else dared to occupy them; the library was a dormitory in spite of the dignified admonition displayed on each table that 'Perfect Silence Is Requested.' In far rooms members played cards or billiards, but even there voices were muted and the click of ball on ball had a soothing, semi-sepulchral tone.

But a change came over the face of the land, and the tone of my club altered. By degrees — almost imperceptible at first — it was lured from the straight and narrow path of its austere tradition. The dining rooms were painted a brighter hue, and members began to talk more gayly. The common rooms were spruced up, and telephones and running water were installed in every bedroom. The pace of life was be-

coming accelerated outside the club doors, and some of that insidious passion for change — camouflaged under the name of improvement — was being communicated to our pristine fortress.

The club must keep step with the times: that was the slogan, forgetting that the *raison d'être* of a club is to provide a refuge where 'the times' might be forgotten. Ancient candelabra were removed, radio sets were installed, a Stock Exchange ticker appeared in the alcove by the cigar stand.

The club hearkened to sirenic voices and found them dulcet. Some of the younger members debated the desirability of a ladies' dining room, squash tennis courts, a swimming pool. Sunday afternoon concerts were inaugurated and Club Nights, so that forsooth the membership might get together and come to know each other better!

How far we were straying in the nineteen-twenties from the tradition of a club as an antisocial institution!

A few of us made resistance to these innovations. But to what avail, when the passion for 'improvement' was in the air? Our clubhouse, it was said, was antiquated; pride dictated that we should build another, bigger, better, brighter. The members who had installed the Stock Exchange ticker busied themselves with plans by which we might finance a new house more in keeping with their grandiose dreams.

We built that new house. It was an Aladdin's palace, not a club. It towered eighteen stories and was honeycombed with elevators. There was a wing for ladies, where the wives and sisters and cousins of members might lunch and dine. There were two floors of squash courts with a gallery for spectators, shower baths, and dressing rooms. There was a marble-tiled swimming pool, a solarium, a Turkish-bath department; there were rooms devoted to massage, violet-ray treatments, and electric cabinets. One might eat in half-a-dozen restaurants and in each have his ears assaulted by loud laughter and cheery greetings flung across the room.

A club? It was a hotel, grand, imperial. No one felt inclined to slumber in the ornate and brightly illuminated library. No member had his favorite chair, his special waiter. Ladies might invite him to join them at their tables or in their lounge, and he could not excuse himself on the score of distance. To growl among such magnificence was not good form; and why write letters to a House Committee that was swollen with pride at its handiwork?

Well, again a change came over the land. Aladdin's palace was a dream, and like a dream it commenced to dissolve. The dues of the club had to be increased, and the membership began to falter. The bright young men had glibly said that the new building might at a pinch be converted into an apartment house, but apartment houses were now a drug on the market. What the future holds for that club I do not know. Only yesterday I sent in my resignation.

Yet possibly the disjointed times may confer a benefit on those who still yearn for the good old club of tradition. Such men may find an ancient house on a side street that can be bought at a bargain price. They might furnish it with comfortable, secondhand chairs, engage antiquated servants who limp and shuffle, provide a dim-lit library where members can sleep and a menu over which one can in all good conscience cavil. In such a place the times — bad or good — may be disregarded, and a man be allowed to brood at ease and speak to no one. The thought has its fascinations. I myself am hankering for some such cave where a crusty Anglo-Saxon may be as antisocial as he damn well likes.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

FAITH

May, 1932

THE children in Peking are wearing frogs to-day — green frogs on red cloth, red frogs on green cloth, embroidered frogs, stitched frogs, padded and painted frogs, but always a frog on a scrap of cloth and fastened to the child somewhere. On some the frog perches jauntily on the shoulder, on some it hangs from the buttonhole. On others it decorates the chest or sleeve, or in very young babies it covers the top of the spinal column, that place which can so easily split open and let the soul out.

Two children were standing by the side of the road.

'What are these pretty things you are wearing?' I asked.

The girl looked at me stolidly, but the little boy said shyly, 'They are frogs'; and then, seeing my interest, he looked shyer still and said, 'Mine has bead eyes, and sister's are only red thread.' I looked and it was even so.

A girl with piquant pointed features was standing in the great doorway of a residence. Her frog was elaborate.

'How pretty,' I said. 'Where did you buy it?'

'I did not buy it. My father made it. He painted it.'

'And why do you wear it?'

She had started to answer when an older child standing by, a boy, interrupted and answered in the manner he had heard his elders use in disposing of troublesome questions: 'It's only for amusement.' And the girl echoed, 'It's for amusement.'

'For amusement?' I said. 'I don't think so. There's a meaning, I am sure.'

But as I walked away they called after me. Their sophistication was not strong enough to withstand their love of telling a tale, of making a sensation, and perhaps they decided to trust me. 'It's a belief,' they said. 'It's a sign,' they chanted in chorus, and, vying with each other, they told their tale: —

'There's a rickshaw coolie.'

'And an old woman.'

'She takes children.'

'But if we wear this, she can't get us.' And, seeing that their fund of information was exhausted, we exchanged good-byes in English which completely restored to them their sense of sophistication.

There were still more children wearing the sign, and yet we were sure we had never seen it before, so we asked the rickshaw coolie if he had an explanation.

'It's this way,' he said. 'I don't know whether it is true or not. I did n't see it myself, but it happened last week and all are talking about it.' Then the tale which he told was as follows.

A rickshaw coolie was pulling an old lady, and as he pulled she became so heavy he could not pull her farther.

'Old mother,' he said, 'why are you so heavy?'

'I am not so heavy — it is the children who are heavy.'

'The children! What children?'

'The children with me whom I am collecting for the genius of the mountain. He has sent me to get five hundred girls and five hundred boys.'

'Ai ya,' said the rickshaw coolie, 'I have two children! Do not take them!'

'Then I will not.'

'But how will you know them?'

'Fasten a frog on their clothes,' said the old woman, 'and I will not take them.'

And he did so, and all the children in the city did so too. And my rickshaw coolie added a statement pertinent to himself.

'When he looked around she was gone, but there was a dollar under the cushion of the rickshaw.'

'And when was this?' I said. 'Does it happen every year?'

'Oh no,' he said. 'It was only a few days ago — sometime last week. Everybody is talking of the matter.'

Surely everyone was talking of it, and children miles apart were wearing the frogs. In a far-distant section, by an old temple, a peddler was selling candy to a small child. The frog was on the child's shoulder.

'What is it?' I said to the peddler.

'It's a superstition,' he said. But before we had gone further with the conversation the child's father came and lifted the child into his arms.

'There is so much trouble around. The children's necks swell. This is to keep the evil away.'

And I thought of the isolation wards of a great hospital near by filled with children whose bed cards bore the dread words 'scarlet fever' and 'diphtheria.' And I thought of the blood upon the lintel, once upon a time, in another Eastern country. And I thought of the old woman who once walked the soil of this land, and who now in the world beyond stirs the pot of forgetfulness for the comfort of new arrivals there, and whose cheerful wrinkled face we see in many a Taoist temple. And I thought of the other old woman who brings the babies from the gracious goddess to the expectant mothers. And I wondered where this new story had started, and how.

IDA PRUITT

Coming of a Road

At five the great storm wind came from the south and blotted out the sky. There was a down-river rain a long way off. We rode for three hours, and there was a cool wind until sunset, and then the lower roads were chill with mist. There is, in these evenings, a great quietness that words are thin or maudlin to express. Everywhere were the wild rose vines, with buds still hard, and the young walnuts were like them, only swollen larger, with a green dust on their shells. But it was hard to forget the red tags and the blazed bark of the trees: the new road will cut through here, slag down, mow straight across a pawpaw thicket, fill up the shallows. There is no need of it. The old was wide and hard enough — might even be remade with care and plan. But nobody does things in a slower way any more.

There is no use in being bitter, no use in hate. As well say, 'The one that you loved most is dead — be still, be reasonable, do not grieve. It is inevitable. Best.' Be reasonable? What reasoning to strip a bank of silver locust and leave it bare to wash down in the rains?

The thorn trees, where the shrikes have nested, and the wild crabs are still here, and the moonseed vines are flowering. Beyond the oat fields, with their malty scent, Miss Virgy's house, with its sick and yellow shutters, a few sheep grazing on the lawn. The cattle are all sold, the place looks desolate. A few elms cluster still around the barn. Last year she put in new wire fences, cut down all the young oaks and the maples that had grown up near the old rail bars. Dickcissels sing along the wires, and once — only once — we heard a quail call out. . . .

Part way the trees are near, heavy with leaves and undergrown with shad and elder bushes, roped with wild grapevines. It is cool here, even in the early afternoon, and there is the sense of nearness, of intimacy. These are more than shadow masses, and made up of small and separate things grown large with meaning — green fruit of gooseberry bushes like globes of goblin light, the lacewings walking underneath a leaf. Almost we looked into a snail's eye as it crawled along the bark . . . a chickadee grown large as either of its parents, yet still pursuing them for food.

We came on hunters in an open space. We should have liked — but of what use? Not even poison ivy will do harm to them — nor any snake. Ask a hunter if he read the signs. Says, 'Yes, sir — just passing through,' and shoots a rabbit down before your eyes. A hunter understands exactly one thing only — a shotgun in the hands, a rifle with the drop on his prey. Nothing else will ever penetrate. . . . The great horned owls are disappearing fast, the vultures grow more scarce each year. We stopped to watch their long wings drifting back and forth above the blue ravines. There is an awful grace in these slow and dwindling arcs of flight.

Pastures where the great hogs go walking on the sky ridge, small against the clouds. Milkweed in bloom, and daisies studded in the fields. The black-eyed Susans, the Indian doe-eyes, and the purple mint. . . . More burned fence rows. . . . Scrub oak and rabbits. . . . Hard maples here once, and the pawpaw trees with young leaves that looked like green moths pinned all up and down the twigs. . . . Passed a field of young mules trotting light as deer, and pigs bounced through the Jimson weed. And all the time on the air was the changing scent of dry weeds and wild grape, honeysuckle and the hot fir needles. . . . Aromatic, pungent — sometimes overpoweringly sweet. . . .

We came back in the clear light that follows when the sun is gone, a light in which things are more clearly seen than even in high noon. . . . Blackberries sprawled into the road, and nighthawks came. Whippoorwills started up monotonous calling from the pasture edge. It will be a long time before the fields are built and scarred, the mulleins and the gray sheep gone, but the peace and nearness will be lost this year, and soon there will be no place at all to turn for quiet. . . . We can go faster on this new road perhaps, but where shall we go? For what? No acre of earth will differ from the next.

Josephine W. Johnson

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In a List of Famous Contributors to the *Atlantic*, printed in the Jubilee Number, there was omitted by pure accident a name which has, one may speak with confidence, given more constant delight than any other in the *Atlantic's* history. **Miss Repplier's** first paper published in these pages was 'Children, Past and Present,' which appeared in April 1886. During the last forty-six years no less than ninety essays of hers have delighted, diverted, and, may we say, disciplined our readers. For the fault of such an omission we ask public pardon.

Two years ago, while he was a student at Yale, **William Harlan Hale** ('Grand Tour, New Style') founded that jaunty undergraduate publication, the *Harkness Hoot*. Upon receiving his degree, he went abroad to collect the impressions here recorded, and, incidentally, to write his first book, *Challenge to Defeat*, which set forth a young man's approach to philosophy and action. He is now home again, working on the staff of *Vanity Fair*. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** ('False Bargains Betray Us') has devoted a lifetime to the profession of advertising, being president of Calkins and Holden in New York until he retired from active practice in 1931. Δ Widely known as a writer on sports, **John R. Tunis** ('The Slump in Football Common') belongs to the select company of those who believe that games should be played for fun, that commercialization and ballyhoo do great harm by making a ritualistic cult of what should be simply an enjoyable pastime. He covers important sporting events, both in this country and in Europe, for the *New York Evening Post*. Δ During the war, **Francis Vivian Drake** ('Test Pilot') served with distinction in the Royal Flying Corps. Wounded in action in 1917, he came to America, as a loan from the British Government, to teach in various Army flying schools. He remained here after the Armistice and plans to become an American citizen. **Laurence Housman** ('Three Poems') has won renown both as an author and as an artist. His published books in verse and prose make an imposing list of some threescore titles. Δ Professor of Geology at the University of Southern California, **John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr.** writes that he was impelled to indite his 'Letter from a Scientist to a Priest' after a conversation with a boyhood friend who had taken holy orders. **Louis Reed** ('Mechanic's Lien') is a general practitioner of the law in a small town up in the West Virginia hills. All of his Jailbird Stories, of which this is the eighth to appear in the *Atlantic*, have been based upon some adventure in real life among the homespun folk who look to him for counsel. Δ Always liberal in his fundamental philosophy, **George W. Anderson** ('Salvaging Our Railroads') has gained wide recognition through his brilliant work at the bar and on the bench. Until his recent retirement, he was a judge in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Boston. **John W. Chapman** ('The Germ of a Book') is an Episcopal minister. Beginning his career as a visiting adviser to the City Mission in New York, he later spent forty-three years as a missionary in Alaska; he is now back in New York, serving again at the City Mission, this time as Chaplain. **Johnson O'Connor** ('A Study of Human Nature') is Director of the Human Engineering Laboratories at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, and also Assistant Professor of Industrial Research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge. Δ After spending more than three decades in college teaching, chiefly at Williams and Harvard, **William B. Munro** can speak with conviction born of experience when he suggests 'Cheap Bread and Costly Brains' as the ideal requirements for education. He is now Professor of History and Government at California Institute of Technology.

There is probably no man living who has a more realistic grasp of the intricacies of Far Eastern politics than **George E. Sokolsky** ('The American Monkey Wrench'). Ever since the Communist revolution drove him

from his native Russia in 1917, he has lived, worked, and studied in China, Manchuria, and Japan, where for some years he was special correspondent of the *New York Times*. Not many months ago he published *The Tinder Box of Asia*, in which he gave a first-hand account of the Manchurian crisis. **W. J. Humphreys** ('This Cold, Cold World') is one of America's leading authorities on meteorological physics, of which he holds the chair at George Washington University. He has directed the researches of the United States Weather Bureau in Washington since 1905. **Elizabeth Custer** has done miscellaneous work on New York newspapers; 'The Banishment of Pinky Blue' is her first story. Δ Author and critic, **Lewis Mumford** ('What Has 1932 Done for Literature?') possesses those qualities of taste and judgment which make him a reliable guide to follow as he blazes a trail across the *terra incognita* of current literature. **Alfreda Withington** ('The Mountain Doctor') practised medicine in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, served with the Red Cross in France, and after the war went to the backwoods of Kentucky to embark upon the adventures here concluded. Δ It has now been more than a year since **John Coleman, Jr.** woke up one bright morning to the realization that he was wasting his time in his Chicago brokerage office, where he had nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs and whistle for business that could not be coaxed to turn the corner. He decided at once to put an end to such nonsense, and has since stayed away from the office so that he could enjoy life without constant reminders of depression and gloom. In previous *Atlantic* articles he has described the success of his novel experiment, and in 'Home for the Day' he tells how his wife — evidently a woman in a hundred — has dealt with the emergency of having him about the house at all hours.

* * *

Longfellow on Emerson.

Dear Atlantic, —

As one who has read the *Atlantic* continuously for seventy-five years, I submit this memory of 1857.

Emerson's poem, 'Brahma,' appeared in the first number of the *Atlantic*, and was laughed at, praised, explained, derided, and parodied unmercifully. That winter a brother of Longfellow, living in Maine, had bewailed the fact, in a family letter, that just after buying a fine red sleigh a January thaw had set in and made its use impossible. Now the first verse of 'Brahma' had read: —

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

In a return letter from some one of the Cambridge family, Longfellow enclosed the following skit to his brother: —

To —— ON THE PURCHASE OF A SLEIGH

> If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
> Or if the sleighin' think it's sleighin',
> They know not well the subtle ways
> Of snow, that comes and goes again.

AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER

A first reader.

Dear Atlantic, —

Picture to yourself a dusty road in an obscure country town in Maine, and a little girl trudging along it reading the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. She had found it at the post office waiting delivery to her father, sent to him by his much loved friend, Dr. Ezra Abbot of Cambridge. I was that little girl.

My father and I were so interested in that first issue that he at once said, 'We must try to afford that magazine.' He subscribed immediately, and since his death I have continued the subscription; so I have always read the *Atlantic*. I still possess the first twenty-one volumes, which my father had bound. In those days the names of the contributors were not given, and my father used to guess who they were, jotting down his identifications in the margins. This makes the old pages doubly dear to me.

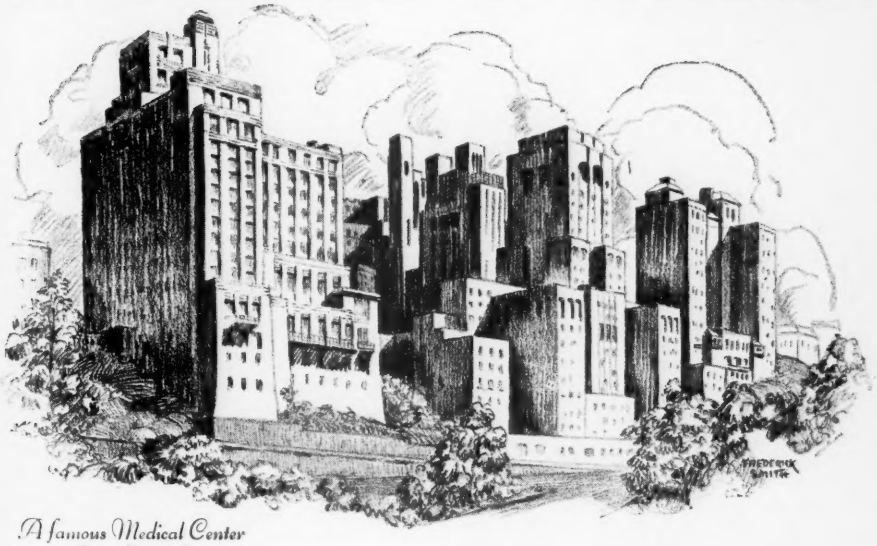
I am now nearly eighty-seven years old, and this is my 'swan song.'

MARY H. HASTINGS
Worcester, Massachusetts

Everybody works but the boss.

We agree with Mr. Louis E. Kirstein, who tells in the *Atlantic Monthly* that too many of our leaders in business are neglecting that business to serve on directorates and committees. Certainly this is true; let a man get any reputation for managing a successful business and the world of committee appointers will beat a path to his door. The appeal that these appointers make is to the business man's Higher Duty and Better Nature; it is an appeal that bowls over men who are even slightly vulnerably vain; in short, most men. And when the business men find that their business is suffering greatly on account of their neglect, they resign these directorates and committee memberships, and committees then are

A Fortress of Health



A famous Medical Center in New York City

IN peace-time as well as in war-time a hospital is a fortress of health.

Our fine modern hospitals are the richest storehouses in the world of medical knowledge and skill. They are health centers which guard the people of their communities.

While your hospital is nursing the sick and the injured, its laboratories are finding new ways to protect your health. As a result of medical research in hospitals, many diseases are disappearing.

Modern surgery, aided by skilful nursing in hospitals, restores to health tens of thousands each year.

In the past, people generally have thought of hospitals merely as the best places to which they could go in case of accident or when an operation was unavoidable. Today people are rapidly beginning to realize that the hospital is the best place in which to be in event of any serious illness.

No home, no matter how comfortable, is so well equipped to furnish the many forms of service—any one of which may be needed instantly and imperatively—as a properly conducted hospital.

People unfamiliar with the wide scope of hospital work think only of the patients in hospital beds. One great hospital in New York City treats in its clinics an average of 1400 visiting patients each day. The hospital of the future will play an even greater part in caring for the health of the people. It will be a medical center which radiates health protection.

National, State and County hospitals are supported by taxation. A few private hospitals and sanatoria are on a self-supporting basis. But the great majority of private hospitals are dependent upon endowments and sustaining contributions for bare necessities—proper equipment and needed surgical, medical and nursing staffs.

Appreciate Your Local Hospital.

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headed by professional chairmen of committees.

All administrations undoubtedly have a Sucker List, composed of those who will accept membership on any committee. What this country needs is a Parley to End Conferences among the Best Minds. The Best and Deputy Best Minds have a terrific job to do in their home offices.

Who are the persons — probably most of them are women — who have been doing the work for the last three years of the men who have given most of their time to Relief, Reconstruction, Alleviation, Emergencies, and Investigation? And do the bosses pay them extra for running the job while the bosses are in the Reconstruction trenches?

From F.P.A.'s 'Conning Tower'
New York Herald Tribune

The unteachables.

Dear Atlantic, —

It is unlikely that Rule Number 5 of 'A Primer for Motorists' (*They must be taught how to drive*) will ever be carried out, for every 'Nut That Holds the Wheel' — including this one — believes himself to be the world's best driver.

L. B. POWNALL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Delaware's corporation laws.

Dear Atlantic, —

An old American custom crops out in Mr. John T. Flynn's article, 'Why Corporations Leave Home,' in your September number. It may be summed up in the precept, 'If thine eye offend thee, cut off thy head and cast it from thee.' If a man is unable properly to carry his liquor, abolish liquor. Whatever you do, never under any circumstances confine your attack to the evil itself; always strike at everything in the neighborhood.

That frauds have been practised by Delaware corporations I have never heard denied; but that they are not practised by corporations of all the states no one will assert. My acquaintance with the decisions of the Delaware courts indicates that they are as quick to punish and correct fraud as are the courts of any other state. The same things may be said of West Virginia.

The sale of stocks and bonds almost everywhere is regulated by what are called 'blue sky' laws. These are the public's protection against the improper practices to which Mr. Flynn refers.

'It would really pay the other states of the Union . . . to tax themselves enough to pay the cost of running the Delaware government . . . if she would just agree to go out of the business of breeding corporations,' says Mr. Flynn. Mr. Flynn's low opinion of lawyers probably accounts for his ignorance of the law on this subject. Since he has undertaken to write on it, he ought to know that the law is well settled that 'a state may prescribe the conditions on which a foreign corporation may do business within its borders, or may exclude it altogether therefrom' (*Fletcher on Corporations*, sec. 4028, to quote one of numerous authorities).

Nearly all the states are trying to liberalize their corporation laws, and nearly all of them are falling short of complete success. A lot of people have got to be pleased before a bill can get through the two houses of a legislature and be signed by a governor; and in order to please the few cranks found in almost every aggregation of men, it is nearly always necessary to spoil the bill. So far as Delaware has avoided this, it has been because she was so little that mere luck might give her many legislatures which were relatively free from cranks. West Virginia, Maryland, and Nevada are also small states.

Any state may, if it desires, enact laws denying admission to foreign corporations whose organization and financing do not conform to standards established by such state; but in order to do this it is necessary, not only to have a crank for governor and a majority of cranks in both houses of the legislature, but also for the cranks to agree among themselves. Needless to say, there are no such laws.

The ideal corporation law, to my way of thinking, would merely provide that stockholders should elect directors, that directors should run the business, and that if directors committed frauds they should be sent to the penitentiary.

You will of course observe from my letterhead that I am not disinterested.

CHARLES V. PRICE, *President*
West Virginia Corporation Service Company
Charleston, West Virginia

The license of the press.

Dear Atlantic, —

No doubt you occasionally get protests from your readers when some challenging article tramples upon their toes. Then again, you receive letters of commendation when an author's opinions harmonize with the preconceived notions of subscribers. Well, here is one of the latter kind.

'Paul Pry and Privacy' hits a nasty practice, and hits it hard; as one of the *Atlantic* family, I want to thank you for giving it first place in the October number. I only wish that Mr. Dawson's justified shafts would pierce the hippopotamus hides of the offenders and shame them into mending their ways. Just recently I discussed this subject with some of our local publishers, and their immediate response was the old stuff about 'competition,' 'freedom of the press,' 'our duty to our readers,' and 'we give the public what it wants.'

One of these days some means will have to be

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found to curb the freedom of the press when it is used, as it so often is, to drag into the journalistic mire the reputations of innocent people.

FRED W. ELLSWORTH
New Orleans, Louisiana

High score.

Dear Atlantic, —

References of your contributors to large scores in baseball games remind me that in the 'Gay Nineties' I witnessed a game between two Negro teams down in Virginia, the score of which was 97 to 30. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning at that, and not because of darkness, but because of darkies — they had had enough exercise for one day. The winning team rolled up 33 runs in a single inning.

Well do I recall that notable event, for I officiated as umpire and received a fee of twenty-five cents for my services. The cost of living and of umpiring was lower then.

S. ROLAND HALL
Easton, Pennsylvania

Another Norman Hall.

Dear Atlantic, —

During the war the adventures of Captain James Norman Hall frequently gave my friends much concern, because of the similarity of our names and of the fact that we were both in the service, he in the Army, I in the Navy. This parallel, which he, of course, is totally unaware of, has caused me to follow his writings with much interest. His recent article, 'At Forty-five,' in your September issue, struck a very responsive chord in me because on my forty-fifth birthday, in September a year ago, I wrote the following: —

A THOUGHT ON MY FORTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

God help me
To grow old gracefully
Without bitterness.
Help me to view calmly
The changes in this frail machine
That I have driven carelessly.

Deliver me from envy and rancor
Toward modern youth
And youth's happiness.
Give me tolerance
Toward change and progress
And new ideas.

Make me content
With fading light;
Give me a glorious sunset
And a peaceful night.

NORMAN B. HALL
Commander, United States Coast Guard
Washington, D. C.

A little lesson in natural history.

Dear Atlantic, —

James Norman Hall's account of the coconut palm's origin reminds me of an interesting conversation between my wife and our rector's wife that occurred a long time ago. We had just returned to the States after having dwelt for several years under swaying palms in the tropics, and, while chatting with our friend, my wife mentioned certain delights of our life there, among them the refreshing drafts from green coconuts in our own grove.

'It's a pity we can't get genuine coconut milk in this country,' declared our friend.

'But we do get it here,' replied my wife, 'although it is not nearly so pleasing a drink as when the nuts are green.'

'No,' insisted our friend, in all seriousness; 'we never get it here. It is changed on the ships. The sailors drink it all up — they punch holes in the nuts, and, after drinking the milk, they pour in some sweet water and plug them up. Did n't you ever notice the three little plugs in every nut?'

Our friend had formerly been a school-teacher!

EDWARD N. CLOPPER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Black depression.

Dear Atlantic, —

Several days ago I was walking on a canal bank near here when I met a young colored man I knew named Ike. He was just coming from his garden patch, and he had something wrapped up in a large pocket handkerchief. His garden had been browned by the summer sun; so far as I could see, there was not a living thing growing there.

As I approached him, he seemed a little embarrassed, and hid his bundle behind his back.

'What have you got in the handkerchief?' I asked.

''T ain't nothin'.'

'Oh, sure, you've got something there. Sweet potatoes?'

''T ain't taters.'

'Cowpeas?'

''T ain't cowpeas.'

'Two bits to see what you have in the handkerchief.'

The youth hesitated, shuffled his feet, and grinned. Then he brought forth his bundle. 'Hit's jes' a little somethin' fer de missus, boss. She ain't got much pretty things. . . .' As he unfolded the handkerchief there appeared three pale pink roses.

It does seem that there is just a little hope even in black depression.

RALSTON BOND LATTIMORE
Savannah, Georgia